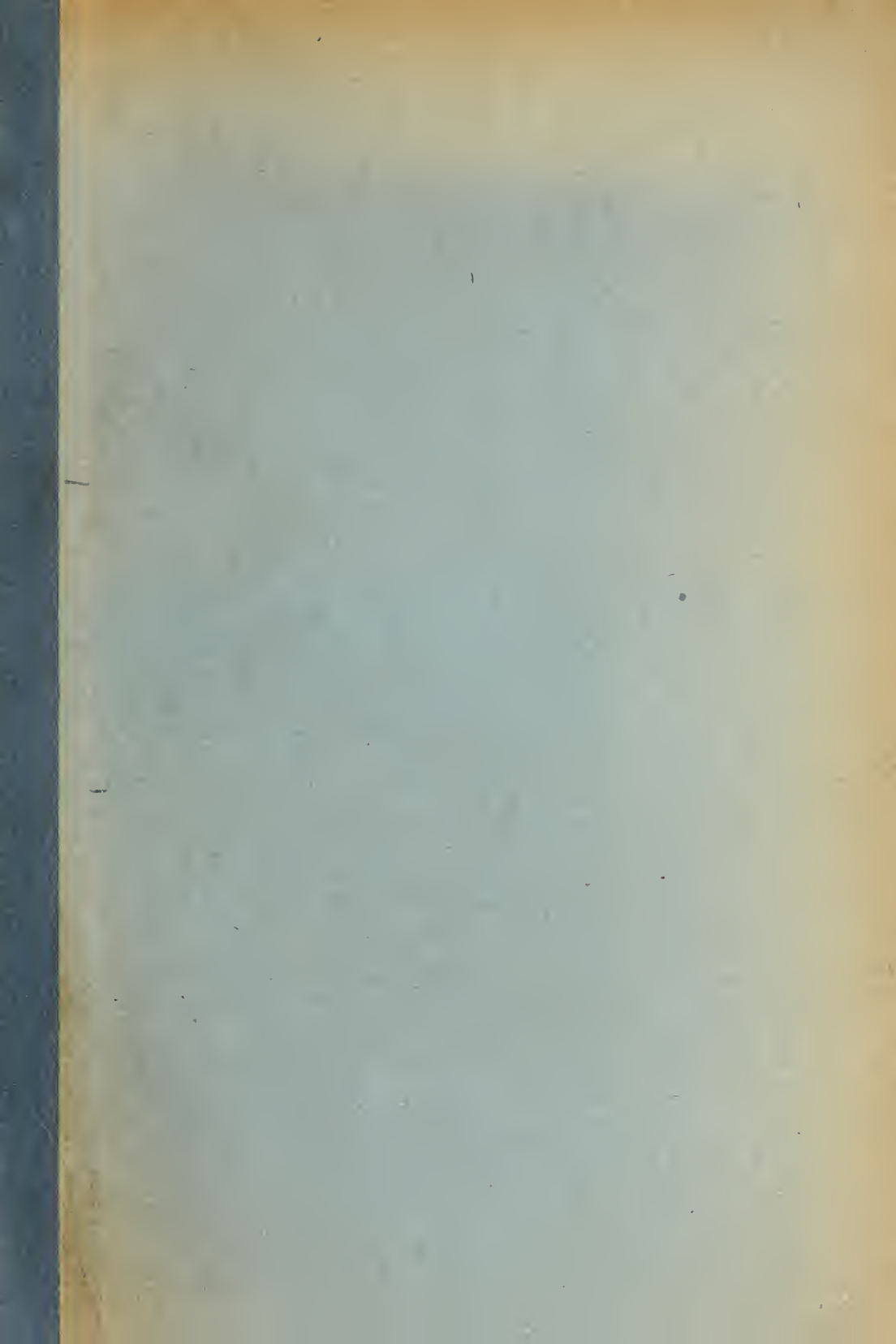






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The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXIII.

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

A WEIRD ORIENTAL CREED.

I.



WHEN, in my undergraduate days in the study of the History of Philosophy, I happened upon a reference to a Greek philosopher, named Pythagorus, in which he was credited with a strange belief, designated as Metempsychosis, I had no premonition whatever of the high concern with which that hoary faith was destined to be invested for me in my future life-work as a Christian missionary in India. For, although one may have often heard how there is widely prevalent in that great, grey old land the belief that the soul of man after death passes into some other earthly body to begin to live anew, one may, nevertheless, have no true realization that this doctrine governs the inner souls of those millions of Hindus so absolutely that they believe in their past existence as fervently as orthodox Christians believe in a future state. One must mingle with the people of India to understand how this weird old faith has entered into their consciousness so deeply that in all their arguments it is assumed without a doubt and that it is almost impossible for them to conceive of a state of things in which it should not hold true. To glibly declare to these people that they have never lived in any previous birth and that after they shall have laid aside the worn out robe of this body they will not put on the fresh garment of a new one only makes them wonder how any rational being could ever truly harbor such very uncommon thoughts. It would be strange if

it were otherwise; for, according to the best authorities, so long ago as six centuries before Christ the belief in Transmigration of Souls was completely established throughout the length and breadth of what was then known as Hindustan. To quote the words of a great Sanskrit scholar, "There is perhaps no more remarkable fact in the history of the human mind than that this strange doctrine, never philosophically demonstrated, should be regarded as self-evident for 2,500 years by every philosophical school or religious sect in India excepting only Materialists." When, further, it is remembered that, foreign though it may seem to all our ways of thinking, Metempsychosis is the unquestioned and fundamental assumption of the religious thought of not only many millions in India, but of fully one-half the human race to-day, it should forthwith be evident that in inviting your attention to it on this occasion I am asking you to consider no outworn creed or mere curiosity or an old religion that long since had it day and ceased to be, but something that is living and powerful and vastly relevant to that world-wide propaganda of the Christian faith, with which, I take it, we are all deeply concerned. Hence, when I was asked to discuss at this time some phase of Eastern life and thought, it seemed to me that, dreamy and remote though it might at first appear to be, nothing, in truth, would be of more practical concern than the consideration of that age-old dogma which still reigns supreme in the hearts of half the world, namely, Metempsychosis or Transmigration of Souls.

II.

When one seeks the Indian literature for some authoritative definition of this ancient rule of faith and practice, Manu, the great Hindu law-giver who lived in the far dim dawn of India's long day, is found describing it as "the gliding of the soul through ten thousand millions of wombs." But in this vast calculation of "ten thousand millions" of births or lives for each individual soul, Manu appears to stand alone; for the sages commonly speak of the "eighty-four," meaning thereby eighty-four

lakhs, or eight million four hundred thousand births and deaths before deliverance is attained. To this great number, however, are to be added innumerable temporary heavens and hells which intervene here and there between the successive births as the toiling soul painfully ascends or descends in its long and arduous pilgrimage, or, to use more technical terms, as it mounts or falls what is known as the ever-rotating *wheel* of existence. This fainting, endless round finds probably nowhere more vivid and faithful delineation than in Edwin Arnold's "*The Light of Asia*," where he says:

"Only when turns the wheel invisible
No pause, no peace, no staying place can be;
Who mounts may fall; who falls will mount; the spokes
Go round unceasingly."

And for a confession of the doubt and uncertainty of all attainments which characterizes this belief in the hearts of its followers nothing clearer is needed than the comfortless cry of the South Indian folk song:

"How many births are past I cannot tell,
How many yet to come no man can say;
But this I know and know full well,
That pain and grief embitter all the way."

Men are just homeless wandering ghosts whom death is constantly dislodging, making them seek "residences afresh." But very thin, attenuated ghosts indeed are these fugitive things called souls—not at all like those conscious intelligences which in Christian thought are inseparably associated with human beings only. What to us is the Ego, is to the believer in Transmigration not the soul at all, but that impalpable sheath or phychic body which accompanies the soul in all its many wanderings. The Hindu conception of soul itself has been defined as "simply the vital principle which runs through nature and which is without thought, emotion, will, self-consciousness or indeed any other quality whatever, except that of extension and life." It is not until one realizes this that one ceases to wonder why in answer

to the question, "Where does the soul go after death?" the Indian villager often replies, with characteristic gesture, "Who knows! Perhaps it *mixes with the wind*." But, knowing this, one understands how to them there is no impassable gulf between higher and lower forms of being—no difficulty in passing, for example, from the insentient to the sentient order of existence. The soul may crawl as a worm in one birth, bloom as a rose in another, roam as a wild beast in a third, and even reign as one of their countless gods in the next.

In Wilson's "*India Three Thousand Years Ago*," this, to us, so uncommon creed is made vivid in this wise: "I am now an intelligent man, but soon I may be a chattering monkey; I am now a tender-hearted woman, but ere long I may be a ravening wolf; I am now a studious boy, but next year I may be a stupid buffalo; I am now a playful girl, but after my next birth I may be a skipping goat. That querulous crow may be my deceased father, that hungry cat my own departed mother, that raging bear my quondam brother, and that crawling serpent my late sister."

Rudyard Kipling, in his typically Oriental book, "*Kim*," relates how an Irish boy and an old lama from Thibet happen upon a yellow and brown cobra lying still at the edge of a brook with its fixed and lidless eyes glowing dully in its flat hooded head. The white blood in the lad, pulsing with instinctive horror, impels him to glance hurriedly around for a stick with which to break the repulsive thing's back. But the old lama restrains him with the cry, "Why? He is upon the wheel of existence as we are—ascending or descending—but far, very far, from deliverance. Great evil must the soul have done to be cast in such a shape. Harm him not, but let him live out his life." Then, looking kindly at the motionless yellow and brown horror, he adds the muttered prayer: "May thy release"—release from that awful shape—"come soon, brother." Does that seem like the stuff that nightmares are made of? It is the faith, none knows when or how, once delivered to Hindu saints and sages, and for at least seventy-five generations millions of souls have lived and

died with its dark and dread conception obsessing their hearts and minds.

III.

There is, however, nothing haphazard or fortuitous about the order or nature of these successive births. They are rigidly regulated by one's *Karma*, which simply means that one's deeds unfailingly determine one's destiny. The Christian, with his face towards the future, affirms that as a man sows, so shall he reap. The Oriental unreservedly agrees, but resolutely declines to stop there. He turns the process backward and declares that as a man sowed in a previous life, so shall he reap in this, which was then to that the future. He solves the riddle of existence by concluding that "all the ills that flesh is heir to" are the inevitable harvest of evil deeds in a past career while, on the same principle, the pleasant things of life are the glad fruitage of virtuous acts in a previous stage. Our deeds in a prior existence travel with us from afar and what we were then makes us what we now are.

It is to be understood that this *Karma* of which I now speak is not that moral government of the universe by a just and sovereign God in which Christians believe, but a law of subjective necessity which inexorably and absolutely determines not only the actions but also the bent or trend of every life. "There is no room for independent divine rule beside the power of *Karma*, which governs everything with iron necessity." So where Christians say, "Fear God," the believer in Transmigration should say, "Fear Karma." It is true that the Eastern populace are ever seeking to appease a motley concourse of nondescript gods and goddesses; but when misfortune befalls the invariable cry is, "It is my *Adrishta*," that is, "*My Unseen*." Whereby they mean that that pitiless power which ruthlessly causes all to reap as they have sown has, either in spite of the helpless gods or through using them as its avengers, wrought out in their lives the bitter result of some past evil deed of theirs, be it remembered or no. Hence the essence of Hinduism is fear—fear of the unknown result which may be meted out to them in such an hour

as they think not for some forgotten error in conduct or faith or ceremonial. Thus, as one has said, "A Hindu once unlucky often broods like a Calvinist who thinks that he is not of the Elect."

IV.

On the Occidental mind the most common impression made by this very ancient doctrine is probably the feeling that in many of its details it is absurd, grotesque and ludicrous. Hence it has been the subject of much raillery and has easily lent itself to caricature by the West, as an example of which may be related the story of two Jews, Abraham and Isaac, who are said to have discussed it when they met one morning in the open street. Finally Isaac remarked to his friend, "Now, Abraham, just to make this odd, old belief real and vivid, let us suppose that I were to die and be born again as a donkey and that one morning you were to see and recognize me drawing a heavily-laden cart as that donkey yonder is doing; how would you feel and act, Abraham?" Abraham paused thoughtfully a moment and then gravely answered, "Friend Isaac, I should run quickly to you, rub my sympathetic hand over your panting side, pat you kindly on your wet and sweaty neck, stroke you softly on your long moist nose; look up into your deep, dumb donkey eyes and say, 'Poor Isaac, how natural you look.'"

In regard to such a caricature, however, West is strictly West and East is strictly East, for, as Meredith Townsend says, though Transmigration may seem ludicrous to us, it solves for Asiatics that endless puzzle of speculative minds, the apparently unjust government of the universe by a just God. For the believer in this doctrine comforts himself thus: "Nay, it is a just government; its injustice is only apparent. The bad man prospers justly, because he is being rewarded in this life on earth in a temporary way for his good deeds in his last stage, while the good man who is unfortunate is being justly punished for the sins of a former existence. Both, when their record is perfectly clear through the slow purging of many births, will be re-absorbed into the eternally happy All." Without some such explanation

as this of the strange inequalities of birth and position, of fortune and misfortune, revealed in the confused phenomena of life, the Oriental mind seems unable to rest content.

Some time ago in Convocation Hall I heard a preacher, while discoursing on that parable of responsibility, *The Talents*, say, "You ask me why God gave some five talents, others but two talents, and still others only one? I do not know. That it is a fact is enough for us"; and, as far as I could discern, there was on none of those intent faces the slightest trace of dissent. My memory went swiftly back to those audiences of uneducated but shrewd Indian farmers I had met at many a nightfall in the open squares of Indian villages, and I could almost hear their roar of dissent: "We *do* know, it was their *Karma*. The first got five talents because of much virtue in a previous life, the other but two because of less virtue, and the last only one because of less virtue still. It was a matter of simple justice, and there was no cause whatever for question or complaint." In all this they would only be paraphrasing their own proverb:

"Who plants mangoes, mangoes shall he eat,
Who plants thorn-bushes, thorns shall wound his feet."

The consolation therein is that while, on the one hand, not one single mango more than accrued from his own planting should *he* ever by any means be allowed to eat, just as truly, on the other hand, would no thorn from any bush he did not plant himself be ever permitted to pierce *his* feet. That feeling that, though the heavens fall, justice never fails by one jot or tittle of nicely calculated less or more is to them the heritage of the ages, and it is the conviction that this theory explains how justice works so unerringly that has enabled this strange old faith to hold in thrall so many millions for so many centuries. Such a blind unfeeling law seems to promise a surer impartiality than the volition of any single will, even though it be that of God himself as they comprehend Him.

—HARRY E. STILLWELL, '94.

(To be concluded in the November issue.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A HOUSE-BREAKER.



HIS disclosure differs from the usual type of crime classed under this head: for, whereas house-breakers usually break into houses, I broke out.

The truth is, that a rather severe attack of nervous fever had made a prisoner of me for several weeks, and I was still floundering in the swamp of convalescence left by the ebb of sickness, when one night I was seized by a restless desire to go out of doors. I, who had been insensible to all the operations of life, suddenly felt an imperative call to activity. So, after many shiftings and tumblings, I decided to brave the shades of night.

I crawled slowly out of bed, and with trembling hands and unsteady knees, at last contrived to deck myself in my long-forsaken apparel. Then, taking particular care not to waken the other sleepers in the house, I slipped out of the chamber and proceeded to make my escape. And, as there were no windows to break, nor locks to pick, it was not long before I passed through the eastern door into the garden.

I can never tell anyone how beautiful it was. Walking back and forth along the path that circles round the house, I seemed to lose all the vestiges of dull tormenting pain. A new man was born within me,—alive to the enchantment of the night. The waning moon was peeping over the house-top. Amongst the bushes near the garden wall, I could discern, here and there, a rose swaying its dewy head in the gentle evening breeze. From the honeysuckle that elings about the lattice near the door, there came a breath of perfumed air. The charm of all this beauty banished every remembrance of fever from my mind.

Along one side of the garden there stood a row of lofty elms whose outstretched branches touched each other, far up in the darkness of the night. It was startlingly dark under these ancient remnants of the forest, and in the darkness blacker shadows seemed to hover. And as I tried to pierce the pitchy darkness with my eyes, a bat flew at my face. At that I stood quite still.

Of all creatures bats are to me the most frightful, the most unearthly,—creatures of mystery and horror, attendants of the powers of darkness.

As soon as I recovered from this momentary fright, I was filled with a longing to roam the city streets, now that the rumbling of the traffic and the clatter of voices had died away. When I opened the gate, the painful creak of its hinges startled a dog in a near-by kennel. Presently its howl was answered by another some distance away. Then another started; and to escape this canine chorus I quickened my speed, ran across the lawn, and leaped over the fence on to the sidewalk.

A little abashed at such singular conduct, I slunk into the shadow of a tree and looked carefully up and down to make sure that there were no suspicious passers-by. Then I struck off down the street, taking deep breaths of the cool night air. After my long confinement to the bed of sickness, it seemed most wonderful to be out while everybody slept, and to have the machinery of life set in motion apparently for my sole benefit. As I walked along past my neighbors' houses, I had a feeling of secrecy and guilt, as if I were taking an unfair advantage of the rest of humanity.

Suddenly footfalls sprang out distinct from the vast silence of the night. The steps drew swiftly nearer, and presently became louder as something struck me on the shoulder,—a hand. Then my heart beat wildly, and the feverish pain returned to my head with redoubled agony. Springing quickly forward, I flung the hand from off my shoulder, and rushed madly down the street.

I flew along the pavement faster than I ever went before. After me came the sound of hurrying feet in determined pursuit. On I sped; the trees shot swiftly by; now and then the glare of a street lamp blinded me till I plunged into the darkness again.

My reason seemed to waver. I was a thief, a marked felon, fleeing from the clutch of justice. In some way that idea of guilt became a fearful reality to me. It must have been that in my fevered brain the recollection of some past iniquity, magnified a hundredfold, became by some mysterious means connected with

the present. The shock upon my weakened nerves must have dislodged from the dark recesses of my memory the ghost of some old sin, the phantom of a past misdeed.

Deadly fear gripped my heart as the horror of it all rushed upon me; a mist began to gather before my eyes. How I had fallen so low I knew not; into what foul abyss of crime I had plunged I could not clearly comprehend. All that my stunned intellect could grasp was that I was branded, a thrall to the galleys, the common quarry of mankind.

Thus far an unseen power had lent me strength or, weakened by my recent illness, I would have long since dropped exhausted. But now I knew the end was near. My breath began to come in gasps, and streams of perspiration trickled down my face.

Presently I came to a side street, into which I turned. After running straight ahead for a minute or so, I darted across the road into a lane, hoping to throw my pursuers off the track. When I had climbed over several fences I began to weaken and reel. The mental strain was lessened, and consequently my physical powers began to droop. Presently I saw a shed with its door ajar. Into this shelter I flung myself and sank unconscious to the floor.

I must have remained in this state for a considerable time, for when I came to my senses the sun had begun to lighten the east. It was some time before I could struggle to my feet; but this done, I peered out and found that I had taken up my abode in somebody's garden. After awhile I left the shed, and went down a narrow alley to the street. I looked cautiously out, and as no one was in sight, I started off in the direction of home.

The delusions which had recently tortured my mind were gone; but I knew that the fever had gripped me, and the certainty of this impelled me on as fast as my weak limbs would move. In one house I saw a lamp burning, the light of it gradually paling before the approaching dawn. A child wailed behind a window where the blinds were drawn; and it cried as if it had cried all night, and the morning brought no relief.

Before long I stood in my garden again. The shadows had gone from under the trees. The street lamp outside was sadly

wan, like the flicker of a candle at a shrine, a feeble protest against that inevitable night and the shadows that no man can sweep away.

Drawing the bolts carefully, I stepped inside. The house was still dark, and it seemed hot after the dew and freshness of the out-door air. Taking off my boots, I dragged myself upstairs to my room. As I went to shut out the light, I saw that the east was glorious with the rosy fore-gleams of the dawn. In the next room I heard someone give a long sigh as of great contentment. Suddenly a strange feeling came over me, and my reason began to totter. I staggered and would have fallen had I not grasped the bed-post. I swayed there for a moment, my mind becoming dizzier and the pain more acute, until my hold weakened; then I collapsed, senseless, upon the bed.

Five days later I recovered consciousness. A high fever had set in, due, the doctor said, to the excitement and damp chill of the night air, and before me was the unpleasant prospect of another long confinement.

—R. E. FREEMAN, '14.

“DAS DU MICII LIEBST——”

(From the German of Heinrich Heine.)

I knew, sweetheart, you loved me:

I guessed it long ago;

Yet your confession moved me

As this had not been so.

I strode upon the mountains,

I shouted to the skies—

The sunset on the ocean

Brought tears into my eyes.

My heart, aglow with passion,

A blazing sun I bear,

And in love's boundless waters

'Tis sinking, great and fair.

—B. F. T.

TENTH PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.



EVERY year for the past nine sessions THE MONTHLY Board has offered prizes for short stories. While the response has sometimes been rather disappointing, the results on the whole have been such that the present Board feels justified in continuing the competitions by offering:

(1) A prize of \$10.00, to be awarded to the best story submitted by either a graduate or an undergraduate of McMaster University. (2) Two prizes of \$5.00 each, to be awarded, one to a graduate, the other to an undergraduate. (3) Two prizes of \$3.00 each, to be awarded, one to a graduate, the other to an undergraduate. (Graduates in Arts now registered in Theology are *not* considered as undergraduates.)

The conditions governing the contest are as follows:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than January 15th, 1913.
2. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but should bear on the outside the title of the story and any other distinguishing mark or *non de plume* which the author may see fit to choose.
3. The writing must be legible, and on one side of the paper only. Manuscripts should *not* be rolled.
4. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. The exact number of words should be stated on the first page of manuscript.
5. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.
6. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

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VOL. XXIII.

OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 1

Editorial Notes.

TO THOSE OF US whose present coming to McMaster is a return, rather than an exploration into unknown lands, the dominant impression for the first few weeks is one of vacancy. We miss the faces that are gone, and the new faces are as yet too indistinct, too undifferentiated, to occupy more than the middle distance in our cosmos. Later they will loom up as the faces of new stars in athletics and debating. We even dare to hope that some among them may disclose "the poet's eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," or prove themselves masks of the essayist and the storyteller. For the present, however, the individualities which hide behind them are unknown quantities. We welcome them as such—our affection, our esteem, are theirs to win.

AMONG THE FACULTY we miss our Chancellor, Dr. McCrimmon. We trust, however, that his enforced absence may be of short duration, and that he may return to us with renewed energy and purpose, to complete his work of piloting the University from its present somewhat intricate channel into a sea of larger opportunity and usefulness. . . . Professor McLay is with us again after his year's absence, and we are sure that both students and faculty join with THE MONTHLY in bidding him hearty welcome.

A NUMBER OF CHANGES have taken place on THE MONTHLY staff owing to the regrettable loss of Mr. H. C. Hudson, and Mr. E. L. Biggar. We are fortunate in being able to fill the vacancies by the transfer of Mr. R. E. Freeman from the department of "Athletics" to "Around the Hall," and by the appointment of Mr. Norman Davies to "Athletics," and Mr. F. W. Kemp to the position of Subscription Manager.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS when the publican collected his own salary along with the revenues of the state, he was subjected, and perhaps justly, to all manner of scorn and indignity; and we fear that something of the old prejudice toward his profession still exists, even where, as with us, he performs his services gratuitously. We hope, and believe, that the time will come when the fees of our various societies will be recognized as part of the necessary expense of education, will be advertised in the calendar, and collected by the registrar with the regular fees, as is the custom in many American colleges. Until that time comes, however, we bespeak for the fee-collector courtesy and prompt payment. *And remember your subscription to THE MONTHLY!*

IT SEEMS TO US a somewhat strange anomaly that, when we have a society, the Debating Union, for the specific purpose of developing and encouraging debating, the culmination of its work, the inter-college debates, should be taken out of its hands, and given to the Literary Society. Surely the executive of the Debating Union is as well qualified as that of the Literary

Society to undertake the management of these debates. If it is not, it should be. We believe that it would infuse new life into the Debating Union, if it were shouldered with the entire responsibility of debating activities at McMaster. On the other hand, we do not believe that the Literary Society would suffer by focusing its attention elsewhere. Some return might be made by transferring the Oratorical Contest to the Literary Society, where it properly belongs. We should like to see this question made the subject of early discussion.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. E. FREEMAN, '14.

“Make glad our threshold with your tread, sweet friends, once more!”



SEVERAL WEEKS ago we learned that Mr. Hudson, who had been chosen editor of this department, would not be able to return this year. As his ability was recognized by all, it is with some timidity that the present editor attempts a task he would have done so well. But with the aid of an efficient staff, we hope to present a faithful chronicle of college life.

When the winning voices of the spring called us to our summer homes, how joyfully we packed our books and rugby suits in the attic, and hurried off to catch the first train. Some sped to the West, where treeless prairies stretch to distant skies, some to the lakes and forests of the North, while others mingled with the busy throngs. How quickly passed the months of summer! Charmed by sun and shower and the music of the birds, the leaves came forth and grew; then they brightened into glorious shades of red and gold. The flowers blossomed in the fields and dried; the grain sprang up and ripened and was harvested; the summer came and went. Then in the mellow days of beautiful golden autumn we returned, as joyful as we went. How homelike seemed the old halls! And how pleasant it was to greet the faces of our friends once more! Soon the heavy wheels of

routine life began to turn; and when, at seven in the morning, the rising bell sent forth its silvery (?) chimes, we rubbed our eyes and wondered if the forest or the prairie had not been but a dream.

'Tis truly said that life is arched with changing skies. Year by year we change; old acquaintances pass and new ones come, until at last we are not what we were. But there is something here that is immortal, something that defies the rolling flood of years; that we call the Spirit of McMaster. Each autumn it is rejuvenated by new invigorating lives that come to swell her ranks. And now we extend a hearty welcome to the members of Year '17. We bid you come to share our joys and sorrows, and bring a new enthusiasm into all our life. May your years in McMaster be years of growth and happiness, and may you make a lasting contribution to the honor of your Alma Mater.

FIRST CHAPEL SERVICE.—The attendance of students, and friends of the University, at the opening chapel service of the fall term on September 23rd, was very gratifying. Castle Memorial Hall has mingled memories for some of us, but there is always a sweetness and charm, an air of expectancy, about the first chapel service of the year. The devotional exercises were conducted by Drs. Bates and Norton. Although we had been informed that the Chancellor would not be present, the feeling of disappointment would not down, and was only partly relieved by Dr. Farmer's announcement that the Chancellor had been granted a year's leave of absence. Announcement was made of the addition to the work in Theology of a course in Missions. The lectures will be given by Drs. Norton and Brown. Dr. Farmer in his address to the students urged faithfulness to work and an interest in the whole life of the University. The Rev. Mr. Hay, of Dunedin, New Zealand, was introduced and extended the greetings of the Baptist Union of Australia and New Zealand.

We are all glad to welcome back Professor McLay. His absence was much regretted, and the satisfaction of the students in his return is evinced by an increased interest in the English courses. Professor McLay has been elected honorary president of Year '14.

OPENING LIT., OCT. 3RD, 1913.—President Morrison began the proceedings by outlining the aims of the Executive for the year. It seems that the Lit. has been, to speak theologically, "falling from grace" ever since the days of its hopeful infancy. Not that

the interest has waned; but the world, the flesh, and the devil have crept into its select activities. To be explicit, he considers that the high cultural standards of former times are in danger of being undermined by the vaudeville tendencies of this barbarous age, and as a result, year programmes are ruled out. The principal aim of the society is to stimulate an aesthetic appreciation for literature; and while the first essential of the meeting is entertainment, the President certainly deserves the support of every member in his endeavor to lift it to a higher standard.

The musical items of the evening were all that could be desired—Mr. Karl Farmer on the piano and Mr. Fred McGregor, B.A., on the violin. Mr. McGregor came all the way from Woodstock to help make the evening a success,—at least that was the motive that was given, though there may have been something else behind it. In the promenades which followed, the demand for ladies, and particularly freshettes, considerably exceeded the supply. The dearth in this respect was somewhat galling to a number who had to sit and watch their more fortunate comrades. It is rumored, however, that these brethren let loose their pent-up jealousy on the refreshments—and were content. So sordid is the soul of man!

THE SECOND MEETING OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY was held on October 10th, Vice-President Hambly in the chair. After a splendid piano solo by Mr. Kingdon, Mr. Trotter gave a reading. A vote of thanks was given to Year '13 for the beautiful cup which they presented to the University, to be awarded in the inter-year rugby games. The remaining numbers on the programme were a vocal solo by Mr. Turnbull, and a piano duet, by Misses Draper and Benner. The ladies on this occasion all seemed to be troubled in a phenomenal way by some peculiar malady; one was heard distinctly to call for "whiskey."

DEBATING UNION.—On the evening of October the 16th, an open meeting of the Debating Union was held in the Chapel, Mr. Anderson, the president, in the chair. After a vocal solo by Mr. Roberts the meeting was addressed by Mr. E. Stewart Lyon of *The Globe* on the subject, "The Value of Political Clubs to University Men." Mr. Lyon first impressed upon us the value and importance of a knowledge of politics. The political problems and programmes of the nations are changing from questions of diplomacy and defence to the wider sphere of social reform. This widening of the scope of state action is already far advanced in England, and will surely come in Canada. Therefore, a

knowledge of these questions of social politics is essential to the man who would be an influence for good upon the life of this generation. Mr. Lyon then went on to say that one of the most potent means of promoting such knowledge is the political club. He showed, as an example of this, how great a part the Oxford Union played in the political life of England in the 19th century, and, by means of a few anecdotes from the life of Gladstone, he showed how this famous debating union had practically produced the greatest statesman of the age. He then traced many of the prominent men in Canada to-day back to the clubs and debating unions of a quarter of a century ago. It is the training in diligence and accuracy, the keen search for facts, and the clear impartial reasoning that have produced such wonderful results. But to-day these powerful agencies seem to be passing away; the young men of our universities are drawn by other attractions. But we must not let them go; we must enlarge the scope and power of these societies, that the political life of Canada may be freed from inefficiency and corruption, and that the programme of social reform may be carried forward. There is great need in the political world for keen intellects and high ideals, and it behooves McMaster to contribute her share to the solution of the complex questions that will arise.

PAX VOBISCUM!—Some peculiar lethargy has seized upon the Sophomore mind. 'Tis said that, contrary to all tradition and ancient custom, they have adopted a policy of "laissez faire" towards their unsophisticated friends, the Freshmen. Whether this be so or not, at any rate Year '17 held their class elections in security and peace. The officers who were chosen to pilot the bark of Year '17 upon its first voyage, are as follows: Honorary President, Prof. Glenn Campbell; President, D. D. Hurst; Vice-President, Miss E. Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, C. P. Fell. With such guiding heads as these, the ship bids fair to make the trip in safety. THE MONTHLY extends its heartiest wishes for a prosperous voyage.

FRESHMEN IN PARADISE.—At midnight on October 3rd, each Freshman was transported from his soft, refreshing bed. A white-robed figure led him over beautiful hills and softly meadowed valleys into a strange country. They heard the laughter of the gods and caught the sound of gently running water. But yet they could not see: a misty shroud hung before their eyes and they wandered round in labyrinthine ways. But

suddenly there was a change; their waking senses soon perceived that these things were not what they seemed. Now the voices of the elect seemed to echo with a hiss. The soft paths became hard and clammy underneath their feet; the rippling rivulets were rushing torrents sweeping all before them; the balmy air was filled with shouts and clamors as of demons. The famed celestial ambrosia was bitter to their lips, the nectar made them writhe in pain. It seemed to them that all the beauties of Elysian fields were fraught with tortures and delusions. When all was o'er, they sank into their beds with feelings of relief. To those who have visited this blessed land and have tasted the food of the gods, reward is sure. Their names are stamped for ever on the book of fame, they are enrolled amongst us, as full-fledged members of our glorious company.

VISITORS AT CHAPEL.—Several of the delegates to the great Convention of Disciples were present at our chapel service. Among them was Dr. Fred E. Lumley, an old McMaster man, who, from all accounts, is making a name for himself across the line. With him came President Howe of Butler College, Indianapolis. Recently also we had the pleasure of seeing on our platform the Rev. Dr. Munroe of Kansas City, Rev. Geo. Kierstead of Regina, Rev. Chas. G. Smith of Belleville, and Rev. Archibald Gordon, B.A., and Mrs. Gordon, missionaries-elect to India.

ANTI-CIGARETTE LEAGUE.—The President of the Anti-Cigarette League of America gave a lecture in the chapel on October 9th. Not very much enthusiasm prevailed upon the subject, and the attendance was rather small. The address, however, was replete with startling facts with reference to the dangers of the noxious weed.

NIPPED.—Be it known to all the brethren, that the honorable order of the NIP-AND-TUCK is once more in full swing. Its original constitution and tactics are unaltered, and its purpose of promoting general enthusiasm remains the same. For the benefit of some, who may just at this time doubt the fact, it might be well to say that this society is strictly consistent in all its dealings. On Friday, October 10th, at 11.45 p.m., the executive and a few friends partook of a substantial dinner, provided by the Freshmen and any others of the inexperienced who could be persuaded. A most enjoyable evening was spent during which a new member was initiated into the society by the president, with

all due pomp and ceremony. A most remarkable fact was that our hosts contented themselves with but a "cursory" view of the remains of our repast. Benjamin Franklin said, "Fools make feasts, wise men eat them."

"Come hither from the furrow and be merry."

SENIORS' PICNIC.—In the golden sunshine of October 9th, the Seniors threw their gravity to the winds and set forth on their annual picnic. In spite of heavy lunch baskets and delays caused by missing cars, a goodly company contrived to assemble at Long Branch at about three o'clock. In order to put themselves in condition for supper, they one and all threw off their coats and gleefully entered into a game of baseball. Heavy hitting by the ladies was the order of the day: several got to first base. After another game, all retired to the beach for supper. There around a blazing fire they had a merry time, and did justice to the liberal supply of sandwiches, wieners and coffee. The vice-president read the class letter which had been circulated during the summer, and the usual songs followed. The "rough element" made things lively on the way home, much to the amusement of our fellow passengers, and the annoyance of the conductor. A certain professor remarked a general sleepiness in Fourth Year lectures next day.

JUNIOR PICNIC.—The Juniors' picnic at Searboro Beach on October 13th was by far their best one yet, both in point of numbers and in the good time provided. The weather left nothing to be desired, and the crowd was in high spirits. The afternoon was given over to sports, the main attraction being a baseball game between teams captained by Miss Davis and Miss Matthews. The skill shown in this game by the ladies was only exceeded by the proficiency of several of the suffragettes in an exhibition game of rugby, just at the conclusion of the match.

After a hot supper around the camp-fire, a young Scotch sextet, imported at some expense, kept the picnic in roars of laughter with their songs. Early in the evening, after singing "Thy Praises, McMaster," and making the hills resound with "Boom! Fitz, Boom!" the Juniors took one of Mr. Fleming's cars by storm, and on the way back treated the few fortunate citizens who were able to get into the car, to a fine selection of college yells and songs.

SOPHOMORES' PICNIC.—One of the finest of these fine fall days, October 7th, was chosen by the Sophomores for a picnic. Not many could resist the chances of romping over the sands of Searboro Heights, and so a large body of the class was there. They divided their time between the pebbly floor of the beach, and grassy carpet of the cliff-top. Gloaming found them energetically and unitedly engaged in the demolition of a splendid store of eatables, around a cheery log fire. A brief musicale terminated the delightful outing.

THEOLOGY CELEBRATES.—Never in the annals of the society was there such a gathering as assembled on Scarboro Heights on Friday, October 10th, to celebrate the Annual Picnic of the Theologues. With a view to doing things decently and in order, the Theological Faculty and their wives were present. That the Profs. are all young men, was well demonstrated in the baseball game, particularly by the Professor of "Systematic." There being only one lady in Theology caused a difficulty; but this was overcome by inviting the Freshettes, much to the chagrin of the Juniors. A very enjoyable time was spent; the address of the Honorary President, together with the impromptu toasts and the replies, formed specially notable features. In reply to numerous queries, it may be confidently asserted that all the men were in the Hall by 10.30 p.m., with the exception of one who enjoys exceptional privileges.

A DECIDED SUCCESS.—On Monday, October 13th, a general rejoicing was felt among the Freshies, and at mid-day the watchful Sophomores realized the purport of this phenomenon. The fulfillment of elaborate preparations had at last arrived. At 2 p.m., when peace and order ruled the Hall, the Freshmen made their escape. The Freshettes had a like success, but not until the walls were scaled and the deep ravine was spanned. The Freshmen's president, in a gallant attempt to bring away the fruit from its place of concealment, was confronted by two of the Hall's militant suffragettes. But fortunately a fair friend came to the rescue, and the poor old Freshies started safely off. They decided to let nature be their teacher in the open lecture room of Searboro Bluffs. So at 3.00 p.m. the happy crowd assembled,—except a few disciples of Ulysses, who wished "to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought." A little later Prof. and Mrs. Campbell honored the assembly with their presence, just in time for tea. After tea,

the happy throng enjoyed an ably rendered programme, until the bright coals died away and the crescent moon arose. The Sophs within the Hall gave a fine reception to the returning Freshies. The entry and the corridors were decorated in majestic splendour with flags and banners of almost every color. Toasts and speeches were given, but only a few drank. But soon it all was over: fatigued and weary Freshmen had to make their humble beds upon the floor.

The breakfast bell announced the new-born day,
The Freshman heard, but never heeded he,
His solemn slumbers kept him where he lay,
Until his room-mate roused him up at half-past three.

Though the Freshmen probably enjoyed their little picnic very much, yet its effects upon many seem to have been far from beneficial. Whether it is the effects of the copious lunch provided by the Freshettes, or merely the primary stages of insanity, it is difficult to determine. At any rate, the following rignarole was uttered by several Freshmen, who appeared to be in earnest at the time:

Roola-mazoo Kalazoo
Talamazoo-za
'17, '17 Mac mas tar
Roola-ma Toola-ma Zoola-ma va
'17, '17 Mac mas tar.

THEOLOGUES ORGANIZE.—At a meeting of the Theological Society recently, the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Prof. Kierstead; President, E. H. Thomas, B.A.; Vice-President, Alex. Haddow, B.A.; Secretary, Mr. Rosser.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.—The Student Volunteer Band held its first meeting of this year on Tuesday, October 7th. It was an open meeting, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing the Rev. Archibald Gordon, B.A., B.Th. (Brandon, '13), missionary-elect for India. Mr. Gordon succeeded in winning the hearts of all present—including Scotchmen. He exhorted the volunteers to be earnest in prayer and propaganda, that zeal for missions might be spread. The president expressed the hope that this would be a year of great success, and many new volunteers would be enrolled. He said that perhaps, when some were facing tremendous situations on the foreign field, they would wish they had worked harder while at home to win others into this high and holy calling.

IT IS REMARKABLE that several gentlemen on their return to college this year preferred to convey their trunks upward by means of the stairs instead of utilizing the splendid elevator situated in the rear of the building. Whether this is done for the sake of physical exercise or through a distrust in the stability of the said elevator cannot be determined. But, in either case, the action is needless; for in the first place, as much energy is involved in hoisting up the lift as in carrying a trunk or two up the stairs; and on the other hand, some daring person has tested its stability, and lives to tell the tale. Seize the opportunity while you may, for it is rumored that a place is being arranged for its installment in the archaeological department of the museum next door.

THINGS ARE NOT going along this year as vigorously as they should. We must get into the game and make up in enthusiasm what we lack in numbers. Put your shoulder to the wheel and push, instead of being dragged along. In chapel the other day Dr. Farmer exhorted the students to enter fully into the life of the University and support its various societies. Each of us needs the influence of these forces on his life. Though this to all, except the Freshman, is a familiar theme, it nevertheless deserves from every one careful and earnest consideration.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MARY FOWLER. '14.

"Yellow, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating,
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating,
Winking at the blushing trees,
And the sombre, furrowed fallow,
Smiling at the airy ease
Of the southward flying swallow.
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
Beauteous, golden Autumn days."

—*Will Carleton.*



W HILE WITHOUT, life is putting forth her last, and perhaps her most beautiful effort before bareness and desolation come upon her, within, life is but beginning. The very halls rejoice in the return of life once more.

All summer—that time of growth, and beauty, and joy, elsewhere—McMaster has lain cold, cheerless, dormant. Walking through her deserted halls during the months of summer, one could almost hear her cry aloud in her loneliness.

But ever, season follows season; and once again to all within her precincts, McMaster extends a welcome—to the Seniorettes, sobered somewhat, possibly, by added dignity and responsibility, but in whom can still be found characteristics usually ascribed to Juniors—to the Juniores, who are determined to live up to and exceed what is expected of them, a joyous, mirthful group—to the Sophettes, but recently liberated from thralldom, now happily forgotten.

To the Freshettes a special greeting is given. We welcome you to the joys of our University; to the joy of comradeship which offsets the homesickness; to the joy of enlarged vision, which leads to that other joy, the joy of true helpfulness; to the joy of acquiring, which makes as naught times of discouragement; yes, and to the joy of hard work, which adds zest to the lighter pleasures of social life. For, as Carlyle says, "In idleness alone is there perpetual despair."

IN THE FOREFRONT.—Not long ago there appeared in one of our dailies a paragraph headed, "Women Into Everything." It is true that the professional and industrial world has opened its doors, as never before, to women. The trend of the century is shown strongly among our own women undergraduates. During the recent vacation McMaster University had representatives from among her women students in a surprising number of fields. To be sure, those occupations generally conceded to be typically womanly had the largest number of devotees. Many of our students went home to relieve others, for a season, of the task of homekeeping, and of superintending or sharing in the use of the needle. Yet our activities were by no means confined to these. From the North-West came to us reports of pedagogues of mowers, of a nurse and physician. We also heard of at least one "broncho buster." To the East we supplied a clerk, a preacher, a painter, and a budding lawyer, while nearer at hand were to be found a pipe-organist, a gardener, and a chauffeur. Toronto, itself, contributed a would-be judge, a "railwayman," and—such is the force of twentieth century higher education—a rat-catcher.

NOTICE.—A special meeting of the W. S. B. is to be called in the near future to hear reports from the four Juniorettes who attended a recent meeting of the Athletic Association.

W. S. B.—Many and spirited have been the meetings of the W. S. B. this year. At the first meeting, the resignation of Miss Irene Stillwell as President was read and regretfully accepted. The student body feel the weaker for the loss of Miss Stillwell, but all hope that by another year her health will permit her to return and finish her interrupted course. As an election could not be held immediately, Miss Ada Found, 14, was appointed "Head Girl" pro tem. After a number of subsequent meetings Miss Bessie Farmer was declared elected to the position for the year 1913-14.

PROBABLY THE MOST interesting of the meetings of the W. S. B., though it could not be called the most important, except to Year '17, was held on October 3rd. On this day the Freshettes took upon themselves the entertainment of the other Years. In the various feats of balancing and of swimming, the members of Year '17 made a name for themselves. The darning contest was most enlightening and instructive. The two who were not eligible

for this contest are to be consoled with. They have our sympathy for they missed a unique experience.

One suggestion we would like to make—that in future, the application of powder be limited, and, if necessary, lessons be given to the Freshettes as to its proper use. Let us here, also, draw the curtain and refrain from mentioning the “bitter” end of the afternoon.

THE W. L. S. PICNIC.—On Saturday afternoon, October the fourth, a merry throng of McMaster maidens betook itself, by way of crowded street cars, to Lambton Park. The little band, officially known as the Women’s Literary Society, was on that day holding its annual picnic. During the outward trip, the Freshettes, with bulky parcels carefully tucked under their arms, were very much in evidence; and obediently submitted to the superior wisdom of the Sophettes when occasion arose. The latter, however, together with the members of the senior years, showed during the afternoon what charming hostesses they could be. The day was all that could be desired, the place was ideal, and the few hours spent amid the maples passed all too swiftly. After the charms of tag and ball had been exhausted, and when the nooks and dells along the Humber had been explored, a huge camp-fire was set ablaze, on which the wieners met their fate. How delicious they were with those buns and sandwiches! How delicious, too, the tea and fruit! Refreshments over, the Freshettes were again armed with baskets; and, as a parting favor, they touchingly rendered “Home, Sweet Home.” Finally, “Thy Praises, McMaster,” rose in joyful chorus, and as its closing strains were re-echoing through the woods, the picnickers hastened down the steps, just in time for the car that was to bear them back to

“That dull round of anxious care”

which was awaiting them in the class-room and lectures.

MERCI BEAUCOUP.—The kindly authorities have not forgotten us even during the holidays. As we entered the Ladies’ Room, which this year, unlike some others, has been truly our own, the newly decorated walls spoke to us of the care and thoughtfulness of those in charge of such matters. Would that we could say as much for those others who, unsolicited, added the red figures to the carpet. We appreciate their efforts to decorate the room with the senior colors, and would feign admire their taste—if we could.

EVEN THE PROFESSORS.—“Oh, yes, ‘vert’ may be the color of the freshmen, but ‘verneil’ scarcely is.”

NEW FAVORITE.—Wm. Cullen Bryant has become the favorite poet of Year '17. Especially appreciated are those lines of his:

“Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.”

Where are you, '16?

Y. W. C. A.—The opening meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Wednesday, October 8th, and in the absence of the president, Miss Margaret Hair, Miss Ruby Veals, the vice-president, took the chair. The necessary business of electing a secretary and a treasurer for the society was first despatched. Miss Alice Gregory, '16, and Miss Marion Grimshaw, '17, were elected for these offices respectively. The meeting then adjourned to S. 18 for the reports of the Conference held at Elgin House, Muskoka, to which the society had sent delegates. The first report, given by Miss Clara Hellyer, '16, was an outline of the trip to the Conference, and of the way in which the delegates spent their time after reaching Elgin House. The mornings were given up to work,—one hour for Bible study, and another for mission study classes. Another hour was spent at the student conferences, where the different problems which confront such a society in a university were discussed, and each college given a chance to learn from others what plans had been found successful, and what had helped in their work. The afternoons were left free for recreation, which generally meant that row-boats and canoes were in demand, and the tennis courts and basket-ball field occupied. In the evening, chapel service was held in the quaint little chapel situated close to the water, and open to all the sweet, cool air. Here the delegates were addressed by the various leaders of the conference and by special speakers.

The second report was given by Miss Isobel Fairbairn, '15, and described some of the many interesting people whom the delegates had an opportunity of meeting—the various officers, the leaders from other colleges and universities, and even representatives from other nations. Among these were a Russian princess, who is greatly interested in the work of the society, and Miss Tsuda, a most charming Japanese, who is working with our foreign student secretary in Japan, Miss McDonald. All of these ladies addressed meetings at some time, but it was from

the close personal contact into which the delegates were brought with them, that most was gained. The very fact of being near them, of seeing their earnestness, the strength of their religious life, and their constant self-sacrifice, could not but be an inspiration to a more unselfish life.

At the close of the second report, lantern slides of the conference were shown by Miss Mary Fowler, '14, among which were included views of the chapel, the scenery surrounding the hotel, various groups of the prominent people, and several of the McMaster delegates. Refreshments were then served in the Ladies' Room.

W. L. S.—A MOST INTERESTING MEETING, held on Wednesday, October 15th, marked the opening of the W. L. S. After the installation of the new secretary, Miss Louise McLauren, and the treasurer, Miss Christine Farmer, the president, Miss Macintosh, welcomed the new and the old students to the activities of the society. The first number on the programme was a selection from Wagner by Miss Mayme Gill. Miss Ruth Macklem, in a few words of humorous advice, warned the Freshettes to beware of "Sophettes," "line-ups" and like events. Miss Evelyn Davis and Miss Alma Matthews explained what the West had held for them this summer. After this, the quaint old legend of Qu'Appelle was given by Miss Etta Pugsley, B.A., A.T.C.M. A bright piano solo was then given by Miss Muriel Stillwell, after which the meeting was closed by "Thy Praises, McMaster."

RECENT INNOVATIONS.—The remarks at opening chapel addressed entirely to those on the speaker's right.

An alarm clock taken to lectures.

A French lecture and repairs to a window blind going on at one and the same time in one and the same room.

A Freshie protesting at open Lit. that he "doesn't dance."

A "progressive" Y. W. C. A. patterned after "progressive" card parties.

A Juniorette preferring the fender to the seats in the street car.

"Ankle-phobia" at picnics. The latest reports claim that this is very "catching."

The sandwich parade held by the Freshettes.

FROM A FRESHETTE'S STANDPOINT.—Sept. 23.—Registered today. I wanted to use the white cards; they were by far the

prettiest, but I was not allowed to take them—they gave me horrid green ones instead.

I had a most frightful time filling out the general information card. They asked such embarrassing questions. My card looked like this when I had it ready:

“Father’s Occupation: _____

Mother’s? Housewife. Your own? Freshie.”

I’ll never trust a Sophette again.

Sept. 24.—One of the Juniores left her registration cards at a blacksmith shop to-day. I wonder why?

I overheard a Sophette telling a Senior, I think it was, that she never saw girls so enthusiastic over mathematics as we are. So many things puzzle me. The time-table did say Mathematics I at 8.15.

Oct. 1.—One of the Sophettes is going to make herself famous by inventive genius. Every morning she has a new story for us. We listen attentively and—remember that she is a Sophette.

Oct. 2.—Oh, joy! That Sophette—how I detest the sound of that word—now has reason for the bumps on her head. A Theologue’s head proved to be harder than hers.

Oct. 3.—I shall never get over it. There wasn’t a single hole in them this morning when I left. How did they get there? Later—I do wish they would have open Lit. every week, and have just twice as many promenades. Had just a glorious time.

Oct. 4.—Too busy to do anything.

Oct. 11.—Went to Theologue’s picnic. They were awe-inspiring, but some of them were really rather nice. We did not get back in time for the Literary meeting, and I am glad we did not. They say everyone was sneezing that night—all the ladies, I mean—and the men clapped them when they did. Wasn’t that rude?

Oct. 13.—We wore our gowns for the first time to-day. No one would know us from the Seniores now.

Oct. 15.—I am not going to write about what happens any more. I prefer to stand at the Ladies’ Room door and talk things over.

Athletics.

EDITOR: N. DAVIES, '14.

"The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won."



AT THIS TIME of the year every student is interested in athletics, both from his own personal standpoint, and from the broader one of the probable success of the various college teams in the coming contests. As usual there has been considerable discussion as to the relative merits of players past and present. While several places have been left vacant by those who graduated last spring, capable men have filled them and with hard practice this year's wearers of the "gray and maroon" will bring honor to McMaster.

"The place of athletics in a university is a matter of importance," states a recent editorial in the *Globe*, and it further adds: "The great majority of students are naturally interested in physical games, but there is a regrettable disposition to enjoy a match from the grand stand rather than to participate in the game themselves." The small university has its advantages in athletics. There is not the keen competition for places on the various teams which exists in larger institutions, and every man who shows his interest in games or track sports by getting out to practice will soon have his ability recognized. On the other hand, while we do not wish to advocate the sentiment of the latter part of the quotation, yet we realize that those on the side lines can do their part. Most of the men can get into the practice, though all cannot play in the championship games. All, however, can attend the games and by their presence and vocal powers encourage and support their team. It is to be hoped that all students will show their interest in the University and its athletic success by attending, in full force, the various matches which are played. It will be the endeavor of THE MONTHLY to record correctly all the various happenings in our world of college sport and to stimulate as far as possible the interest of the students in college athletics.

RUGBY CUP.—We wish to acknowledge the new Rugby Cup donated last spring by Year '13. The Cup was presented to the

Athletic Association as a trophy for inter-year rugby competition. Year '13 throughout their course always held an enviable reputation in athletics generally; but in rugby they excelled. In their Sophomore, Junior and Senior years they held the school championship, and always contributed generously from their ranks to the University rugby teams. The donation of this Cup by a year whose "forte" was rugby is doubly appropriate and will serve to perpetuate their name in the school and show their interest in the continuance of rugby at McMaster.

CHANGES IN THE RUGBY UNION.—Since last fall some changes have taken place in the rugby league in which McMaster plays. By the admission of St. Michael's College into the Intermediate Intercollegiate Rugby Union, the eastern section is now composed of St. Michael's, Varsity II. and McMaster. Formerly, with only two games in the season, and those with the same team, there seemed to be a lack of incentive to practice. Under the new arrangements, with four chances to win instead of two, the needed incentive is assured and McMaster should benefit by the change.

INTER-YEAR RUGBY.—Seniors, 63; Freshmen, 0. The much-talked-of plan of playing off inter-year games before the league games are over has been adopted by this year's athletic executive. The pros and cons have been thoroughly discussed during the last three years and we shall now have an opportunity to decide practically the value of the various arguments. The original schedule called for the first game between Theology and the Juniors, but Theology has demurely decided to refrain from exhibition this year. The next game, between the Seniors and the Freshmen, was played Saturday morning, October ninth, on Jesse Ketchum field. Neither side had a full team, the Seniors dropping one man to make even sides with the Freshmen, who lacked their captain and two other players. The game was played in ten-minute quarters and it took only a few moments to see that the traditional defeat would be administered to the Freshmen year. Though completely outclassed, they stuck to their places and occasionally made a successful tackle or got the ball out of scrimmage without mishap. The wild coursing of the Senior captain down the field at times completely overwhelmed the unsophisticated novices. The Seniors enjoyed the practice and got their signals running fairly smoothly by the time the whistle blew for full time. The score by quarters was: First—27; second—15; third—5; fourth—16.

Line-up: Seniors—Halves, Freeman, Shannon; quarter back, Davies; scrummage, Spencer, Smith, Trembert; wings, Hisey (capt.), Cutler, Mitchener, Graham, Rice; spare, McWilliams. Freshmen—Halves, Brownlee, Minister, Demarey; scrummage, May, Rayfield, Hurst; wings, Foster, Bolser, Priddle, Fawthrop.

CHANGES IN SOCCER LEAGUES.—Attendant upon the changes in the Rugby Union come changes in the Soccer League to which McMaster belongs. This year McMaster is entering two teams in soccer leagues. The first team will play in a league composed of City Teachers, Varsity II. and McMaster I. The league is known as the Varsity II. Soccer League and a double schedule is to be played. Arrangements have been made for the winners to play off with Guelph O.A.C. team, home and home games, if they so desire. The second team has been entered in the Intermediate Inter-faculty Soccer League, in which our team, prior to last year, always played. With two teams in the field, our prospects look exceedingly bright.

EXHIBITION SOCCER.—McMaster, 5; Victoria, 0. The game was played upon the Victoria field on October 14th. McMaster had the kick-off and for the first few moments the play was fairly even. Shortly after the middle of the first half the first goal was scored by McMaster on a corner kick by Long and some pretty combination work among the forwards. In the second half the Victoria team seemed to lose spirit and in spite of three new men only got the ball to McMaster backs a couple of times. After five minutes of play Linton scored the second for McMaster on a long shot. The remaining goals were scored by Linton, the last being another combination by Long and the forward line. Throughout the game there were many fouls and the referee's attention was divided between watching these and coaching a rugby team on the side. Most of the men showed their usual form, but with some the lack of practice was evident.

McMaster line-up—Forwards, McWilliams, Roberts, Linton, Sorton, Reeds; half backs, Long, Hay, Best; full backs, E. Smith, Ballard; goal, Field.

INTER-YEAR BASEBALL SERIES.—Inter-year baseball is perhaps "ancient history" to McMaster students at this time of the year, but a word may be said about the games of last spring, which were played in place of the inter-year hockey games. The series

was of importance since the custodianship of the Matthews Cup depended upon the result. The initial standing of the Years in the running for the Cup was: Year '13, 10 points; Year '14, 7 points; Year '15, 9 points. The games were played on Jesse Ketchum field. A great interest was shown and considerable baseball spirit aroused. Some of the games were very close, and the interest continued to the end of the series. Year '14 won first place, with the Sophomores a close second. This standing gives both years twelve points, making a tie for the Matthews Cup for the present year.

CHANGES IN THE ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE.—Resignations were received from G. Davies, Business Manager, and W. Kenyon, Treasurer, who are not returning to McMaster this fall. Elections, to fill these vacancies, resulted in the choice of G. M. Philpott and A. Hay respectively, for these positions.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, 32; McMASTER, 7.—The first struggle in the Intermediate Rugby Series took place on St. Michael's field, on the afternoon of Thursday, October the sixteenth. The opposing teams each had a full share of followers on hand to encourage their men. The first quarter was the best from the standpoint of good rugby. Early in this quarter Freeman carried the ball over for a touch. The play throughout was even and smart, but before quarter time St. Mike's had secured a touch which evened up the score. During the succeeding quarters the greater weight of St. Mike's line and the skill of their half backs in criss-cross passing had its effect upon the wearers of the "gray and maroon." For the winners the dogging play of the right half back was very effective; for McMaster, Freeman, Philpott, Hawkings and McKissock showed up well, while Kellock's run around the end in the third quarter deserves mention. The game was handled by Dr. Smirlie Lawson and Matt Gonter.

The line-up:—Flying wing, McKissock; halves, Freeman (capt.), Philpott, Campbell; quarter back, Kellock; scrimmage, Haddow, Zieman, Fraser; wings, Hay, Whan, Cole, Graham, McGregor, Hawkings.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, B.A., '05.



THIS department can only be a success as the graduates individually take an interest in it and assist the editor in his difficult task of keeping track of the doings of the six hundred and more B.A.'s, M.A.'s, B.Th.'s, B.D.'s, D.D.'s, LL.D.'s, etc., who are on our Alumni list. If you know of any changes of work, promotions, publications, new degrees, marriages, deaths, or anything else of interest concerning any graduate, please write them down and mail them to Mr. or Mrs. J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto. Let us know what you personally are doing, particularly if we have made no recent reference to you in this column. Your classmates will be interested in many details that you may think of small moment. Please put on your thinking cap and write what you know, and DO IT NOW.

MISS MARJORIE M. FAIRBAIRN, B.A., '12, is teaching school in a place in British Columbia, which has a name like a college yell, "Chu Chua." It is in the Selkirks.

MISS JEAN J. EEDE, B.A., '12, is teaching in the Collingwood High School.

MISS ANNIE WINDSOR, B.A., '05, is now principal of the Deseronto High School. Congratulations!

MISS ADA MENHENNICK, B.A., '11, is teaching the boys and girls of her home town, in the Georgetown, Ont., High School.

MISS MADELEINE YOUNG, B.A., '11, is now imparting historical knowledge in the Albert College, Belleville.

MISS ETTA M. PUGSLEY, B.A., '10, is Elocution and Physical Culture instructor in Moulton College this year. Miss Hope Gray, B.A., '09, and Miss Lottie M. Tapscott, B.A., '09, are teaching classics and history, and moderns respectively in the same institution.

MRS. C. B. LEWIS, B.A., '06 (Olive Harton), has moved to Toronto from Milton and is living at 42 Farnham Avenue.

MISS JACQUELINE NORTON, B.A., '02, is attending the University of Berlin, Germany, and will later study in France. She is making herself familiar with the German and French at first hand. Altogether she expects to be abroad a year.

MISS VIOLET DICKENS, B.A., '10, has been appointed to the staff of the Oakville, Ont., High School. She is teaching English, history and art.

MISS MARIE ANNETTA HARRIS, B.A., '08, is a valued member of the faculty of Woodstock, Ont., Collegiate Institute.

MISS LOUISE MOULE, '07, is teaching this year at Trail, B.C.

MISS WINIFRED DENGATE, B.A., '10, is a member of the High School staff at Moosomin, Manitoba.

MISS MARTHA FITCH, B.A., '10, is teaching mathematics in the Lucan, Ontario, High School.

THE WINNIPEG GRADUATES of McMaster gave a banquet at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, on May 4th in honor of Chancellor A. L. McCrimmon, LL.D., and Prof. George Cross, of the Rochester Theological Seminary. The "grads." present were: Messrs. S. R. Tarr, M.A., '97; E. J. Tarr, B.A., '02; E. J. Bingham, B.A., '08; L. D. Jackson, B.A., '09; F. G. Poole, B.A., '12; C. C. Sinclair, B.A., '02; G. W. Langdon, B.A., '03; E. H. Clarke, B.A., '12; W. H. Augustine, B.A., '01, and Rev. A. N. Marshall, B.A., '96. McMaster undergraduates and Woodstock College graduates present were: J. W. Morrison, H. R. McTavish, "Launce" Stephens, Dr. George Stephens, R. C. Duncan, H. J. McLaurin, J. T. Adams, J. P. Frith. The toast to McMaster was proposed by Mr. Jackson and responded to by Dr. Cross. F. G. Poole proposed the toast to the chancellor. At the conclusion steps were taken towards the formation of a Winnipeg Alumni Association. The editor will be obliged for information as to whether this was done, and who the officers are.

AT THE SPRING Convocation of the Brandon College in May, presided over by Chancellor McCrimmon, Rev. Dr. H. P. Whidden, B.A., B.Th., '94, was presented for the degree of LL.B., *honoris causa*, by his old classmate, Rev. Prof. Geo. Cross, Ph.D., now of Rochester Theological Seminary.

W. W. CHARTERS, B.A., '98, Ph.D. (Columbia), dean of the Faculty of Education, University of Missouri, was one of the

lecturers at the 1913 Summer Session of Columbia University, New York.

AN ADDRESS given by Mr. Stanbury R. Tarr, M.A., '97, managing editor of "Canadian Finance," before the members of the Canadian Credit Men's Association in Winnipeg, on March 13th, was so highly thought of that it has been issued in booklet form by the Association. It is entitled, "At the Basis of the Mid-West's Credit."

MR. J. DIXON CRAIG, '07, is now municipal reporter on The Bulletin, Edmonton.

THE FOLLOWING GRADUATES are among those who have changed their pastorates since April: Rev. H. C. Newcombe, B.A., '00, from St. George to Simcoe, Ont.; Rev. J. A. Grant, B.A., '00, from Claremont, Ont., to Wychwood Church, Toronto; Rev. J. T. Jones, B.A., '99, from Springville, N.Y., to Aurora, N.Y., succeeding Rev. W. H. Cline, B.D., '85, D.D., '12; Rev. G. E. Tomkinson, B.A., '05, from Southbridge, Mass., to Brattleboro, Vermont; Rev. W. C. Riddiford, Th., '04, from Park Street, Peterboro, to Egerton Street Church, London; Rev. Benjamin J. Davies, Th., '10, from Maxville, Ont., to Kensington Avenue B. Church, Buffalo; Rev. G. M. Holmes, B.A., '12, from Eastern Avenue, Toronto, to Georgetown; Rev. H. A. Porter, B.A., '04, D.D., from Walnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville, Kentucky, to Gastor Avenue Church, Dallas, Texas; Rev. Edgar Russell, B.A., '94, from Millbrook to Dewdney, Ont.; Rev. J. B. Pengelly, B.A., '06, from Chicago to Flint, Michigan.

REV. W. E. ("Bert") MATTHEWS, '05, was president of the Manitoba Baptist Convention which met in Portage La Prairie in June.

GREAT CREDIT is due Rev. C. J. Cameron, B.A., '94, for a small book he published during the summer, "Foreigners or Canadians." It deals with the Canadian immigration problem in a most interesting way. Almost anything you want to know about the question is to be found therein. Dr. J. G. Brown has also edited a very creditable book on foreign missions, entitled "India and Bolivia."

AT THE RECENT examinations in the Faculty of Education of the University of Toronto, all the graduates of McMaster University, sixteen in all, were successful. The following obtained

specialist standing: A. A. Affleck, B.A., '11, and Miss Alice B. Turner, B.A. '12, in Classics; B. W. Clarke, B.A. '13, in Mathematics; Misses Bessie M. Aekell, B.A., '11, Marjorie Fairbairn, B.A. '12, Evelyn D. Kellock, B.A. '11, and Enid A. McGregor, B.A. '12, in English and History; A. I. Ogilvie, B.A. '12, and Miss Freda M. Wells, B.A. '12, in Moderns and History; G. Readdie, B.A. '11, in French and German; Miss Maude MacLaurin, B.A. '12, in Science. In addition to the foregoing, Miss Edna G. Batchelor, B.A. '11, passed in the First Advanced Course, and Roy F. Bennett, B.A. '11, C. S. Browne, B.A. '12, Miss Jean I. Eede, B.A. '11, and H. L. Matthews, B.A. '11, in the Second Advanced Course. Mr. Bennett and Miss Turner obtained Honors in the Advanced Course. In the Faculty of Medicine, Messrs. W. F. A. Scott, B.A. '09, E. P. Lewis, B.A. '09, and W. L. Robinson, B.A. '09, passed their final examinations. Mr. W. A. Scott distinguished himself by winning one of the two gold medals awarded. In the Law School Mr. Joseph Wearing, B.A. '10, M.A. '12, passed the final examination. The above facts clearly show that the men and women trained at McMaster are qualified to compete on equal terms with the graduates of other institutions.

REV. C. T. HOLMAN, B.A. '09, formerly pastor at Medicine Hat, Alberta, attended the Graduate Divinity School at Chicago University during the summer and expects to settle in an Ontario pastorate.

REV. WARREN H. MCLEOD, B.D., *ad eundem*, formerly of First Church, Woodstock, has resigned his pastorate at Prince Rupert, B.C., and is studying law at Vancouver.

PROF. E. J. ZAVITZ, B.A. '04, and his wife, who was Miss Jessie E. Dryden, B.A. '00, have moved from Guelph to Toronto, and are living at 20 Lowther avenue.

PROFESSOR ALBERT HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D., after twelve years of service in Texas as Professor of Church History, following four and a half years at Rochester, and twenty years in Toronto Baptist College and McMaster University, Toronto, is retiring from the chair of Church History in the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. He will reside in Waco, and will divide his time between a supervision of his somewhat extensive farming interests and literary work. He hopes after a year or two to spend some time in Europe gathering materials for new

books that he has engaged to write. His "Manual of Church History," in two large volumes, though it has been on the market for over ten years, is still selling at the rate of nearly a thousand volumes a year, and is used as a text-book in about one hundred Seminaries and other institutions of learning, representing a dozen or more denominations.

A BRANCH ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION was formed in the Twin Cities of Port Arthur and Fort William in June, with Rev. A. P. McDonald, M.A., '95, B.Th., Port Arthur, President, and Mr. A. J. Madill, B.A., '02, Fort William, Secretary. Mr. E. E. Wood, M.A., '00, and Miss Isabel Munro, B.A., '02, were elected councillors. Those present at the gathering were: Rev. A. P. McDonald, M.A., B.Th., and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. A. J. Madill, B.A., and Mrs. Madill, J. H. Cameron, B.A., '97, and Mrs. Cameron, Miss Isabel Munro, B.A., '97, Miss Muriel Farmer, B.A., '09, E. E. Wood, M.A., '00 and Mrs. Wood, Rev. J. L. Sloat, B.A., '09, B.Th., Mrs. Sloat, M.A., '07, H. Matthews, '06, I. Matthews, '11, A. A. Trembart, '11, and Miss E. Munro, 04. "We wish to keep in closer touch with fellow graduates throughout the country, and gladly welcome the Chancellor again or any other representative of McMaster on this annual trip to Brandon College or at any other time," writes Rev. J. L. Sloat, '08, who is pastor of the Fort William Baptist Church. The organization grew out of the visit of Chancellor McCrimmon, a dinner being given in his honor. Bravo, Twin Cities! A McMaster Alumni Association should be formed in every city or town where two or three are gathered together. Toronto must have one soon.

REV. A. B. RECKIE, Th. '97, is home on furlough from Bolivia. He spent the summer in the Okanagan Valley, B.C.

LIKE THE COUNTRY newspaper editor, we feel called upon to remark the broad smile on ex-Chancellor McKay's face. His \$1,400,000 baby, the new Toronto Technical High School, is well under way, the foundation stone having been laid in September.

MISS GRACE L. STONE, B.A. '07, who teaches moderns in the High School at Fonthill, is also doing splendid work in the Fonthill Baptist Sunday School. She has a class of twenty-six young women called the Busy Bees, and she sees that they live up to their name. She has organized the younger girls of the school into the "Camp Fire Girls," and they go for "hikes" weekly through the beautiful woods of the Niagara Peninsula and learn many useful things amid nature's surroundings.

REV. O. C. GRAY, B.A. '05, of Niagara Falls, is one of the pioneers of the Young Worshipers' League in Canada, an organization having for its object the training of the young to attend church. He inaugurated a very successful work of this kind at Uxbridge, and his successor, Rev. Caleb Harris, B.A., '09, has followed it up well.

REV. O. C. S. WALLACE, M.A., LL.D., former Chancellor of McMaster, has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Westmount Baptist Church, Montreal. Every McMaster graduate is glad that Dr. Wallace is once more one of us in Canada, and we congratulate the good people of Westmount upon their success in securing his services.

REV. W. T. GRAHAM, Th., '89, has resumed work at the First Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto, after an illness of several months.

MR. STUART R. ("SCOTTY") McEWEN, who was a member of Year '07, was married on September 9th to Miss Minnie Broomhall, of Toronto.

FRESH LAURELS were won for McMaster this summer by Rev. John MacNeill, B.A., '96, pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto. "Jack" was summer supply in the City Temple, London, England, a pulpit made famous by Rev. Dr. Parker, and Rev. R. J. Campbell. The English religious weeklies, and many of the big secular dailies, made very favorable comment on his preaching. The London correspondent of the Toronto Star was so impressed that he sent a special cable to his paper concerning Mr. MacNeill's success. A writer in the Baptist Times and Freeman, says in part: "There was a sense of oratory so perfect in proportion and in finish as to remind one of a picture by one of the great masters. . . The note of reality was most marked. . . It was a great deliverance, a great appeal, a great testimony. . . Perhaps the one dominant note which will remain with me as the best expression of Mr. MacNeill's personality is that of FREEDOM WITH RESTRAINT; not only did this apply to his gestures and pulpit manner generally, but to his prayer and to his sermon throughout; and, indeed, it applies to his ordinary conversation as friend to friend. There is no sense of his keeping something back, yet, strangely enough, there is a feeling that he could reveal something more if he would." The Christian Commonwealth gave a half column synopsis of Mr.

MacNeill's sermons every week, and reported Rev. R. J. Campbell as saying that our John "was a man after his own heart."

"CHARLIE" D. JONES, B.A., '06, has made up his mind to be a teacher. He is teaching the youngsters in the Varenay, Ont., country school this year, and a year hence will attend the Faculty of Education.

WEDDING BELLS.—Among the McMaster "grads" who were married during the spring and summer months were the following: F. Russell Jordan, B.A., '08, to Miss Della Fairles, of Bloomington, Ont.; W. Harold Firstbrook, B.A., '10, to Miss Catherine Estelle Black, of Thurso, Quebec; Dr. Walter Whitney Lailey, B.A., '04, of Edmonton, to Miss Grace MacLaren, of Toronto; Edmund D. Ford, B.A., '10, Vernon, B.C., to Miss Mabel Jackson, of Elgin County, Ont.; Rev. W. D. Whan, B.A., '06, of Greeley, Colorado, to Miss Ester Almira Lungren, of Aurora, Illinois; Rev. R. Dwight Dodge, B.A., '12, of Salford, Ont., to Miss Elsie B. MacKay, of Governor's Road, Brant County; Rev. L. C. Whitelaw, B.A., '10, of Kanchow, Kiangsi, China, to Miss Mary E. Smart, both of the China Inland Mission; Miss Barbara C. Duncan, B.A., '10, of Vineland, Ont., to Mr. Arthur J. Logsdail, B.S.A., Civil Service, Ottawa; Herbert C. Cline, B.Sc., '13, to Miss Frances Louise Williams, of East Aurora, N.Y.; Mr. T. Russell Wilkins, B.A., '12, to Miss Olive Cross, B.A., '12; Rev. Chester W. New, B.A., B.D., '07, of Brandon College, Brandon, Manitoba, to Miss Mildred H. Jury, of Bowmanville, Ont.; Rev. J. B. Pengelly, B.A., '06, of Flint, Michigan, to Miss Edith Campbell, of Woodstock, Ont.

THERE ARE TWO Rev. John MacNeills in Toronto, one our own John, of Class '96, and the other the pastor of Cooke's Presbyterian Church. They are distinguished as "John the Baptist" and "John the Evangelist."

REV. DR. H. W. NEWMAN, B.A., '99, has gone to Swatlow, China, as a medical missionary. He is a son of Dr. A. H. Newman, of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Texas, formerly professor of Church History at McMaster. The younger "doctor" is a graduate in medicine of the University of Michigan. He has gone out under the auspices of the Northern Baptist Board of the United States.

THE COMMENCEMENT PREACHER at the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, this spring, was Rev. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., '98, B.Th., '01, of Halifax.

DR. ERNEST W. PARSONS, B.A., '99, B. Th., '01, is now professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, California. We are sorry to lose one of our most brilliant graduates to Uncle Sam, but the day may come when we shall find an opening for him in Canada. He did excellent service in Brandon College last year.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, Regina, has grown remarkably under the ministration of Rev. S. J. Farmer, B.A., *ad eundem*, from a congregation of sixty to seven hundred in a little over two years.

MISS MILDRED ADAM, B.A., '12, who was appointed pastor's assistant in the Talbot Street Baptist Church, London, last fall, has justified the choice. The annual report of the church, which appeared in the Canadian Baptist, says that her "services have been productive of much good, spiritually and temporally."

REV. SAMUEL SHELDON, Th., '88, is now living in South Edmonton, Alberta.

BELIEVING that he can do his country more effective service as a journalist, Rev. A. M. Macdonald, B.A., '99, has resigned the pastorate of the Nassau Street Church, Winnipeg, and become editor of the News-Plain Dealer, Edmonton. His pastorate at the Peg was very successful, the membership more than doubling in his four years there.

REV. A. S. PARNALL, B.Th., '07, has resigned his Gladstone, Manitoba, charge and is seeking to enter pastoral work in Ontario.

REV. W. C. MCKENDRY, B.A., '10, B.Th., '13, has resigned his pastorate at Stonfville, Ont., and is teaching Old Testament literature in Brandon College, succeeding Rev. R. H. Mode, B.D., '02, who is considering entering journalism.

"BITPEN," Toronto, is the cable address of Bissett and Peine, lawyers, Toronto. The Peine is none other than our old friend "Teddy" of '05, who has been making rapid progress in the legal world. Mr. C. J. Holman, LL.D., '09, has retired from active work in connection with the firm, but is still counsel.

McMASTER men elected to office at the annual convention of the Ontario and Quebec B. Y. P. U. this spring were: President, Rev. A. L. Brown, B.A., '09, B.Th.; vice-president, Rev. A. C. Bingham, Th.; Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. H. R. Nobles, B.A., '06, B.D., '10; Superintendent of Missionary Education, Rev. E. R. Fitch, B.A., '05, B.D., '10; Superintendent of Sacred Literature, Rev. Caleb Harris, B.A., '09; Superintendent Bible Reader's Course, A. J. Madill, B.A., '02.

MR. C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., '06, resigned the position of assistant pastor to Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A., '06, in Bloor Street Baptist Church in March, and is now teaching Moderns in Edmonton Collegiate Institute.

REV. J. J. ROSS, Th., *ad eundem gradum* pastor of the James Street Baptist Church, Hamilton, was sued for defamatory libel by the notorious "Pastor" Russell, of Brooklyn, N.Y., early in April, but the grand jury, after examining the evidence furnished the court by "Pastor" Russell himself, decided there was no case whatever against Mr. Ross, and consequently there was no trial.

REV. W. A. CAMERON, B.A., '06, has begun the sixth year of his pastorate in Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, and already the crowds at the evening services are so large that they cannot all be accommodated. Rev. Judson McIntosh, B.A., '00, has resigned the Danforth Road Church, Toronto, which he built, and is now acting as assistant pastor at Bloor Street. "Bill" and "Jud" should make a strong team.

REV. HARRY E. STILLWELL, B.A., '94, is home on furlough from India, and is living in Toronto. He is conducting a large mission study class in Jarvis Street Baptist Church on Monday evenings.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT of Social Service work just inaugurated by the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec is in the hands of a very capable superintendent, Rev. S. E. Grigg, B.A., '00, who gave up his successful pastorate in the Parkdale Baptist Church, Toronto, to take the position. As there are many doubting Thomases in the Baptist ranks, with regard to the work, Mr. Grigg will have to do more than the ordinary office holder. He will have to justify the new departure, and those who know "Sam," know that he will do that. Like the raven in "Barnaby Rudge," he "never says die."

REV. C. H. SCHUTT, B.A., '95, M.A., '98, pastor of Century Baptist Church, Toronto, took a four month holiday this year, and travelled through Egypt, Palestine, Europe and the British Isles.

REV. D. B. HARKNESS, B.A., '99, M.A., '04, has joined forces with Rev. W. T. Stackhouse, D.D., who found it necessary to retire from his work with the American Baptist Laymen's Missionary Movement on account of ill health, and together they are promoting the Western Mausoleum Company, which will erect mausoleums in Western Canada cities. This does not mean that D. B. is a "dead one" yet by any means.

REV. H. H. BINGHAM, B.A., '04, pastor of Talbot Street Church, London, Ont., has regained his health after a six months' respite from work, during which time he visited England.

MR. A. B. HUDSON, B.A., an *ad eundem alumnus*, died in Ottawa recently. He was on the staff of the Auditor-General.

NO RECENT graduate of McMaster has made more satisfactory progress in the business world than J. B. McArthur, B.A., '05. "J. B." is now office manager of one of Toronto's biggest banking brokerage houses, Baillie, Wood and Croft, and secretary of the Bankers Bond Company, Limited, a recently organized corporation capitalized at \$1,000,000, which aims to invest the funds of its clients in high class securities yielding an annual income of six per cent., paid half yearly. This is not an advertisement, but if any "grad." has money to invest, we have no doubt "J. B." would be willing to help him do so.

REV. THOMAS DADSON, B.A., '06, M.A., '09, B.Th., '09, is not satisfied with all those titles to his name, to say nothing of his middle name, "McCosh," which some college poets used to say rhymed with "Gosh," but he must needs be studying at find out what it was "Tom" was specializing in, but the most we could get was "just history." Asked what kind, "Tom" replied, "historical history." Tom has a great story to tell of a pastoral experience. He was supplying a country pulpit and part of his duty was to call upon an old lady whose son had recently died. Prior to his death he had lost a leg in a railway accident and had got a wooden one. "Tom" did his best to comfort the broken-hearted mother. Suddenly she got up, left the room, and returned with a mysterious looking parcel, saying

as she finished untying it, "this was his leg." Smothering an almost irrepressible guffaw, "Tom" carefully looked the leg over, noticed that it had been made by Authors & Cox, and delighted the old lady by telling her that Mr. Cox was his uncle. "She warmed up to me in great style after that," he says, "and I had a hard time getting away."

MR. F. W. WATERS, B.A., '11, was recently ordained as the pastor of the East Zorra Baptist Church.

MR. NORMAN WARE, B.A., '08, is now a Doctor of Philosophy. He received his degree in Sociology at Chicago University this spring. He is the director of the University Settlement, Adelaide Street, Toronto.

THE NEW mathematical master in the Bowmanville High School is Mr. Carl Browne, B.A., '12.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE as usual has quite a number of McMaster men on its faculty. Recent additions are Messrs. Fred A. McGregor, B.A., '13, Ralph Willecock, B.A., '12, and Rev. St. Clair McKechnie, B.A., '08, who are teaching preparatory work, classics and manual training respectively. Mr. T. R. Wilkins, B.A., '12, science master, has now a scientific mistress in the person of Miss Olive Cross, B.A., '12, looking after his apartments, "Honeymoon Hall." Mr. A. I. Ogilvie, B.A., '12, is moderns master; Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., '95, M.A., '00, is mathematical master, and Mr. "Archie" T. McNeill, B.A., '01, is principal.

MR. R. A. F. MACDONALD, B.A., '04, is taking post-graduate work at Columbia University, New York, in classics. His wife, who was Miss Mabel Culver, B.A., '04, is with him. "Bob" was recently elected president of the British Empire Club of Columbia.

MR. VOLNEY RAY, B.A., '03, M.A., '04, is now one of the instructors in iron working at the Toronto Technical School, of which the principal is our late Chancellor, Dr. A. C. MacKay. "Sandy," we can call him that openly now, since he is no longer in a position of authority over any of us, secured a good man in Volney. The new Technical School is costing over \$1,400,000, and will be the finest in America when completed. Dr. MacKay is making good with a vengeance as its principal. His magnificent work for McMaster made his subsequent success an assured fact.

Moulton College.

EDITOR: MISS RUTH FAIRBROTHER.



THE first chapel service of the year, on the tenth of September, was attended by about eighty girls. At the close, Dr. Bates welcomed the old members of the school and gave a hearty greeting to all the new-comers. He spoke with regret of Miss Thrall's resignation and absence, and with appreciation of the work she has done here, and of the gracious influence which she has for many years exerted over the girls of Moulton.

ON SEPTEMBER THE SEVENTEENTH, at the close of the afternoon session, the school assembled on the lawn to witness the raising of the handsome flag which Miss Thrall presented to the school as a parting remembrance. To Hilda Calvin, whose father was the donor of the flag-staff, was given the honor of manipulating the halyards. Dr. Keirstead gave a stirring address on "Loyalty to the Flag of Our Country."

WE REGRET the loss of three of our teachers, Miss McKenna, Miss Arkell, and Miss Hunt; but Miss Dykeman, a graduate of Acadia University, and Miss Pugsley, a McMaster graduate, are very quickly winning the esteem and love of both teachers and students.

THE FIRST MEETING of the Heliconian Society was held on the evening of September the twenty-sixth. The officers elected for the year are: President, Jean Abbott; vice-president, Constance Purchas; secretary, Henrietta Peini; editor of the Heliconian Paper, Dorothy Postill; assistant editor, Helen Kirkwood.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, October the third, a reception was given by the old girls to the new. Many of the new girls seemed to consider this sort of "initiation" somewhat tame, but a *later* instalment proved quite satisfactory.

OUR ANNUAL SPORTS DAY was held on October tenth. A tennis match, basketball, and races, entertained both onlookers and participants. The enthusiasm which prevailed, coupled with the ideal weather, made it one of the happiest Sports Days of Moulton College.

Here and There.

EDITOR: DAVID M. SULLIVAN, '14.

That time of year
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon the boughs that shake against the cold,—
Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

—*Shakespeare.*



POETRY, affirms Carlyle, is musical thought. The heart of Nature is everywhere music. When the Greeks fabled of sphere harmonies, it was simply the expression of their feeling that the inner structure of Nature, the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music. Song seems, somehow, the central essence of our being. Children insist on reading poetry with pronounced rhythm, just as most men and women insist on listening to music, not with their imagination, but with their motor system and the feet. The melody of Tertius Van Dyke's poem, "Love of Life," is of this rhythmical type. It appears in *Scribner's* for August.

Love you not the tall trees spreading wide their branches,
Cooling with their green shade the sunny days of June?
Love you not the little bird lost among the leaflets,
Dreamily repeating a quaint, brief tune?

Is there not a joy in the waste windy places;
Is there not a song by the long dusty way?
Is there not a glory in the sudden hour of struggle;
Is there not a peace in the long quiet day?

Love you not the meadows with the deep lush grasses;
Love you not the cloud-flocks noiseless in their flight?
Love you not the cool wind that stirs to meet the sunrise;
Love you not the stillness of the warm summer night?

Have you never wept with a grief that slowly passes,
Have you never laughed when a joy goes running by?
Know you not the peace of rest that follows labor?—
You have not learnt to live, then; how can you dare to die?

—*Tertius Van Dyke.*

The following poem is from *The Forum*:—

GOD'S WORLD.

O World, I cannot hold thee close enough!
 Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
 Thy mists that roll and rise!
 Thy woods (this autumn day) that ache and sag
 And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
 To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
 World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
 But never knew I this;
 Here such a passion is
 As stretcheth me apart;—Lord, I do fear
 Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
 My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
 No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.
 —Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The Literary Digest finds that of late years some writers of verse have felt it their duty to deal exclusively with the circumstances of the civilization in which they live, the wonders of science, the social problems of the day, their own sorrows and aspirations. These are, of course, legitimate themes for verse, certain to appeal to a contemporary public. The poet who thinks of his posthumous fame, however, must remember that it is the humanity of a poem which keeps it fresh. "Men change, morals change, fashions change, but life is immutable." The unchanging substance of life with love, hate, fear and hope has never ceased to appeal to the world. It is refreshing, therefore, to find that the new poet laureate, Robert Bridges, returns again and again to the fundamental themes of love and religion. The wealth of comment which his elevation has called forth is in the main favorable. One authority, according to *Current Opinion*, has found Bridges "alone in our time as a writer of purely lyric poetry, poetry which aims at being 'an embodied joy,' a calm rapture." Love is everywhere in Bridges' poetry—

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
 When first we kissed beside the thorn,
 So strangely sweet, it was not strange
 We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
 That love will change in growing old;
 Tho day by day is nought to see,
 So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

Not less exalted is his handling of the problems of religion. In his philosophical poem "Wintry Delights," he declares that man is eternal nature's superior and judge.

Turn our thought for a while to the symphonies of Beethoven,
Or the rever'd preludes of mighty Sebastian; is there
One work of Nature's contrivance beautiful as these?

In the following lines he displays to particular advantage "the virility of soul, the human manliness, simplicity and strength," that characterize his works.

Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue,
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew.
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.

Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood run:
On timeless ruin hath thy glory been:
From the forgotten night of love's fordone
Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

Higher and higher shall thy thoughts aspire,
Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,
And earth renew the buds of thy desire
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love:
Thy mind with truth uplift to God above:
For whom all is, from whom was all begun,
In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one.

FAVORITE SLANG EXPRESSIONS.—The judge's—Go hang. The dentist's—You have a nerve. The dyspeptic's—That's rich. The minister's—Good Lord. The lover's—I like your cheek. The sportsman's—Oh, shoot it. The drummer's—Beat it. The single-taxer's—By George. The doctor's—Dead easy. The detective's—After you, my dear Alphonse. The dyer's—Fade away. The printer's—The devil. The spendthrift's—Dear me.

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AUTUMN IN MUSKOKA.



WHEN the hordes of pleasure-seekers, or pleasure-finders, as they may well be called, have long since forsaken one of the sweetest spots that art ever attempted to imitate, nature audaciously issues forth in all the splendor of her autumnal glory to dazzle the beholder with her varied moods. No flaring flag, no note of boisterous laughter breaks in upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity and solitude clothed in its most gorgeous and most becoming attire.

Over the lake broods a deep and ineffable calm, every hue and tint of clouds floating in the heavens, of leaves quivering on the trees, every isle and every rock along the shore lie mirrored in its crystal depths. Faint fitful breezes stir its wide and motionless bosom, as if invisible angels hovered over the waters and breathed upon them here and there. What utter repose and harmony! It is incredible that wind ever blew there.—one cannot help believing that thus it has been from the foundations of the world, and thus it shall be forever and forever. The very clouds, like great ships on a rippling sea, with all their white sails spread, float imperceptibly westward as though they too had all eternity to voyage in.

Then suddenly the scene changes, and nature in her most capricious mood, proud to display the length and breadth of her vast dominion, swoops down upon the shining liquid plain

with all the fury of a devouring monster. Like the charge of ten thousand lancers come the wind and the rain, their onset accompanied by all the artillery of heaven. The lightnings leap, hiss and blaze; the thunders crack and roar; the waters writhe; the wind smites and howls. The lazy innocent clouds, with astonishing swiftness roll up in huge black masses, hurrying across the formerly blue dome like a flock of migrating blackbirds. The lake, covered with myriad crested waves, heaves and sighs in bewildered though unresisting wonder at its fickle mistress.

Everything seems to feel the change in atmosphere, a solemn hush and stillness falls upon the earth as all hold their breath and wait for the deluge. When lo! nature, ever-changing, weary of her sport, makes glorious pause for holiday. And, with an almost audible sigh of relief, a new reign of peace and tranquillity begins.

Among the birds, nestling in calm and deep security, the red-winged black-birds, bobolinks and wood-peckers are most conspicuous. They come swarming by hundreds to rejoice over the bountiful feast spread before them these last few weeks before migration. Shy, modest rabbits leap gaily through the fallen leaves, playing hide-and-seek with the saucy, chattering squirrels and more bashful, burrowing ground-hogs.

If you could come upon a family of foxes that had not yet disbanded and see the fuzzy young things playing with their bushy tails and bits of dried leaves, and note the pride and satisfaction in the mother's eyes as she lies regarding them, it would be a picture never to be forgotten.

Those who have been permitted to view these mysteries and miracles of God's handiwork, steal silently away in reverence and awe, dumbly grateful that in that brief interview the veil has been lifted and a memory of the loveliness of nature divinely clothed is theirs for all time.

MELBA V. CAMPBELL. '16.

A WEIRD ORIENTAL CREED.

V.

How greatly at variance with the essentials of our common faith is this curious old tenet of an ancient rival religion—how by it the most fundamental principles of Christianity are subverted, must, before this, I take it, be apparent to all.

1. Its whole tendency is to destroy the soul's sense of sin, thus making true repentance therefor alien to human experience. It is true that, with their all-exclusive idea of individualism, they will whole-heartedly confess that,

“We suffer from ourselves. None else compels,
None other holds us that we live and die
And whirl upon the wheel and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,
Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.”

But since that dereliction in conduct or faith or ceremonial for which they “whirl upon the wheel of life and hug and kiss its spokes of agony” lies far out beyond the pale of recollection in some previous birth, it can make no possible appeal to their conscience. Since one's personal identity, which committed the crime for which one suffers, is not consciously the same as oneself to one, but only the same in theory, that condition of conscience which causes one to cry, “My sin is ever before me,” can accrue only as something entirely outside of and as an exception to this creed. Hence, undoubtedly, to this faith in Transmigration is largely due that discouraging lack of the Christian sensitiveness to sin which, as missionaries testify, is so prevalent in India.

2. It precludes all hope of forgiveness. That “iron necessity,” *Karma*, knows neither wrath nor pardon. In the words of the great Indian Epic, *The Mahabharata*, “As among a thousand cows a calf will find its mother, so the deed previously done will find and follow its doer.” To quote the same statement again, “There is no room for independent Divine rule beside the power of *Karma*,” or fate. In the words of a Christian writer

on this theme, "Repentance is useless, resentment irrational, escape impossible. *Karma* is untouched by pity, unconcerned for character, indifferent to the increase of righteousness."

"The moving finger writes; and having writ
Moves on; nor all your Piety and Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

The spirit of it all is exemplified in the story of the English official who, while hunting in the jungle, fired at and wounded a wild buffalo, half-hidden in a thicket of trees. Maddened by the wound, it came charging furiously at him, when a second bullet brought it headlong down only a few yards off. Turning to his chief Indian *Shikari*, the Englishman exclaimed, "What a mercy that second bullet found him!" But the grizzled old fellow, wholly unperturbed, answered merely, "No mercy at all, Sahib, it wasn't written that you were to be killed by that wild buffalo." Which meant that in no previous stage had he ever committed any sin whose exact equivalent penalty would be death under the fierce feet of a wild buffalo. If he had, it would have been bound up in the bundle of action-forces called *Karma*, and neither bullets nor God could have or would have averted the vengeance of that unswerving, irresistible power.

3. Its view of suffering is wholly opposed to the Christian view. For, according to this theory, suffering is always penal and never disciplinary. Truth is never on the scaffold, wrong is never on the throne. So, when, for example, the believer in this doctrine reads in the Epistle to the Hebrews concerning those early Christians who died for the Truth, "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were slain with the sword," he can only conclude that it was written *in* their foreheads that so it should happen because of sins of theirs in that so convenient previous birth. In this way such suffering is robbed of all merit or moral worth. The world through long centuries has not really been enriched, as we think, at the cost of "broken hearts, tired brains, and many noble lives laid down." The door is shut upon

the whole Christian view of suffering as a reformatory discipline. But here, as everywhere, the final test is the attitude to Jesus and His Cross. What account, then, can it consistently give of Him? Only this, that the matchless grace and truth of His character were due to unprecedented virtue in a prior stage, and that His shameful death was the destined deserved result of hellish deeds somewhere in some unremembered and unknown past. It leaves no trace of Saviourhood. To say that "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree" is to pierce to its innermost core a dogma in which there is no provision for vicarious suffering, but whose central principle is that each separate soul lives unto itself alone and dies unto itself alone the great grey ages through.

4. This doctrine very largely destroys the sense of personal responsibility. For the faith on which Hindus have been suckled teaches that Fate not only determines a man's actions but also the trend or bent of his very life. Were one to quote to them that epitome of man's freedom and its purpose:

"Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them thine "

they would probably go away in as high dudgeon of dissent as did a hyper-Calvinist, old and wrinkled, when I quoted them once in a sermon in an old Scotch neighborhood in my student-pastor days. And rank nonsense would be that noble stanza of Henley's:

"It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

As an illustration of the extreme to which this want of a sense of personal responsibility may go, an Indian missionary recounts how, at an up-country jail in India, he once saw a man standing with hands pinioned in charge of a small band of sepoys, and was told that he was just being taken to be hanged. When the missionary expressed regret at the trouble which his crime had brought upon him, the man's eyes flashed and he cried: "I did

not kill the man. It was God that did it. Don't you know that all we do is God's doing?" Think not that such shocking words were a mere excuse—they denoted uttermost sincerity. He was a thorough-going Pantheist, and to him *Karma* was as God and God was as *Karma*. So to believers in this dogma, which more or less absolutely rules in the hearts of half the world, it is largely true that

"Karma is the master of their fate,
Karma is the captain of their souls."

5. Once again, and finally, its doctrine of salvation or deliverance is entirely different from that of the Christian Faith. Christians believe in the everlastingness and the intensification through Christ of human personality. It is their sure and certain hope that

"Eternal form shall still divide
The Eternal Soul from all beside
And I shall know him when we meet."

Transmigration, however, is inspired by a very different hope; for it lives in the wistful expectancy that for every weary soul of man, far off indeed though it may be, "every winter will turn to spring" in the entire divestment of all separate consciousness of personal being through absorption into the unqualified Absolute, or, as I said before, "into the eternally happy All." That so faultless individualism, which through almost illimitless births has kept one immaculately solitary and aloof from the influence of any identity except one's own, dissipates at the long last and is dispersed into Universal Being. The problem, as has been aptly said, is not, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" but "What shall I do to secure eternal extinction of life?"; and the solution, therefore, is the merging of individual consciousness, as of fire in fire, of ether in ether, into that Secondless Reality where there are no "I" and "thou," no "mine" and "thine," no two, but only the "bodiless, actionless, passionless, calm unqualified One."

VI.

“Never philosophically demonstrated” is the characterization of the Sanskrit Pandit whom I quoted in reference to this doctrine in the beginning of this paper. When, however, one makes such a statement to the Hindus and asks them, as I have done scores of times, “Have you any recollection of your previous birth?” they will invariably add to their invariable negative reply the affirmation that ancient Rishis, or saints, had most clear and unmistakable recollections of things which had happened in lives they had lived in other bodies in previous stages of existence. They will, moreover, sometimes assert that even in this present time it is possible, through the performance of certain religious austerities, to overcome that forgetfulness which falls upon the soul in its mysterious passage through death to a new life, and so to awaken memories of that prior time. Then they proceed to carry the war into the enemy’s country by asking, how he explains the inequalities of birth and condition so apparent in the varied phenomena of life. If one, as yet unappreciative of the fact that the unsupported statement of Christ carries no authority with it for them in such a matter, answers, as I was used to do in my early days in India, that Christ in answer to the question, “Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?” replied, “Neither this man nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him,” their ready response is twofold. They declare, in the first place, that it was a silly question to ask, since everyone knows that no one can ever suffer for any sin but his own; and, in the second place, that the man’s *Karma* was just meting out impartially as blindness the exact penalty of some transgression in a former stage of being. For them, Christ was clearly wrong when He said that the man himself did not sin and so bring blindness upon himself.

So one turns to such readily available arguments as the law of heredity and the solidarity of the human race: for India literally swarms with unfortunates whose misfortunes are easily traceable to their ancestors. Even here, however, the way is

steep, for the Oriental is characterized by a remarkable facility of clinging to cherished creeds in the teeth of evidence the clearest. As typical of this, may be cited the case of an Indian astronomer who was notable for his knowledge of, and ability in, forecasting eclipses, but who declared that, while in doing this he reasoned along scientific lines, in his heart he believed, with his untutored grandmother, that eclipses were really due to a dog swallowing the moon and that he intended to teach his children so!

But just as an Oriental can easily retain faith and superstitions proven groundless, so is he gifted with a hospitable bent which feels no confusion or discomfort in harboring two contradictory ideas at the same time. This permits the lodgment in their hearts, along with a belief in Transmigration, of faith in essentially Christian dogmas, which having once secured an entrance may be trusted to do their perfect work; an example of this being that elemental Christian truth that their sense of right and wrong is due to Christ, "Who lighteth every man coming into the world." Thence one may follow the wondrous story up to Christ's atoning work, softening its clash with that *Karma*, which knows neither wrath nor pardon, with that ancient Scripture Truth, wherein the assurance that "Thou wast a God that forgavest them" is coupled with the stern word "though thou tookest vengeance of their doings." The thought that while forgiveness through Christ is the thrice-happy reversal of relations between God and the sinner, it is *not* the instant and discriminating abrogation of all penalty meets half way their idea of unrelenting and inflexible justice.

What the encouraging result of the preaching of the Cross in this way may be, is rendered strikingly clear by the calculation of Sir Andrew Fraser's missionary son that the increase in the Christian membership in India of 720,000 during the past decade, represents a fortnightly growth of 3,000, or the Pentecostal number. "All Hinduism," he goes on to add, "with its 240,000,000, all Islam with its 60,000,000, all Buddhism with its 15,000,000, are seeking to defend their faiths, not from the in-

roads of each other, but from the 3,500,000 Christians, that almost invisible handful among the millions of India." All which goes to show that to-day, as ever, the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, yea, even unto the believer in that weird Oriental creed, Metempsychosis or Transmigration of Souls.

HARRY E. STILLWELL, '94.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.



COLLEGE life is like a great race-course about which each contestant makes four or five hurried rounds and then gives way to newcomers. On the McMaster track, as on all others, are certain well-known landmarks. These are the annual occurrences which are regularly anticipated, realized and recorded in the annals of history.

Most important, far-famed and never-failing of these are examinations.

But there is one event quite as important and almost as sad as examinations, though involving fewer victims. This is the annual flight of a certain number of McMasterites to that region of our fair Dominion where wildness and wooliness reign supreme. The unfailing regularity of this flight, following closely upon the northern flight of the birds, is gradually bringing it into prominence as was evidenced by the fact that in May, 1913, the news had actually reached the ears of one of the professors and impressed him to such an extent that he was present at the departure.

Although the Faculty is not yet deeply interested in this occurrence, it has become famous among the officers of the Union Station, for on no other occasion have they the privilege of

listening to the McMaster yell bravely shouted in two score different keys but with one loyal spirit of brotherhood and love for Alma Mater. It is on this occasion, too, that McMaster girls resort to many clever methods of evading the gate-keeper, while the men, with their usual display of tact and intelligence, advance in a body and walk over the unfortunate individual.

The advance of civilization was marked by the fact that, in 1913, westward-bound travellers from McMaster banded themselves together and secured a special car with a special porter and special conveniences. Special car! How well it sounds! How well it looks in print! One pictures a luxurious apartment, carefully provided with everything a traveller could wish for—spacious dressing-rooms, polite and careful service, etc. To what extent this picture is true can never be known save by the favored few who experienced the reality.

On the afternoon of May the first, twenty youths and maidens, fresh from examinations and from hastily sitting on their over-burdened trunks, bade a somewhat excited and confused farewell to a group of sympathetic friends, including the aforementioned professor, and proceeded to make themselves happy in the aforementioned special car. An ideal chaperone lent an air of dignity and propriety to the party as well as adding greatly to the pleasure of the journey.

As yet no leader of the expedition had been appointed and this matter of business had to be dealt with. Owing to the absence of all Seniors it was suggested that the eldest among the Juniors should be given pre-eminence. This sounded well in theory, but led to unexpected difficulty, for behold! every Junior present, even the ladies, had already arrived at a surprisingly ripe old age which advanced steadily as the discussion went on. Age was evidently too uncertain a quality to base any decision upon and the position was finally given to the Junior who clamored the loudest and longest.

With one accord all retired early the first evening, and while the ladies were dreaming of Western bachelors with bucking

bronchos and cow-boy hats. the gentlemen were enjoying that deep dreamless slumber which is always the blessing of an easy conscience. This was probably the reason that the ladies were the first to awaken, but at all events everyone was ready and smiling when the train drew into the busy heart of Chicago, in which a whole day of enjoyment was to be passed.

In the morning a large car with a McMaster pennant and colors flying at one side conveyed the whole party about the city. The occupants of the car were out to be entertained, but they seemed to afford as much amusement as they obtained, while the clear bell-like tones of the guide rang out. "To your left the Home for Feeble Minded, to your right Suicide Bridge, specially built and adapted for persons weary of life." When this was over and the car had switched the sight-seers back to their destination, it was approaching the hour when refreshments must be considered and a supremely delightful hour was spent in Marshall Field's Grill Room. This hour was one which will not soon be forgotten by any of those present. Indeed, even the name of Marshall Field's will bring a smile to their faces. This smile indicates the extreme pleasure of the time spent in that grill room, for the majority were so much overcome by the beauty of their surroundings and the menu cards that their appetites forsook them, though a few of the less impressionable gentlemen were able to partake of light refreshments.

Following this event, several parties were formed for the purpose of examining the city at closer quarters. The unanimous decision was that Chicago possesses more dirt, weighing machines and policemen than any other city in the world. As for the policemen, that must have been a red letter day for them. All day long an insistent stream of questions was poured into their ears. "If we get into this car, where and how far will it take us?" Answer—"You may go as far as you like and then turn around and come back." Thus enlightened, the eager travellers pursued their aimless course and after becoming lost several times all arrived safely at their own station, hot and breath-

less, in time to board their own car, feeling indeed that "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

It was rather a sore point with some that neither on leaving nor again on entering their native land did the customs house officers consider it worth while to examine the baggage, as the porter explained that these were only students. And yet tradition says that on one of these occasions *a bottle of rum* was found in a theologian's suit-case.

Sunday was spent in letter writing and quiet conversations along religious lines. The acknowledged leader was to have delivered a sermon, but, though he spent much time in deep and silent thought, no sermon was forthcoming. Two song services were held, however, the latter being in the nature of a midnight watch service and concluding when the train arrived at Winnipeg and several of the party deserted.

The remainder retired at about 1.30 p.m., having been duly informed by the porter that they must vacate the car at seven o'clock the next morning. Much to the joy and relief of all, one of the ladies carried an alarm clock, which awakened the ladies at 6 a.m. and the porter and other gentlemen an hour or two later.

The last day together! The thought should have cast a gloom over all hearts, but the effect seemed quite otherwise. With daring recklessness the majority of the party flung themselves into a day of revelling. Excitement was not provided but created, and the hours sped quickly. Fortunately the police were lenient and no arrests were made.

Then came the sad tale of separation and dropping off by ones and twos, until the noble party dwindled entirely away, and a few lonely individuals lost themselves on the unfeeling bosom of the prairie and were swallowed up from sight and sound of civilization.

EVELYN P. DAVIS, '15.

DOWN THE STEPS.



HO has not heard of San Francisco's Chinatown?

We had always had the greatest desire to see that far-famed district, and so one day when we had taken some friends "to the city"—San Francisco is scarcely ever called anything else by the residents of central California—we arranged to take a trip through that little portion of China set bodily down in our midst. As everyone knows, right in the heart of San Francisco, in the very best business section, are a number of blocks occupied entirely by Chinese—by how many of them it has been, and always will be, impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy. Judge for yourself the truth of that statement in the light of this fact. One man had as a store a space four feet wide by some six feet long. This was cunningly arranged with a drop front projecting out onto the street. At night the space was converted into bunks, one above the other, whereon this thrifty merchant deposited his goods, himself, and three other adults. When they wished to retire (which, by the way, they all had to do at the same time) they climbed up, and the merchant pulled up with him the drop front. Thus his twenty-four square feet of land served for store in the day time and for residence at night. Devices like this are calculated to confuse the census-taker and make his task difficult.

It was to this district that we betook ourselves. Dusk had grown to darkness before we reached it. Our guide—for not only was a guide indispensable, but he needs must be a properly registered guide with an official number and badge—had timed our visit well, for who would think of visiting in the unromantic daylight that place about which are woven so many fantastic stories?

We entered various stores but they interested us little, for could we not visit those at any time alone, quite safely? We were thrilling to see more unusual sights—something to corroborate the exciting stories we had heard. As we passed from store to lane we paused only long enough to notice the “very spot,” according to our guide, on which Sam Loo had killed Hung Wo in the last outbreak of the feud that simmers forever between the two Chinese societies. As we continued our way we passed, from time to time, policemen. Had we been less occupied with the sights around us we would have seen that each time we met one of these men, our guide showed him his badge, the number of which the policeman immediately entered in a little book, together with the number in the party and the exact time at which we passed him.

Into one hallway we went, a hallway which appeared much like that of the ordinary dwelling house—that is, we thought it was a hallway, but found it was in reality a public thoroughfare. As we proceeded it grew narrower and darker. Down a short flight of steps, along a short passageway, down more steps, along another passage, down another flight of steps, along another passage, down, down we went, the way ever getting darker and narrower, until we could barely walk in the ordinary manner, but must turn sideways in order to make any progress at all. Now we began to see doors. Many of these were open, and from them issued the sickening fumes of opium. In nearly every one of these rooms a bunk, some two or three feet from the floor, was the only furniture. On these bunks lay from one to eight Chinamen, smoking. The number was limited only by the size of the bunk, which seemed in most cases not larger than one of our ordinary beds. How a man, when wishing to rise, could sort out the limbs that belonged to him was a great problem to us. Each bunk was covered with a thin mattress, but instead of using the ordinary pillows or cushions, these Chinamen rested their heads on wooden pillows, the base some eight inches square, the top about the same size but slanted at an angle of about twenty-five degrees.

Past these rooms we continued, down more steps, and on into a room much larger than those we had passed. How far down we had gone we could not tell, though we were informed that there were many more stories below us. We would have preferred to know how many were between us and the street, which had never seemed so attractive to us as at that time. In this room, filled also with the fumes of opium, which is smoked in long-stemmed pipes, were three Orientals. The knowledge that we were entirely in their power, combined with the dim light and the haze of smoke, was sufficient to turn the innocent enough looking Chinamen into murderous villians to us. The three inhabitants of the room claimed to be smugglers who had brought into the United States, without troubling her customs officers, many unique souvenirs of China. Who shall say that even the Chinamen are not imbued with the Western business enterprise?

Leaving this room and going down more steps and still more steps, we were brought at length, to our great surprise, into an anteroom where were a number of Chinese dressed in gorgeous robes, yellow, red, blue, with fantastic embroidery of the most exquisite workmanship. Passing through this room, we found ourselves on the stage of a Chinese theatre. Below us were hundreds of upturned yellow faces. A thrill of terror seized even the bravest of us. Suddenly a most hideous, yet at the same time, ludicrous, noise broke forth. It was the orchestra, and amid the noise made by the pounding of tins, hammering of round shells of wood which looked like skulls, and similar noises, we were escorted to seats on one side of the stage. Somewhat reassured, we took courage to look around. At the back of the stage was a table behind which sat two Chinese pounding upon the various instruments, common enough to Oriental musicians, but which baffle our description. A square rug occupied the centre of the stage. One chair was given a place of honor. These constituted the stage settings. In the pit were quite ordinary benches with backs, the curious part about it being that instead of using them in the ordinary manner, the Chinamen were all perched on the narrow backs with their feet on the seats.

The play had progressed so far that three men had been killed and the victor was singing his song of triumph, impromptu, both as regards tune and words. Though killed, each man had walked off the stage at the rear. We were informed that if we would pay one dollar, one of the dead men could be raised to life, if two dollars, two men, while for two and a half we could have the three men brought back to life. While it was little enough to pay to restore to life the poor unfortunates, we had the same feeling in regard to Chinamen as is generally felt in regard to a dead Indian, and we left them dead.

As we were base enough not to appreciate the orchestra, or the shrill tones and awkward gestures of the actors, we soon decided to proceed. We were not anxious to climb up all those stairs, but still less were we willing to remain longer where we were. To our great relief our guide proposed to take us out by another route. We would, at least, have the satisfaction of traversing new ground. We passed down the aisle, and were for the time being, of much greater interest to the audience than were the actors. Out the front entrance we went. The first sight that greeted our eyes was a policeman. He seemed much interested in us, and was, in fact, counting to see that none of the party had been left behind or lost. Our guide began to wish us good evening, and only then did we awaken to the fact that we were on the street. Approaching Chinatown from above, we had failed to notice that it was built on the side of a hill.

MARY FOWLER, '14.

REMEMBER THE STORY COMPETITION.

PRIZES FOR GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES!

The conditions governing the contest are as follows:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than January 15th, 1914.
2. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed, with full address, in a sealed envelope. This should bear on the outside the title of the story and any other distinguishing mark or *nom de plume* which the author may see fit to choose.
3. The writing must be legible, and on one side of the paper only. Manuscripts should *not* be rolled.
4. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. The exact number of words should be stated on the first page of manuscript.
5. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.
6. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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VOL. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1913.

No. 2

Editorial Notes.

WE FLATTER OURSELVES that THE MONTHLY compares favorably with the best of our exchanges in the matter of typographical errors. It is our constant effort to maintain a high standard in this respect. In the October issue, however, an unfortunate omission of an entire line from the rules governing the Prize Competition "got by" us. We beg to call the attention of contributors to the corrected edition of the rules in the current number.

IN VIEW OF THE Story Competition now open, the remarks of the "Here and There" editor are very timely. We would caution competitors, however, against taking his advice unreservedly.

It is true, as Meredith Nicholson says, that "great fiction must have great characters"; but it is also true that great characters are, as a rule, the creations of great writers. A little plot, not to speak of a little local color, may prove very valuable in nailing that prize. And here we might draw attention to the fact that short-story writing has become in the past decade or so a highly developed art, the full appreciation of which, as in the case of other arts, requires some knowledge of technique. For purely cultural purposes every educated man and woman should read some brief treatise on the short story, such as will be found in any good library. We would especially recommend prospective competitors to do so, lest any should labor under the delusion that their contributions are short stories merely because they are not long.

WE ARE PARTICULARLY pleased this month at being able to offer our readers Miss Davis's clever report of last Spring's trip of our Western contingent. It was only fitting that the history of that epoch-making excursion should be recorded for posterity in the pages of *THE MONTHLY*; and it was surely providential that so efficient an historian should have been included in the company of the elect. The story should have appeared in the October number, but was unearthed by the editorial sleuth-hound at too late a date to permit of this. We are sure, however, that it will have lost none of its freshness by the delay.

IN THE brilliantly-written serial, "The Butterfly," by Henry Kitchall Webster, now running in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the young professor of drama who tells the story says: " * * if Thomas Carlyle, or whoever it was who defined genius as 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' had only come to a full stop after the word 'capacity,' he would have struck off a real definition, instead of one of the most glaring counterfeits that ever got currency." We find this very comforting. It has always seemed to us a gratuitous libel on the large number of people

who are not geniuses, to imply that it is their own fault for not taking pains. How much truer is the amended definition: genius, an infinite capacity! The germ of greatness must be developed, it can only reach its highest fruition by the taking of infinite pains; but the capacity for development must be there. No, it is not our fault that we are not geniuses. It will be our fault only if we do not take infinite pains to develop such capacity as we have. That is our one way of making up to the world for the scurvy trick we played it when we came sneaking in, bringing with us only a fraction of the proper admission fee—the infinite capacity of genius.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. E. FREEMAN, '14.

"Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books."

Love's Labor Lost.



THE FIRST WEEKS of the college year have sped with astonishing rapidity. Now we find ourselves half through the term with back notes to copy and numerous essays clamoring for attention. Perhaps we have not spurned enough those vain delights which beckon us enticingly away. However it may be, we will not moralize upon the subject; it is an annual occurrence and has become a part of college life.

In our endeavors to fill up the required space in this issue we have expended much energy and thought. We have carefully waded through the back numbers; we have eagerly scanned contemporaries; we have investigated and considered the activities of the college organizations; but through it all nothing satisfactory was presented to our mind. Perhaps the darkness of this perplexity would not have been lifted had not some few enthusiasts inaugurated a campaign to resurrect *Life*.

Let none of our readers imagine that this feat was to be per-

formed by any process of biology. Neither was it a subject for theological speculation. No; it was merely a question as to whether we ought to reinstate *Life* in its once popular place on the Reading Room table. For several days this was the subject of heated discussion. The advocates of the movement were by no means limited to Theology. Some held that a vital principle was involved; others denied this; some thought that the whole matter was a joke; others didn't think at all. Many and grotesque were the arguments pro and con, until finally the question was brought up in the Lit. But to the chagrin of a large number present the constitution of the society decided that a motion for rescinding a former motion had to be moved and seconded by members who on the former occasion had voted in its favor. The ardent advocates of *Life*, however, were by no means baffled, but merely postponed their efforts to a future date. Meanwhile *Life* can be obtained from them at any time, on application. Come early and avoid the rush.

LITERARY SOCIETY, OCT. 24.—The programme was opened by a piano solo by Miss Ruth Fowler. Then a vocal solo by Miss Gill was followed by the election of the Second Vice-President of the Society. While the ballots were being read, Mr. Hayden gave a splendid reading which was heartily encored. The announcement that Miss Mary Fowler had been elected to the position of Second Vice-President evoked considerable enthusiasm and finally resulted in a witty little speech from the successful candidate. Mr. Wiltshire brought the evening's programme to a close by a solo. After some announcements by the chairman, Mr. Morrison, the meeting was adjourned.

OCT. 31.—There was a very large attendance at the Lit. on this occasion, and there seemed to be a stir of excitement and expectancy among the members. Mr. R. McGregor began with a piano solo followed by a reading by Mr. John Linton, who tried to tell us what not to do in order to live to be 197. Miss A. Campbell then favored us with two familiar but well loved songs. The next item was a paper from Mr. Trembert on "Current Events." He made some startling disclosures, and was interrupted several times. When the meeting was thrown open for business, Mr. Anderson rose, and after a preliminary speech, moved that the former motion to exclude *Life* from the reading room be rescinded. Mr. Philpott seconded the motion, which, however, the president was forced to rule out on constitutional

grounds. A piano duet by Misses Gregory and Stillwell, '16, completed the programme.

THE REPORTER FROM THEOLOGY informs us that sixteen theologues have paid their Lit. fees, a few having given them without being even once approached. What are we coming to? They will be offering to pay their Athletic fees next. Hurry up, Freshmen.

SOME USEFUL REMEDIES.—Plentiful application of cheese will make the muscles strong and limber. * * Currant pie rubbed on to the hair may prevent a swelling of the head. A bath may serve the same purpose.

DR. GRAHAM TAYLOR, of the School of Civics and Philanthropy, President of the Chicago Theological Seminary, was present at chapel service on November 3rd. At the close of the regular service he was introduced to the students by Dr. Farmer. In the few minutes at his disposal, Dr. Taylor made a strong plea for the co-operation of university men and women in the study of civic and national problems. He pointed out that unless something is done in the near future, Canadians will be face to face with the problem of a citizenship utterly unfitted for civic government, or a proletariat with nothing at stake, such as ruined Rome. The immigration question is a question of self-preservation. It is for university men and women to bring these great and important problems into the light of the universal. He made a plea for the common interests of humanity, for a sacrificial devotion to the common good.

AFTER LIT.

With hat in hand, he took his stand,
In hopes that the lass would come;
But when he went there, the room was bare,
And so the poor fellow got stung.

NIP AND TUCK.—The dark and deadly character of our society is menaced. The press has, by some mysterious means, succeeded in getting wind of our doings, and it behooves us to be on the alert in the future. A fairly correct general idea of the second midnight supper of our society may be gathered from the newspapers, but concerning details they are hopelessly at sea. Nothing could be more unjust and incorrect than the statement that one pail of water was thrown through a hole in the transom. We wish the journalistic world at large to understand that our actions are not to be exposed to the public eye, and

that any newspaper or magazine printing erroneous statements concerning the Nip and Tuck Society of McMaster University is liable to be prosecuted for libel.

STUDENT (discussing higher criticism)—“Now, do you really think that Jonah swallowed that whale.”

PORTER (somewhat irate)—“If his mouth were as big as yourn he could.”

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—On Tuesday, Nov. 4, the Social Science Club held its first meeting. The aim of the club this year is to present a course of addresses on civic organization and problems. This meeting took the form of a luncheon and was held at noon in the dining hall. The speaker was Alderman Wickett. He began by impressing upon us the vast scope and importance of civic organization, how different it was from ancient and mediaeval times. He touched on the question of traffic congestion in New York and also on the problem of skyscrapers in Toronto. Skyscrapers are a disease. The speaker then pointed out the inefficiency of the present system of city government in Toronto, and outlined a more efficient one. There were many instances shown to us of the immense amount of money that is wasted because of the lack of expert knowledge and administration. What Mr. Wickett proposed was that a committee be formed of the Mayor, the Lieutenant-Governor and the County Judge, and that this committee should appoint controllers to have charge of and be responsible for the administration of the various departments of city government. Mr. Wickett roused our interests, enlisted our sympathies and impressed us as being a man who knew that of which he spoke. We men of the university are needed in the fight for better city government throughout Canada. The President, Mr. Anderson, presided.

MR. LEE, Secretary of Immigration at Quebec, addressed us on Tuesday evening, Oct. 21. He dealt with the great need of social work, and the peril presented to our civilization by vast immigrant waves from Southern Europe. He made an appeal on behalf of the foreigner within our gates. We of McMaster have splendid opportunities for aiding this work.

PROF. IN HOMILETICS.—“An ‘odd text’ is one that suggests something of the grotesque. Give me an example.”

BUDDING THEOLOGUE.—“Put off the old man.”

DEBATING UNION.—The first Saturday afternoon debate was held on Oct. 25. President Anderson in the chair. The resignation of P. G. Buck was accepted and nominations for a new Secretary-Treasurer were received. Then the debate was opened for the affirmative by Mr. C. P. Hope, subject: "Resolved that McMaster University should have a Liberal Club under the Liberal Club Federation of Ontario." Mr. Hartley led the negative, and a number of speakers followed in a keenly contested argument. The judges announced their decision in favor of the negative. The criticisms of Prof. G. H. Campbell were clear and to the point. He made a strong plea for a higher literary standard.

Nov. 1st.—The subject of discussion on this afternoon was the one chosen for the inter-college debate: "Resolved that the proposed Workman's Compensation Act of Ontario should include requirements that workmen contribute to the accident fund." The affirmative was led by Mr. H. Merritt, and the negative by Mr. J. A. Long. What arguments they had were brought forward in good style, but the judges concluded that the affirmative had the advantage. Mr. Donald, the critic, commented favorably on the serious character of the debate. After Mr. Mallory was elected to the office of Secretary-Treasurer, the meeting adjourned.

Ludibrio fore munientes cernebant—"They perceived the fortifiers having a joke with the door." This mistranslation was not perpetrated by a member of the Nip and Tuck.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH reading "Macbeth" when the bell rang to announce close of hour:

"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MARY FOWLER, '14.

"What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question?"

Macbeth.



WITH its passing, October always brings us that magical, mirthful, mystical eve—All Hallowe'en—with which have become synonymous, witches, pumpkins and black cats. Yet, curiously enough the observance of this night was at one time a vigil in preparation for All Saints' Day, November the first. One of the very oldest observances was the lighting of fires on this evening. This was one of the oldest heathen religious ceremonies; for fire, the emblem of immortality, was supposed in some way to assist in the ascent of the soul to Heaven. It is said that in Roman Catholic countries, even to-day, the faithful turn their steps to the churchyard and place flowers on the graves of the departed. As with so many religious ceremonies the sacredness seems to have been swallowed up in the festivities, until to-day, merry groups of both old and young gather on that evening to forget the past, to enjoy the present, and to peer into the future. It is interesting to note that in the ancient calendar of the church of Rome we find the following observation on the first of November:

"The feast of Old Fools is removed to this day."

Perhaps this is the reason that, with the present day college student, the month is remembered only secondarily for this reason and primarily for Thanksgiving Day—that day when all who are near enough, go to rejoin, for a short time, the family circle; and all pause to take a long breath before another lap in the long keen race for knowledge. Thanksgiving is a landmark in the calculations of the student—perhaps it is, "I'll not get home again until Christmas." or "I really *must* get down and do some work now that Thanksgiving is over." Sometimes

we hear, "It's only Thanksgiving and I have only \$--- in the bank"; or the opposite, "I brought back \$50.00 more with me, let's celebrate." One might almost think that the name should be changed to "Stock-taking" day; yet there has been, too, the feeling of the Puritans in the celebration of it, the true thanksgiving for the things that have happened, and for the things that have not happened, for the things that are happening, and for the things that will happen. Let us therefore take courage, for the old name will not be changed, nor the old customs dropped even though it may hurt the feelings of that benefactor or mankind, the turkey.

LOST AND FOUND.

Lost—On Field Day, a banner, blue trimmed with white, liberal reward is offered for the head of the one responsible, providing said head is properly classified and labelled for our museum.

Lost—On Sunday night, October 26th, at Walmer Road, a seat. Substitute may be obtained at any time at Trinity.

Found—An appetite. Person losing same apply to—most anyone.

Lost—On Field Day, some time between 2 and 6 p.m., a smile. Please return. Valued as a keepsake.

Found—In hall, five cents. Same may be obtained from usher's office upon proper identification.

W. L. S.—The Women's Literary Society held its second meeting of the year on Friday, October twenty-fourth. After the constitution had been read for the benefit of the new members, Miss Ruth Fowler opened the programme with a much appreciated instrumental solo. This was followed by an amusing selection from Stephen Leacock's financial career, by Miss Isobel Fairbairn. Needless to say it was enthusiastically received, coming as it did with such a high recommendation from the French professor. Miss Evelyn Davis gave a very unique rendering of the Rosary, which, though new to the greater part of the audience, made a very favorable impression. Mrs. Pankhurst was portrayed in a vivid manner by Miss Ada Found, while Miss Mary Fowler gave an interesting account of the life of Thomas Woodrow Wilson. Year '17 orchestra made its

debut at this time, and as an encore they rendered most touchingly the Freshette yell.—

“Ha! Ha! Wa! Wa!
Gala Dala Syskee!
‘17 ‘17 Still alive and frisky!”

With such an able leader as Miss Marjorie Trotter the orchestra gives promise of a brilliant future. Miss Dorothy Grant enlightened the society on the topics of the day, and after the critic's report by Miss Annie D'Arcy, the meeting closed with “Thy Praises, McMaster.”

Y.W.C.A.—The regular meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Wednesday afternoon, October 22nd. After the usual opening service in Castle Memorial Hall, Miss Foster, from Memorial Institute, addressed the girls on the work that is being done there for the poor of our city. The lecture was held in S. 18 so that the lantern might be used for slides illustrating the subject. These showed Memorial Institute itself, its surroundings and some of the people among whom work is being done. Miss Foster gave the history of how such a work came to be undertaken, and what a very real need there is for it. At first the workers were looked upon very suspiciously by the people whom they were trying to help, and it is only very slowly that their confidence can be won but progress is being made.

The easiest and perhaps the only way to reach them is through the children, and this is what the Institute has been doing. There are playgrounds for the little tots—swings, teeter-totters and sand heaps. Here they are given an opportunity to really play—a thing which very few of them know how to do. There were several lantern slides showing the places where they had formerly spent their time among ash heaps, broken bottles, old tin cans and filth of every description. In contrast they were shown in the playground of the Institute. Several of the slides pictured the home life—the tiny crowded rooms, the squalor of all their surroundings and the bitter poverty and want in which they passed their lives. As they were shown, Miss Foster told the story of several of the individuals or families whose pictures were cast upon the screen—of their failure or success in the struggle of life. When she had concluded and the meeting dispersed, the question left on the minds of her audience was the old one “What right have I to my comfortable home and easy life while there are people like myself in such misery?”

The meeting of October 29th saw the president, Miss Margaret Hair, in the chair for the first time this year. After the opening hymn and the necessary business, Miss Kilpatrick, Inter-college Y.W.C.A. Secretary, spoke for a few minutes about the conference to be held in Kingston from November 7th to 9th. Miss Margaret Hair, Miss Ruby Veals and Miss Annie Miller were appointed to represent McMaster at this convention. After the singing of a hymn the meeting broke up into the Bible classes, which, under the leadership of Miss Turner, '15, and Miss Cline, '15, began the work of the term at this meeting.

ALUMNAE BANQUET.—On the first of November the Senior-ettes spent a most enjoyable afternoon as the guests of the Alumnae Association at their annual banquet, which was held at the Blue Dragon Inn, Clarkson. The trip to and from this charming spot was not the least of the pleasures of the day, which was clear and bright and with just enough breath of the coming winter to set the blood tingling delightfully. The mingling with those of maturer years, and with those who, their days of preparation over, have found their place in the world, brought home the thought that ere long we too must go forth—to what? Mrs. Struthers in her talk on Social Service and the work of the nurse in the school showed what one woman can do for the uplift of humanity. A more pleasureable way of introducing the Year to the Association, of which we all hope so soon to be members, could not be found.

AN EVENT in which many students of McMaster will be interested, took place in June of this year—the marriage of Miss Margaret Isaac to Mr. David Lazarus Dawson. The wedding took place in St. Gabriel's Church, S.P.G. Rangoon, India, of which place the bride is a native. A reception was held later at the adjoining school. It will be remembered that although Miss Isaac is not a graduate, she was for some two years a member of Year '12. During the time she was here she made many friends both within the college and outside, by her bright, attractive personality. McMaster extends congratulations to Mr. Dawson on winning so charming a bride, and joins her many friends in wishing Mrs. Dawson in her new life "only enough sorrow to make the joy shine brightest."

"O WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US."

The Freshettes' gowns are balek and bright,
They neatly hang in rows at night.
To soil them no Freshette would dare
But treat them all with tender care.

The gowns of the busy Sophettes seem to wear
A pompous, superior, arrogant air.
Importance sticks out at each loop-hole to say,
"I'm one year of age, just step out of the way."
"Bow the knee, young Freshette"—Every dog has his day.

Juniors' gowns are care-free;
Life to them's a game.
What's the use of worry?
Things go on the same.
And if they clean an inky pen.
There's naught in that to blame.

Green are the folds and dusty,
Dusty the tattered hem.
Limp are the ribbons and rusty,
But rust is glory to them.
For it tells that the lofty Senior
Has wisdom deep, untold,
And wisdom, dignity, wrinkles
Are only for the old.

Like a rushing, mighty wind
The Theologue's gown streams out behind.
If one must doff his long frock coat
It's grand to have a gown to float.

But soft, what are these wierd and ghostly forms?
Long, long ago, it may be they were gowns,
But now, mere shadows of their former selves,
Adorn a portion of professors' backs
And like true dogs pursue their wandering tracks.

E. D., '15.

PERPLEXITIES.—From time to time during the past month, knotty problems have arisen, and there appears to have been considerable doubt as to the proper way to meet and solve them. We are therefore appending a few suggestions which we hope will be found useful should similar contingencies arise.

As a rule it is better to apply cocoa internally rather than externally. We admit that some authorities have used the latter method; nevertheless, we have found that the former has in practically every case proved the more efficacious.

It is not customary in McMaster to send young ladies to stand in the corner. The young lady seen there recently, weeping so bitterly, had only been requested to attend a Y. W. cabinet meeting. It is sometimes well to speak in an ambiguous way. Interesting things often result therefrom.

Graduates look well in the Field Day parade. However, they should not be too engrossed at such a time, as it is liable to lead to embarrassing situations.

Certainly it is quite proper to remain away from church to prepare for a Bible lecture—but it is most unusual.

On one day in the year one may return to childhood's days and toot horns—provided it is done, and done only, upon request of the announcer.

We would advise students not to make a practice of sitting on the edge of the chairs in the library. (This item is inserted for the special help of the Sophettes.)

It is a good plan not to leave "yells" around just before Field Day. It might be leading Sophettes into temptation.

It is not considered good form to leave by another entrance when one has visitors at the front door, even though those visitors may be Sophettes and the day Picnic Day.

Although we fully realize that it has been *doubly* impressed upon the minds of our women students that banking is a precarious, venturesome, perilous undertaking, we would, notwithstanding this, urge upon them not to be discouraged at the first attempt. If persevered in for a sufficient length of time, banking really becomes a delightful recreation, provided one does not wish to see the manager—alone.

Usually during the singing in church we hold the hymn book right side up. Even though one may be able to read it equally well reversed, for appearances sake, at least, we would recommend that the conventionality be respected.

Pink teas may be held during a lecture—provided they occur but once in four years.

A recent discovery has just been brought to our notice. We hasten to announce it. A "widow" may have a "husband in jail."

WHAT!—Three Seniorettes were recently seen threading their way among the mazes of Eaton's, and—"tell it not in Gath"—Knox's. For some days before were to be seen three heads held close together, and three tongues working hard, now together, now alternately. On all three faces were displayed most solemn

and serious emotions. Yet those discussions evidently had not been sufficient; or, possibly, some new contingency had arisen, or some unforeseen obstacles had presented themselves, for as they slowly and painstakingly made their way around these stores, one would see them stop and confer solemnly together, then continue once more their course. The linen department was visited. Dish towels! Things were becoming interesting. That purchase made, they were soon found in the basement. Saucepans!! a dipper!!! a chopping bowl!!!! a tea pot!!!! Things were becoming suspicious. Up to the cutlery department they went. Knives!!!!!! Spoons!!!!!! Things were becoming serious. It must be investigated. For whom were all these housekeeping implements? Enquiry elicited the information that they were for the Women's Literary Society. Gradually the Society has been gathering the various dishes and utensils so necessary for the receptions, teas, and "bun-feeds" held from time to time by the women students of the University. This year it was thought best to secure some of the lesser accessories. These, with the three dozen spoons so generously left as a parting gift by Year '13, have made a gratifying increase in the "kitchen equipment."

Athletics.

EDITOR: N. DAVIES, '14.

"Nobody's healthful without exercise."



THE recent controversy in England over the raising of funds to defray the expenses of entrants for the Olympic games has given rise to an interesting comparison between English and American sports. The Englishman sees in his sports healthful exercise and pleasure, while the American, it is claimed, puts into sport what he puts into business, his organizing ability. He professionalizes it, the product being the victorious athlete or team. This broad statement cannot, however, be applied to all American sport. There exist on this continent, especially in Canada, numberless Amateur Athletic Associations and Leagues while colleges and universities still remain untainted by professionalism. Professionalism has its

place in the world of sport, but the fact that there still is a place for the amateur athlete shows that the old Greek and Roman idea of the purpose of athletics as a means of recreation and maintaining physical fitness is not as yet entirely disqualified.

RUGBY.

McMASTER, 41; VICTORIA, 0.—McMaster met Victoria in a practice game on Thursday, October 23rd, on the Vic. campus. The game proved a good practice for the winner and the results cause speculation as to what chance McMaster would have in the Mulock Cup Series if the vanquished team was a fair sample of the teams in that series. McMaster led from the first, making yards on nearly every down and seldom having to kick. The losers were very weak in tackling and though their line appeared to be heavier than that of the victors, they were unable to stop effectively the half-back and wing bucks of their opponents. No one in particular can be singled out as instrumental in the victory for the work of all was uniformly good. L. R. McCrimmon held the whistle for the game. Line up: Halves: Freeman (Capt.), Philpott, Campbell; quarter back: Kellock; scrimage: Haddow, Zieman, Frazer; wings: Hay, Hisey, Coles, McGregor, Graham, Hawkings; flying wings: McKissock, Linton.

VARSITY 11, 24; McMASTER, 8.—On Saturday, October 25th, McMaster met their old Rugby enemies for the first time this season with the above regrettable results. Both teams seemed evenly matched in weight and for the first quarter neither side secured any great advantage. Varsity had the wind and did considerable punting, which was rendered ineffective by the quick work of the McMaster backs. The result of the game was quite uncertain until Freeman was laid off by an injury to his shoulder, just before half time. Immediately after this accident McMaster made their first touch-down, but afterwards were unable to hold out against the running and kicking of the Varsity halves. It was indeed McMaster's unlucky day, for shortly after half time Kellock at quarter was incapacitated by an injury received in making a tackle. Campbell and Philpott in turn filled the position creditably for the remainder of the game, but the back field was left rather open. Varsity followed up this advantage by effective plays and raised their score to a total of twenty-four points. W. Ashmore and Mr. Donald were the officials at

the game. The line-up:— Halves: Freeman (Capt.), Philpott, Campbell; quarter back: Kellock; scrimmage: Haddow, Zieman, Fraser; wings: Hay, Hisey, Coles, McGregor, Graham, Hawkings; ying wing: McKissock.

Owing to the injury to two members of the team, and the lack of time before the return games to fill these positions, it was decided not to play off the series with St. Michael's and Varsity II.

Since St. Michael's College succeeded in winning both their games from Varsity they are Western District Champions of the league and will play for the Intermediate Collegiate Championship honors with McGill II.

· SOCCER.

CITY TEACHERS, 1; McMASTER, 0.—Varsity front campus was the scene, on the afternoon of October 22nd, of the initial struggle in the Varsity II Soccer League, when McMaster met City Teachers. The score is a fair indication of the closeness of the play. City Teachers from the first showed that they were out to win, and their forwards rushed again and again, only to have their play broken up by the McMaster defence. McMaster forwards played aggressively, but lacked, to some extent, the effective combination work which characterized their opponents. The single goal was scored near the end of the first half on a long shot. Field, however, redeemed himself when he stopped a penalty kick from ten yards out in the last half. A drizzling rain made things disagreeable for the onlookers, but did not affect the condition of the field.

McMASTER, 3; CITY TEACHERS, 0.—The return game with City Teachers, played Saturday morning, November first, on Varsity rear campus, brought joy to all McMasterites, when the tables were turned on the Pedagogues and they were defeated by three to nothing. The teams were the same as in the previous game except that Browne replaced Best for McMaster, and Donkle, Johnson for City Teachers. For the first fifteen minutes the play was fast and even. Then a Linton-Campbell combination resulted in a score. After five minutes more, Linton's shot was blocked but Campbell got the rebound and scored again. The third goal was secured shortly after, when McWilliams placed to centre and Linton scored. The second half was more evenly played and no goals were scored. The City Teachers'

eleven did not show the same snap and vigor as in the former game, while McMaster men never did better work, the forwards playing good combination; the backs keeping the ball well up the field and vigorously checking the opposing forwards. Hisey and Browne on the back division were most prominent. The line-up in both games was:—Goal, Field; full backs: Hisey, Smith (Capt.); half backs: Best (1st game), Hay, Browne, Ballard; forwards: McWilliams, Linton, Campbell, Sorton, Price.

KNOX, 4; McMASTER 11, 0.—McMaster's Intermediate soccer team met Knox in their first game of the series on Varsity front campus, Monday afternoon, November 3rd. Knox had the wind for the first half and played strongly from the first. In the early part of the half there was little advantage and then the Knox forwards got away, scoring three goals in quick succession. In the second half the play was more even, but McMaster failed to score, while Knox raised their tally to four. The McMaster forwards lacked combination play, while the backs were unable to check effectively the opposing men. Line-up:—Goal, Zieman; backs: W. W. Smith, Graham; halves: Hawkings, Long, Rosser; forwards: Reeds (Capt.), Stillwell, Roberts, Davies, Minister.

Knox defeated Forestry and so are winners of Group A. They will now play in the semi-finals of the league.

FIELD DAY.—The Seventeenth Annual Field Day was held on Monday, October 27, at the Varsity Stadium. There was the usual procession of students from the Hall, but this year unaccompanied by the band. The weather was rather cold and raw, but did not keep many away nor lessen the enjoyment of those present. The annual choral contest between the juvenile Years took place and everyone was delighted by the plaintive voices of certain "militant" members of the Freshman Year.

The field contests did not result in any new records being made, as last year, but were on the whole close enough to be interesting from the spectator's point of view. Long threw the 16 lb. hammer about four feet farther than last year's mark, while Graham added a foot to his former throw in the 15 lb. shot event.

On the events of the day Campbell and Graham were tied for first place with a credit of twenty-two points each, McKissock with fourteen points secured second place and Kellock with eleven points third place. Year '15 earned the première

position in field sports, Year '14 second, Year '16 third, Year '17 fourth and Theology brought up the rear. The points secured by the Years respectively were: 66, 26, 15, 1, 0.

The results in detail follow:

100 yards, final—1. McKissock; 2. Kellock; 3. Burr ridge. Time, 11 seconds.

Half mile—1, Graham; 2, Richardson; 3, Linton. Time, 2.15.

Pole Vault—1, Campbell; 2, Stillwell; 3, Hay. Height, 8 feet 6 inches.

Broad Jump—1, Campbell; 2, McKissock; 3, Burr ridge. 19 feet 5 inches.

220 yards—1, Kellock; 2, McKissock; 3, Price. Time, 24 4-5 seconds.

Throwing 15 lb. Hammer—1, Long; 2, Graham; 3, Zieman. Distance, 75 feet 4 inches.

Mile Run—1, Linton; 2, Graham; 3, Priddle. Time, 5 min. 11 sec.

Putting 15 lb. Shot—1, Graham; 2, Zieman; 3, Campbell. Distance, 33 feet 1 inch.

High Jump—1, Campbell; 2, Kellock; 3, Bates. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

120 yard Hurdle—1, Campbell; 2, McKissock; 3, Burr ridge. Time, 18 4-5 seconds.

440 yards Run—1, Graham; 2, Richardson; 3, Kellock. Time, 57 2-5 seconds.

Team Race—1, Year '14; 2, Year '16; 3, Year '15. Time, 4 minutes 5 seconds.

As the discus was not thrown, the award of the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal, and First and Second Association Medals has not yet been made. The results will be announced at a later date.

Field Day would scarcely be "Field Day" were it not for the annual *mêlée* between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. This year this interesting part of the afternoon's sport took the form of a football match. Offside and interference rules were abandoned, while tackling of all kinds was in order. Advantage of this last indulgence was immediately taken, and soon neither Freshman nor Sophomore could be distinguished in the struggling mass of human vitality. The timid Freshettes encouraged their champions by shrill notes of admiration, while enthusiastic Sophettes urged their classmates to greater endeavors. Under this inspiration every contestant put forth every

energy to quell his immediate opponent and little attention was paid to the football. The Freshmen, of course, will tell you, "We won," and the Sophomores in much the same tone, will answer your query in the same words. Therefore, the seeker after truth had best remember that there are two sides to a story and, before forming an opinion, learn the result from some disinterested onlooker.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, B.A., '05.



McMASTER students come from all four corners of the earth, and when they graduate they scatter again just as widely. Consequently the editor of a department which aims to keep track of their doings has no small task. Even to get information as to the present whereabouts and activities of the class which graduated last May has proved a difficult undertaking. The "horrible details," so far as can be learned, are as follows:

MESSRS. W. ASHMORE, R. M. Fraser, A. Haddow, A. Hall, M. R. Hartley, and H. Merritt, are back at McMaster for theology. Mr. Hall was married during the summer and went on a honeymoon trip to his old home in Tamworth, England.

MESSRS. E. T. BELL, L. H. Clarke, S. J. Graham, J. B. Kilgour, F. C. Madill and E. F. Willoughby, and the Misses Elsie Ashall, Hazel Cooper and Hazel Watson are training to be high school teachers at the Faculty of Education, Toronto.

MESSRS. D. A. BATES AND C. B. CROWE are reported to be teaching on the public school staff of Vancouver. A later report says Mr. Crowe is studying law in that city. Mr. R. S. Shields is teaching at Marysville, B.C.

OSGOODE HALL has claimed E. G. Black, who is a student in "Teddy" Peine's ('05) office; R. G. Brownless, who is said by a '13 classmate "to be always late for lectures still"; B. V. McCrimmon, who is a student in the office of Thomson, Tilley & Johnson, of which firm D. E. Thomson, LL.D., '03, Chairman of the Board of Governors, is senior member, and A. J. Thomson,

B.A., '99, a junior partner; and A. R. Quirk, who is a student in the office of Hon. J. J. Foy.

MR. RALPH E. WILLIAMS is studying civil engineering at the School of Science.

MR. J. R. BICK is preaching in the Methodist Church at Bobcaygeon under the Bay of Quinte Conference. Those who are actively engaged in the Baptist ministry are E. S. Clifton, at Drumbo, Ont., and T. J. Hind, Myrtle Avenue Church, Toronto. Mr. Hind was married on September 29th to Miss May Deadman, of Brussels, Ont., and niece of Prof. M. S. Clarke.

MR. B. W. CLARKE is teaching mathematics in the Humber-side, Ont., Collegiate Institute. He was married this summer. Fred A. McGregor is looking after the preparatory classes at Woodstock College, and T. D. St. Dalmas is a teacher at Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Quebec, giving instruction in Latin, German and English.

MR. H. C. CLINE, our first B.Sc., is in the creamery business in Filmore, N.Y. He was married this summer to Miss Frances Louise Williams, of East Aurora, N.Y.

MR. F. D. WEIR and Miss M. C. Curry are attending Calgary Normal College, and Mr. R. G. Dunbar will be a student there after Christmas.

MR. GRAYDON M. GOODFELLOW is the son in C. A. Goodfellow & Son, printers and publishers, Whitby. The *Chronicle* has taken on new life since the editor of last year's "Around the Hall" has got into real journalism.

MR. A. E. HALPERN is pursuing post graduate study at the Jewish Theological Seminary, New York City. Messrs. F. L. Stacy and J. N. Start are taking their theology at Rochester Theological Seminary.

MR. E. JAMIESON is studying medicine at McGill University.

MR. R. G. HALBERT could not be located. Information will be thankfully received.

MR. E. E. HYDE is teaching in a little red school house at Soda Lake, Alta.

MR. A. LINDSAY is located at Parry Sound, occupation unknown to the editor.

MR. G. H. ELLIS is in business in London, Ont., and may be addressed at 239 Pall Mall. Further particulars will be gratefully received.

MR. WALTER M. TURNBULL, who was high kakiak, has been appointed to take charge of the evangelistic end of the Central City Mission in Vancouver, where he had worked previously. Mr. Turnbull has seen rather more of this world than most of the '13 Arts graduates. After taking a two years' course at the Christian Alliance Training School, Nyack, N.Y., he spent five years as a missionary in India in the Bombay presidency. The Vancouver Daily Province gave a half-column biographical sketch of him at the time of his appointment.

OF THE LADY GRADUATES not previously mentioned Miss G. M. Carey is at her home in Toronto taking lessons in domestic science, as are also Miss Olive Wilkins in Toronto and Miss C. Fraser at Kenmore and Miss McDonald in Regina. Miss Kee is teaching at Estevan, Saskatchewan, her home town. Miss Kortum has been instructing the young at Amisk, Saskatchewan, but is now at her home in Villa Nova, preparing her trousseau for her wedding, which is due about New Year's. Miss Jessie I. Stenhouse is at her home in South Indian, Ontario, and expects to go west after Christmas to teach. Miss Haines is also reported to be teaching somewhere in the wild and woolly west. Further particulars will be thankfully received.

OF THE 1913 THEOLOGICAL GRADUATES in the B.Th. course G. W. Brooker is preaching at Port Colborne, Caleb Harris at Uxbridge, W. C. McKendry at Fonthill, F. W. Waters in the East Zorra circuit, with headquarters at Innerkip, W. B. Tighe in Wentworth Street Baptist Church, Hamilton, and Herbert Wood at Claremont. L. S. Haverstock preached at Dundas during the illness of Rev. Dr. Grant, and is now at his home in London, Ont. The graduates in the English course were G. William Mills, who is at his home in Sandusky, New York State, and has been supplying in a number of surrounding churches, and Thomas Dayton Pink, who is preaching in the Galt Baptist mission. Mr. Pink was married on October 15th to Miss Jean May Fallaise, of Durham.

MR. E. CAREY FOX, '06, who is general manager of the William Davies Co., Toronto, was elected to the Board of Governors of the University at the meeting of the convention at Peterboro.

He is the third graduate in Arts to be so favored, the other two being Rev. John MacNeill, '96, and Mr. W. E. Robertson, '00.

REV. A. L. BROWN, '09, and Rev. A. J. Vining, Theol., '90, were elected last June as representatives on the senate of the graduates in Arts and Theology, respectively.

MISS EVELYN D. KELLOCK, B.A., '11, is teaching in the Essex High School.

MR. BRUCE E. LECKIE is the new principal of Lucan High School. One of his staff is Miss Martha A. Fitch, '10.

MR. D. A. MACGIBBON, '08, M.A., '11, after a year's leave of absence for graduate study at the University of Toronto, has resumed his duties as Professor of Economics and English at Brandon College.

MR. VINCENT H. PRICE, '11, has resigned his position at Woodstock College to enter upon the study of law. Temporarily, however, he has accepted a mastership in the Appleby School, Oakville. He is teaching English and coaching the boys in rugby. Lately he took his team to play against the second team at Woodstock, where he and his boys were given a warm welcome and incidentally a mild defeat at football.

MISS ALICE B. TURNER, '12, is teaching classics at Madoc.

MR. R. H. MODE, B.Th., B.D., '02, has resigned from the staff of Brandon College and will enter the service of one of the great railway companies. He will reside in Toronto.

MR. P. J. PILKEY, B.A., '09, died in Toronto recently. After graduating from Queen's Mr. Pilkey taught for several years and was for a considerable time principal of the Collegiate Institute at Fort William. Resigning his position there he came to McMaster for a year's further study and took his degree in 1909. At the time of his death he was on the staff of the Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto. THE MONTHLY extends sympathy to his widow and children.

MR. A. R. GIRDWOOD, '02, has resigned the principalship of the North Bay High School in order to enter business.

MR. J. W. HOTSON, '01, M.A., '02, is Professor of Botany in the University of Washington, Seattle.

DR. SAM. McLAY, '03, is president of the Oxford Medical Association. After graduating in Medicine he spent a year on

the staff of St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa., and for the past two has been practising in Woodstock, in partnership with his father, Dr. A. McLay.

MR. A. M. OVERHOLT, '97, M.A., '98, has accepted appointment as principal of Sarnia Collegiate Institute.

THE NAME of Mr. Jacob J. Nicole, '00, was prominent in connection with the extradition proceedings against the notorious Harry K. Thaw at Coaticook a few months ago.

MR. C. C. SINCLAIR, '02, of Winnipeg, visited his Alma Mater a few weeks ago on the way home from a meeting of American and Canadian actuaries in Boston, Mass.

REV. JOHN PURIE, who was for a time a member of class '07, has entered upon a new pastorate at Central Butte, Saskatchewan.

REV. W. C. MCKENDRY, B.A., has resigned his Stouffville pastorate and commenced work at Fonthill, Ont.

REV. J. D. FREEMAN, M.A., TH., '90, of Leicester, England, was appointed Canadian representative on the Baptist Colonial Society, by the Ontario and Quebec Baptist Convention.

REV. NORMAN W. McCAUSLAND, TH., '10, is now pastor of the Baptist church at Palmerston, Ont.

MR. A. E. KOCHALY, who was a member of Class '13, is lecturing through the Northwest. His headquarters address is Brandon College.

IT WAS Rev. J. B. McKendry, B.A., '10, of Aurora, who went to Brandon College to teach Old Testament literature, and not Rev. W. C. McKendry, B.A., '10, as stated in last month's issue.

DOCTOR WHITNEY W. LAILEY, B.A., '04, is one of the most popular rugby football officials in Western Canada. Whenever an important game is pulled off "Whit." is generally in charge of the whistle. The same thing is true of J. B. McArthur, B.A., '05, in Ontario.

REV. S. SHELTON, TH., '88, is doing mission work in Bonny Doon, a suburb of Edmonton, Alta.

REV. A. E. DE ST. DALMAS, TH., '83, is now pastor of the Baptist church at Orangeville, Ont., having resigned his pastorate at Sparta, Ont.

REV. J. E. CHUTE, B.Th., '91, and Mrs. Chute have returned to India after a year's furlough in Canada, sailing from Vancouver on November 5th.

MISS EVA ROSE O'BRIEN, B.A., '11, was married in the First Baptist Church, Saskatoon, on September 24th, to Dr. John MacLean, C.P.R. surgeon, Swift Current, Saskatchewan.

McMASTER men and women figured quite largely at the recent convention of Ontario and Quebec Baptists held at Peterboro. Rev. Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, of Montreal, for mer Chancellor, and Prof. W. S. W. McLay were elected to vacancies on the publication board. Mrs. Glen H. Campbell, B.A. (Marie Blackadar, B. A. '02) to the Foreign Mission Board; Rev. W. T. Graham, Th. '89, to the Western Mission Board, and Rev. P. A. McEwen, B.D. '86, to the Home Mission Board. Rev. Dr. Norton, Th. '91, was elected as President of the Convention for 1913-14. Rev. S. F. Grigg, B.A., '00, was confirmed in his appointment as Social Service Secretary. A great many of the principal speakers were McMaster men.

A LINE was dropped from the paragraph referring to Rev. Thomas Dadson, M.A., B.Th., in last month's issue, which destroyed the sense of the first paragraph. It should have read that "Tom" was studying at Chicago University for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

MR. RALPH V. BELLAMY, B.A., '02, who was the first McMaster man to go to England as a Rhodes Scholar, has gone over to England again—this time in the interest of Bellamy's Investments, an Edmonton investment company of which he is secretary-treasurer. He will be abroad some months. Ralph gave up the automobile business some time ago.

MR. MORDEN H. LONG, B.A., '02, our second Rhodes Scholar, is singularly enough also located at Edmonton, where he is teaching history on the Collegiate Institute staff. W. G. Carpenter, B.A., '05, is the principal of that institution and is making a splendid name for himself and old "Mac" in the Alberta capital.

DURING the past summer Rev. A. L. Brown, B.A., '09, B.Th., '10, who is in charge of the institutional work being done at Memorial Institute, Toronto, was responsible for 235 poor children being given holidays at Sunnybrook Farm, a pretty country

place on Lake Ontario, near Oakville. Some 1,500 adults were also given day outings. Memorial Institute is greatly appreciated by the poor of the neighborhood, and "A. L." is beloved by them.

REV. W. HARRIS WALLACE, TH. '97, has resigned his pastorate at Weston, Ontario.

THE ANNUAL fall luncheon of the Alumnae Society was held this year at the Blue Dragon Inn, Clarkson, Ontario, which is conducted by Mrs. M. L. A. Fairbairn, mother of Miss Marjorie Fairbairn, B.A., '12. After a very dainty repast was partaken of, Mrs. J. H. Cranston, B.A., (Eva Wilkins, '07), the president for the year, introduced the speaker of the occasion, Mrs. Lina Rogers Struthers, the world's pioneer school nurse, who spoke on "Social Service," outlining the work that was being done by the nurses attached to the Public School Board of Toronto. The address was a most interesting and instructive one, and created no little enthusiasm. The girl graduates present were: Mrs. R. E. Burnaby, B. A. (Grace Wallace, '02) first vice-president; Mrs. E. J. Zavitz (Jessie Dryden, '00) second vice-president; Miss Annie MacNeill, B.A., '03, secretary; Miss Ruth Denovan, B.A., '11; Mrs. H. L. Stark (Annie McKay, '94); Mrs. C. B. Lewis, B.A. (Olive Harton, '06); Miss E. Kennedy, '09; Mrs. R. Marshall, B.A. (Blanche Edy, '08); Mrs. G. H. Campbell, B.A. (Marie Blackadar, '02); Mrs. G. C. Keith, M.A. (Lillian Layng, '04); Mrs. Walter L. MacKinnon, B.A., '06; Miss C. L. Murray, B.A., '08; Miss Gertrude Murray, B.A., '09; Miss Bessie M. Pugsley, B.A., '08; Miss Etta M. Pugsley, B.A., '10; Miss Lottie M. Tapscott, B.A., '09; Miss Hope Gray, B.A., '09; Miss Violet Dickens, B.A., '10; Miss Emmeline Delmage, B.A., '01; Mis. (Prof.) W. S. W. McLay and Mrs. (Prof.) J. H. Farmer were guests.

MRS. RAND, the widow of the late Chancellor T. H. Rand, died at Wolfville, N.S., on May 13th.

REV. A. L. BROWN, B.A., '09, who is in charge of the work at the Memorial Institute, Toronto, has been honored by being elected president of the Scottish Workers' Club, of Toronto.

Moulton College.

EDITOR: MISS RUTH FAIRBROTHER.



PRAYER MEETING.—The weekly prayer meetings, attended by the teachers and students in residence, are held every Wednesday evening. They are felt to be a source of help and strength to all. This year the series of topics which is being developed deals with "The Titles of Christ," and should prove to be both interesting and inspiring.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, October twenty-ninth, Mrs. MacLaurin addressed our weekly prayer meeting. She gave a very interesting talk on India, emphasizing the great changes, both moral and intellectual, which the Christian religion has made upon the lives of the women and girls there. The subject appealed greatly to us all, not only because of our general interest in girls, and their life in boarding schools, but also because Moulton supports two native girls, who are at present being educated there. After the close of the prayer meeting the girls were glad of the opportunity of meeting Mrs. MacLaurin.

UNUSUAL INTEREST in athletics is being shown in the school this year. Tennis is as popular as it always has been, and basketball, too, is arousing great enthusiasm. Not only have the older girls of the school formed teams, but the small girls of the Primary Department are also practising regularly.

HELICONIAN.—The first regular meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on Friday evening, October the thirty-first. The main features of the evening were piano and vocal solos, and a few short scenes from the lives of well-known literary characters, and the reading of the Heliconian paper, which, as usual, was most enthusiastically received.

Woodstock College.

EDITOR: WM. E. HICKS.



THE ANNUAL reception given in honor of the new masters and students, was held on Tuesday, September 23rd, Principal MacNeill presiding. Dainty refreshments were served, after which the important part of the programme was entered upon. Addresses of welcome to the new masters were given by Mr. J. W. Russell and Mr. E. S. Waterland. Mr. T. R. Wilkins and David Hughes welcomed the new students, and George Prentice replied on their behalf.

OUR FIELD DAY was held on Friday, September 26th. The competitions were keen throughout. This year our senior championship goes to H. Bain, while the junior goes to Wm. Ball. Both of these winners belong to Woodstock.

MOST OF OUR interest has been centred around the "soccer" game this fall. The famous Hough Cup, won last spring, has had to be defended. Listowel High School, holders of the cup for the past five years, challenged our team. The game was played here on Saturday, October 11th, before a good crowd of spectators. Listowel had good combination, but showed great weakness forward. Our fellows, by dint of hard work and superior staying power, won out by 4 goals to 1. The names of the successful defenders of the cup are as follows:—McGregor, Warren and VanSlyke, (captain); Meade, Bain and Gregg; Hughes, Wallace, Gregory, Marks and McKechnie.

ON THURSDAY, October 16th, St. Thomas High School paid us a visit, playing our junior team in rugby. The "purple and old gold" team won, but by 24 points to 8. In the return game at St. Thomas our boys were defeated by a score of 21 to 11.

THE FIRST RUGBY game played by the seniors was on November 1st, when Guelph O.A.C. team visited us. In the good game that followed Woodstock suffered defeat by 15 to 7.

MR. CYRUS EATON, of Cleveland, Ohio, an old student of the College, visited us recently and presented to the school a handsome cup for tennis competition.

Here and There.

EDITOR: DAVID M. SULLIVAN, '14.

"I am a part of all that I have met."
—Tennyson.



THE COLLEGE men and women of America display a woeful incapacity to write clearly and interestingly. Their sentences are "involved, incoherent and perplexing," and if they have anything to say they cannot say it in respectable English nor with any distinction. The reason for this, declares Frederick Lynch in *The Christian Work and Evangelist*, is that the whole tendency of our colleges is directly away from those studies which give one the power to express himself in correct and classic style. The average graduate of an English university, on the other hand, can write both correct and lucid English. He has been thoroughly trained in the classics. Day by day he has translated the Latin and Greek poets into blank verse, and day by day this English verse has been corrected and criticized. As a result he has a fine command of forceful, terse and happy English.

In the light of the above, an article by Professor S. N. Patten, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, makes interesting reading. Professor Patten propounds the unique theory that the so-called "literary" style is in reality an intellectual deficiency. "A fluent writer says in each sentence, or at least in each paragraph: 'My thought is so in Greek, it is so in Latin, and finally so and so in English.' Those who are dominated by sensory associations cannot readily follow such a writer. Like birds they fly several times around a spot before alighting. This means that an ornate style is a defect and not a mark of genius."

IN VIEW OF THE FACT that our Annual Prize Story Competition is now open, an article in *Harper's Magazine* for August, entitled "What makes a story great?" seems well worth re-reading. In answer to this question Mr. A. Maurice Low says: "That which is of least importance in the literature of imagin-

ation is style, and of scarcely more importance is plot; for few of the great novelists have been stylists, and there are no longer any plots; the whole gamut of passion and emotion has been touched by the master-hand, and ingenuity has wrecked itself in the hopeless attempt to find a new motive for human action, so old and so invariably its own replica that it was old when the world was young." In all the literature of imagination that which is of first importance is character. "The great writer—the writer who creates—crystallizes symbolism, and out of the clay of human emotions fashions a character of fiction—which is not the work of imagination, but life in the concrete—and, lo, all the world at once sees that it is the man or woman with whom it has rubbed elbows for years, but whom it has passed with unseeing eyes, because men and women are blind until the thing is revealed to them."

The response to our story competitions in the past has not always been gratifying. Yet, perchance, there lurks in our midst many a budding author and embryo journalist who, for lack of incentive, blushes unseen among us in "innocuous desuetude." Ye who responded to the call of the great western prairie land, now is the time to live over again with us your experiences. Now that distance lends enchantment to the view, paint us a pen picture of some striking personality; breathe into your sketch the spirit of the Northwest; present your characters just as they are, "with the humour to laugh at their shortcomings and the philosophy to make us see the good in them," and you need have no fear of the result.

ARE WE?—In an address at Washington University some time ago a certain speaker made this statement: "Some college graduates are like bass drums. A bass drum," he added, "makes much noise, but is composed of nothing covered with sheepskin." —*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

THE FOLLOWING SONNET, by Alice Meynell, has received from critics goodly meed of praise. One authority characterizes it as "one of the three finest sonnets in the English Language":

"RENOUNCEMENT."

(By Alice Meynell.)

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
 This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden, yet bright;
 But it must never, never come in sight;
 I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
 Must doff my will as raiment laid away—
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Our next bit of verse, also a sonnet, we take from *The Popular Magazine*:

VISION.

Our visions vanish. Time, the strong and swift.
 Sweeps off some splendor with each flying year;
 Illusion fades, and barren facts appear;
 The zenith hardens and the vapors lift.
 No more in golden galleys shall we drift,
 Nor ride through sounding lists with spur and spear.
 Ah, Wisdom, where hast borne our fancies dear?
 Restore our glories, and have back thy gift!

Yea, take all things, so thou wilt leave me youth—
 Deep woodland shadows where the sunbeams sift,
 With opalescent dreams that flame and shift,
 To fold me from the clutch of grey, bleak fear—
 For daily I behold more icy clear
 Against the sky the naked peaks of Truth.

VICTOR STARBUCK.

HORACE on the Tango:—

Matura virgo gaudet Ionicos motus doceri.

T. C. D. (Dublin, Ireland).

The Harvard Monthly can usually be relied on for poetry of the kind we like. The May number contains a selection by Scofield Thayer:

ANAPAESTS.

Though our lives be as leaves on the branches
 Where others have budded before,
 Yet God's is the spirit that launches
 And glorious the task at the oar;
 For the world is a golden galley
 On a sea of ultimate blue,
 And the stars around her rally
 As we drive her through!

Though our souls be as flakes in the river
 That melt and are seen not again,
 Yet precious the moments that quiver
 While we still bear the semblance of men;
 For life is an eagle winging
 Up from the vibrant sod,
 For life is a song that is singing
 Sweet to God!

T. C. D. produces some rather startling varieties of metre:

Bill thought	Bill found
He ought	The ground
To try	Quite hard
To fly;	(Flowers barred).

Bill Adams bought a motor car,
 And just to please
 Some ladies,
 He started from the Phoenix Park,
 On a non-stop run
 To Hades.

A HOOSIER RUBAIYAT.

To love is sweet,
 But, ah! 'tis bitter
 To love a girl
 And then not gitter.
 —*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

WE GRATEFULLY acknowledge receipt of the following student publications: *Acadia Athenacum*; *Allisonia*; *Almafilian*; *College Index*; *Dalhousie Gazette*; *Harvard Monthly*; *Manitoba College Journal*; *Notre Dame Scholastic*; *O. A. C. Review*; *Oberlin Monthly*; *Philomathean Monthly*; *Shanghai*; *Baptist College Voice*; *Sodalan*; *St. Hilda's Chronicle*; *St. John's College Magazine*; *T. C. D.*; *The Mitre*; *The Oracle*; *University Monthly*; *University of Ottawa Review*; *University of Virginia Magazine*; *Vindicator*; *Vox Collegii*; *Western University Gazette*.

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THE LAST WILL OF CHARLES LOUNSBERRY.



THE following prose poem was written some years ago by Mr. Williston Fish, of Chicago. It is so beautiful that we esteem it a privilege to reprint it for the benefit of our readers. We are indebted to a reprint of it in the *Boston Transcript* for our first acquaintance with it.—Editor.]

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest which I know in law and recognized in the sheepbound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this will. My right to live, being but life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children exclusively, but only for the terms of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to

children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons, where ball may be played; all pleasant waters, where one may swim; all snowclad hills, where one may coast, and all streams and ponds, where one may fish or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of care.

Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without title or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.



REACHED a Highland village after a long tramp over mountains and through deep shaded valleys. I lodged in a typical peat-lighted, straw-covered, turf-and-stone house. It was a long, narrow structure, divided into three rooms by two board fences. One end comprised the bedroom; the middle part with its peat fire which sent up blue columns of smoke among the soot-covered rafters was the living room, and the other end was occupied by the sheep in winter, by the cows for nine months each year, and by the hens all the year round.

As I entered the house the cow was nosing some potatoes which were in a pot on the clay floor beside the fire, while the hens, roosting on one of the fences, had their wings slightly raised and their beaks open because of the intense heat and the peat smoke that pervaded the house. It was a savoury habitation. I sat down on a pile of peats with my back to one of the board fences, and just a little out of the cow's reach. A bench was my bed for the night. I slept between the fences.

I was soon rudely awakened by the unearthly call of chanticleer just over my head. Thrice he blew his bugle and thrice his seeming challenge was answered. It seemed to me an unearthly hour for a cock to crow. So did it to my host. Whispers and moans came from the bedroom side of the fence. Then a pale face appeared in the gloom.

"Which way is he looking?" asked a female voice in subdued tones.

"South," answered the pale face.

"Ochone! Has it come to this? Has it come to this? Ochone!" moaned the female.

"It's poor Dugal? I'll be thinking," said the pale face in tones of resignation not unmingled with terror as it disappeared

in the dark. I was left alone between the fences. The place seemed uncanny. A creepy feeling stole over my body.

The mystery was cleared up next day when my hostess, with her head through a hole in the thatch in the cow end of the house, gossiped with her neighbor, who had her head through the bedroom end of her house. I learned that the rooster was only announcing the angel of death on the previous night.

"And did ye no' hear about Rory Ban?" asked Mrs. McTavish with eyes bulging like a choking rat.

"No," answered my hostess catching her breath.

"Well," said Mrs. McTavish confidently, "Rory was 'under a procession.' All was dark; all marched silently until they reached the middle of the stream where it enters the Ghost Cove. Then all disappeared an 'Rory got home perspiring, an' wi' eyes flashin' like lightnin'."

My hostess' hair seemed to bristle as she exclaimed, "A-ah!" or "Ochone!" I must confess that my blood thrilled as I listened to the uncanny story.

It almost pained me. Then I felt drained as if a wave had left me high and dry on a wintry beach. The muscles of my face were drawn, and I thought my hat hung on a hair. Of course I was young and inexperienced, and did not know the spirit of the mountains, or the whisperings of the valleys; but I got an insight into a region hitherto unknown to me. Subsequent events seemed to prove the validity of "second sight."

Dugald did die that day. I shall never forget his funeral. Maenab and I stood beside a straw stack in the yard. And what trouble that funeral caused the village carpenter. His workshop was the scene of wierd doings that night. He failed to leave his tools in their proper position, with the result that he had to rise three times in the night to stop the planing, the chiselling and the hammering of supernatural agents, as well as to lock the trunk where Dugald's shroud was kept. The shroud had to be removed and put into the rough casket. Everybody accepted the truth of this story.

After singing a doleful Psalm in Gaelic one of the elders prayed. And what a prayer! Who could analyze it!—especially as uttered in Gaelic! The elder “chimed every bell in his steeple.” He played on the chords of the soul with a delicate touch and with a wailing voice and quick turn of expression that sent a quiver through the assembled mourners. One moment it was the expression of thanksgiving, the next profound reverence, and again it sounded like the wail of a lost soul. There was the mingling of the waters, the lapping of the ocean against the crags, the thundering of mighty billows in granite caves, the rippling of the streamlets, the howl of the gale, the woe of ages, and the triumphant note of the conqueror. It concluded with an appeal to divine pity and mercy. I shall never forget it.

Soon after a shriek pierced the ether, and rent the heavens. Dugald’s wife was on her knees and thumping the rude box with the palms of her hands as she wailed and writhed in agony. The “chest” was “lifted” and placed on the stretcher outside, bearing the marks of the storm. I felt that the bottom had fallen out of the universe, and that there was no God.

The cemetery was on a wooded island in the middle of a lake. A mile of water had to be navigated. The unique cortege of eleven small boats looked like a wild duck with her precious young brood. At the grave an elder spoke as if his words came from the depths of a cavern under his native hills:

“If a man die shall he live again?” Ah, that was the question. “I am the resurrection and the life.” What could that mean? Deep chests heaved and lips were compressed as the men stood, cap in hand, looking at the casket, then at each others’ grave faces, then at the sky, while the bearded ones solemnly stroked their chins. Deep sighs were heard at decorous intervals, and after the brief service at the grave-side there was much shaking of heavy heads, and curious comments regarding the departed’s place of abode. He lived not well, they thought. Ah, he might have lived better. Where can he be?

In the company was a shepherd in knickerbockers, a blazing

red waistcoat, and a pair of heather-dyed stockings without soles, which were held in place by a loop strung round the middle toe of each foot. One of the pallbearers accosted him, saying:

"Man, Donal', I am verra sorry ye didna change yer dress."

This was very presumptuous interference.

"Change! I couldna," answered the shepherd.

"But ye micht hae put on a black waistcoat to show respect for the departed."

"Black weskit," repeated Donald. "Respect for the departed!" Passions dark and deep chased each other across his face like clouds before a coming storm. Yet the shepherd seemed more pained than angry. Tenderness and gallantry peeped through the far-sighted eyes under the bushy brows. His Gaelic mind answered in semi-Sassenach:

"Dougal', man, what maitters the colour o' the weskit sae long as the heart is black?"

The question seemed to strike the death-knell of mere form, and to bring reality to the place of supremacy; for the inquisitive Highlander joined his fellows with an air of having been solemnly rebuked.

But Macnab on hearing the gallant shepherd's reply fell over a horizontal gravestone with suspicious swiftness, rending a prominent garment in his fall. He was somewhat upset, and so was my gravity in spite of the solemnity of the occasion. The Highlanders noticed our levity, and rebuked us with dignified looks.

It was now dusk. We returned to the "clachan" leaving the Highlander asleep in his water-lapped island home under the shade of pines while the loon gave out its unearthly notes under the shadows of the adjacent mountains.

M. MACLEOD, '14.

BUSINESS VS. SENTIMENT.



SITUATED midway between the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, just east and north of Lake Ontario, lie the Rideau Lakes. These lakes have been formed by a slight depression of the land, making the water shallow, but clear as crystal. There is a perfect network of rivers and creeks, streams and lakes, covering many square miles of country. The quietness of the country and the excellent opportunities for sailing and fishing attract many visitors for the summer months; and it was because Mr. Jenkins, of Kingston, needed just such a place to rest in after a strenuous year of business, that he had rented a house and brought his family up here to spend the summer.

Mr. Jenkins was a man who put every ounce of his strength into his business while in town, but who, when on his holidays, relaxed absolutely, and gave himself up to whole-souled enjoyment and rest. He found that his cottage was not far from the house of a farmer by the name of Roberts, and Mr. Jenkins was already smiling to himself at the thought of buying farm produce at first hand and escaping the exorbitant city prices. Mr. Roberts was, of course, very much pleased to be of any assistance to Mr. Jenkins, but the city gentleman was astounded to find that he had to pay more than in the city. Mr. Roberts was Scotch, and would be described by the cautious people of his native land as being somewhat "near," for any generosity which he did possess extended very little farther than himself. The farmer explained that if goods were brought from the city the cost of freight would have to be added, and although Mr. Jenkins assured him that he intended to buy where no freight charge was necessary, yet the farmer was obdurate and held to his price. Mr. Jenkins' cottage was far from the railway, and to bring the goods from the city was out of the question, and accordingly the

price demanded had to be paid with as good a grace as possible. The two men were always on the best of terms, but the city man could not suppress an inward longing to requite the farmer in some way for his sharp dealing.

Now Mr. Roberts had quite a number of hens—not Bantams, Plymouth Rocks, or Wyandottes—but just everyday common hens. Mr. Jenkins had a dog—not a Dachshund, Russian Hound, or Mastiff, but just an ordinary everyday dog. There may not seem to be anything peculiar about these two facts, but yet a resultant of these facts gave Mr. Jenkins the opportunity he so ardently longed for.

One evening as Mr. Jenkins was having his evening smoke and chatting with a friend, Mr. Orme, there arose a great commotion at the back of the house. Presently Mrs. Jenkins appeared, followed by a most ashamed-looking dog. The poor creature must have been into mischief, for he crept whiming under his master's chair. Mrs. Jenkins explained that Towser had been out foraging and had come back with two of Mr. Roberts' hens, the remains of which were at present scattered around the field at the back of the house. At the thought of little Towser having the daring to rob a hen-coop, Mr. Jenkins took to laughing and stopped only when his wife informed him that Mr. Roberts would likely be very angry.

"Very well, my dear," said the merchant good-naturedly, "Mr. Orme and myself will go over in the morning and square up with Roberts."

It was, therefore, arranged that immediately after breakfast the two men would go over to see Roberts.

The next morning the two friends set out, and on the way over to the farmer's, Mr. Jenkins took the opportunity to enlighten Mr. Orme about the predominating qualities in Mr. Roberts' nature, adding that he feared it would be necessary to pay considerably more than the actual value of the hens which Towser had seen fit to appropriate to himself. On their arrival at the farm-house the farmer bade the men "good morning," and Mr. Jenkins immediately launched out upon the subject.

"Mr. Roberts," he said, "I find that Towser has been over here and relieved you of two hens."

"Ah, yes—yes," said the farmer, "and such hens, too. Plump and fine layers. It was a great pity to lose them."

"Yes, it's too bad," agreed Mr. Jenkins, "but——."

"And we had had them so long," the farmer continued. "Why, we used to call them by name. Summer and winter, year in and year out, we could count on an egg a day from each of them."

It was only too clear to Mr. Jenkins that Roberts was merely enlarging on the merits of these particular hens to get a bigger price, and he scarcely knew how to continue. But Roberts had not yet finished, and he went on in a sorrowful voice—

"Yes, an egg a day! Fine plump hens! Do you know, they just used to come right into the house and pick up crumbs off the floor."

"Just like losing one of the family," murmured Mr. Orme, who was looking very sympathetic.

"Ah, yes, the wife takes it hard," he said, and then continued for the space of five minutes telling of the wonderful abilities and fine qualities of those particular hens. Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Orme listened quietly, sympathetically, throughout the entire recital, and at the close Mr. Jenkins stepped forward and said in a trembling voice, although the twitching of the corners of Mr. Orme's mouth showed that the trembling was not caused by sorrow:

"Forgive me, Mr. Roberts. Of course I never realized for a moment how you were attached to those hens, or I would not be here now. I had come over to make restitution, but I see now that it is a place where money counts as nothing. Of course, I could not attempt to make good to you by money such a loss as this. Your hand, sir, you have my sympathy." And with this the two men turned and left the farmer staring after them as they walked slowly down the road.

Around the turn that hid them from the farm-house the two friends stopped and looked at each other. Suddenly they burst

out laughing, and peal followed peal, until the tears ran. Finally Mr. Orme recovered himself sufficiently to say :

"Yes, sentiment's all right, but it doesn't work in business."

R. R. Mcgregor. '16.

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.



THE traveller from the Occident, journeying through India, is likely to have brought to his notice many sights and customs which to him seem strange and even primitive. Let him remember, however, before sitting in judgment, that India is a distinctly Oriental country and is, therefore, correspondingly slow to adopt new ideas. Nor will he find these strange characteristics dull, but rather, they will be full of interest to the one who is ready to meet half way the discomforts which may be involved.

One of the strangest things to him will be the different ways of getting over the ground. A horse and carriage, or an auto, is very common in Canada; but no such good luck falls to the lot of the traveller in India. He must take the ox-cart or "vandy." This vehicle has a flat board-bottom with a palm-leaf mat woven over an arch of bamboo as a covering. A scanty sprinkling of straw is scattered over the boards to insure comfort in the absence of springs. This chariot of ease runs on two large, heavy wheels and is drawn by a pair of oxen. On account of the excessive heat, it is almost impossible for the white man to travel by day. Necessarily, therefore, he prefers the night. This, however, has its disadvantages, as he soon finds.

For a while he tries to settle himself comfortably so that he will not feel the jolting of the cart. First he tries to sit up and immediately bumps his head against the top; then he lies down and finds, unless he is very short, he must let his feet project at

the back of the cart. Feeling that this is not gentlemanly, he again sits up, with the same result as before. At last he decides it is useless and, resolving to abandon all propriety, either sits silently enduring all bumps or lies in a position which he is deeply thankful no friend can see.

Then his notice is suddenly attracted to the slow rate of progress and, rousing up to hurry the driver, he finds him fast asleep. A good deal of shaking and more shouting will at last awaken the native enough to make him violently seize and twist the tails of the ozen, enforcing the action by loud cries of "Hoyeh, Hoyeh." Having thus performed his duty, the driver speedily goes off to slumberland again. After going through this ceremony every half hour or so for the space of eight or ten hours, the traveller at last reaches his destination, glad to find that he has arrived two minutes before train time.

But there is no rest for the weary on that train. In his compartment are seven other individuals from every tribe and caste in India. If he is not too tired he will find it most interesting to watch his neighbours; and tired indeed is he who can sit bolt upright on a hard bench and sleep.

With great relief he at last hears his station called. On alighting he finds a couple of boys with jinrickshas awaiting passengers. He hails one of them and, getting in, soon finds himself running along in this light two-wheeled cart with a boy trotting ahead pulling it. He goes to a good hotel in the place and spends the rest of the night and the next day resting.

But again he sets out for the hills, this time by boat. The boats are built as much like a house as possible, and are therefore called house-boats. In these boats people often live comfortably for a considerable time. Though they are very slow, the traveller finds this one of the most comfortable ways of travelling in India. The boats are not run by steam, but are pulled by natives who walk on the bank and, by means of ropes attached to the boat, tow it along. One of the clearest pictures left in the stranger's mind will be a vision of himself sitting on the deck of the little house-boat while the rhythmic sing-song of the coolies

rings in his ears as they tug at the ropes and gradually pull the boat up the canal. After a day or two of this kind of travelling, he finds he has arrived at the place where he must again take the train. Having at last arrived at the foot of the hills, he stops to make arrangements for going up. He finds a party is to start the next morning, and decides to join it.

On reaching the place agreed upon as a starting point, what is his astonishment to find about half a dozen arm-chairs and about two dozen wildly gesticulating natives standing around. At first he does not know what to do, but, following the example of the others, he seats himself in one of the chairs. Then he notices that a long pole has been run through each arm. In a few minutes he sees the natives make a wild rush toward the different chairs, a native going to each end of each pole. If he finds two sets of natives come clamouring to him, he need not flatter himself on his good looks but on the fact that he is small and light.

A story is told of a pretty lady who was much disturbed because all the other chairs in the party were carried off, but she and her chair were left. The natives had wisely decided that her pretty face offered small compensation indeed for the very considerable avordupois which they would be obliged to shoulder.

Each man shoulders his end of the pole and swings off on the long zig-zag journey up-hill. The path winds around the base of the hill, going always higher and higher till at last the summit is attained. Having at last reached his final destination, the stranger settles down for a peaceful summer in the coolness of the hills.

MURIEL STILLWELL, '16.

A SUMMER IN THE SADDLE, OR THE EXPERIENCES
OF A B.A.

EXPERIENCE has taught me that when one draws a conclusion from outward appearances he is often mistaken. One would almost naturally infer from the title of this paper that the experiences here related are those of the proud possessor of a degree in Arts. He might also think that the time was spent riding horseback, presumably in the West, since riding is scarcely indulged in in Ontario. Both conclusions are wrong. The B.A. is none other than the much-maligned, though humble, book agent, and the saddle is that of a bicycle.

Though the financial inducements offered were in themselves attractive, it was difficult to be persuaded to canvass. Besides the mere monetary returns, the opportunity was given of seeing the country and studying that side of life which is seldom seen. But the very thought of canvassing was repugnant. This was due to my hazy and entirely erroneous ideas. Now I realize that canvassing, or successful salesmanship, is an art, a science.

Canvassing is a great education. The agent, or, as he prefers to be called, the representative, is thrown on his own resources. He must depend entirely on his wits to provide his wherewithal. The book agent is almost invariably regarded with distrust, and his difficulty lies not so much in proving the merits of his work as in convincing the public that his intentions are good. When he has removed all doubts as to his character, the rest is comparatively easy.

There is a large field open here to the student of psychology. Scarcely two persons can be approached in the same way. Methods which are singularly successful in one case or district are disastrous in another. He sees that people largely think

alike or guide themselves by the actions of their neighbors. This is evinced by the fact that at times practically all the people of a locality fall victims to his persuasive eloquence. In another district his efforts are in vain. This is not that the public do not need or cannot afford the work he has for sale, but because someone didn't start to buy.

The methods of the representative, like the colors of the chameleon, are many and constantly changing. I have seen an agent rock the cradle and keep the flies from baby's face. At another time, in order to ingratiate himself further, he entered into an exhaustive exposition on bicycles and their accessories. Finally the patching of a puncture paved the way for a sale. Sometimes the appearance of anything that suggested an agency was the signal for a violent outburst against all agents. After a condemnation of their ways and means, the tirade usually concluded with an expression to the effect that no agents could do any business there. After the harangue ceased there usually was a sale. I have learned that often those who are at first the most bitterly opposed are usually the easiest people with whom to deal. Perhaps the hardest subjects are the apathetic. A method for such as are convinced of the merits of the proposition, yet for some inexplicable reason hold back, is to stop and abruptly switch the discussion, or make a request for information or a glass of water. In the interval the subject seems to forget his opposition or lethargy and the order is secured.

The representative is further educated by getting an insight into Canadian home life. It is interesting and profitable. Sometimes the wife is the dominating figure and the husband can do nothing without "seeing the woman." The reverse is true also. On the farm, those who at one time were practically isolated have become, through rural mail delivery and the telephone, conversant with the latest news. Some, however, are woefully ignorant. In one instance, in a discussion of church union, one man ended the discussion by saying that union would result in better paid ministers and—here was the *coup de grace* of his argument—the members would need to contribute only one dollar a

year to their support. Another emphatically affirmed that reciprocity—which is not yet a dead issue in the West—was only a scheme of France to get Canada away from England. Fortunately, such cases are rare.

One common tendency of the farmers is to exaggerate the difficulties under which they work. Usually they maintain that they are down-trodden, that crops are the worst in years, and hired men are unavailable, or else useless. It was quite a shock to hear one say he was actually making money.

A summer so spent is especially valuable to the student. In addition to gaining a knowledge of parts of the country and the conditions of the people, he learns how to meet men and size them up quickly. He learns how best to take advantage of or overcome their prejudices. In addition to what an agent receives there are many opportunities to do good. Fast and true friendships are also formed, and then

“Lull’d in the countless chambers of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.”

P. P. ZIEMANN, '16.

A NEW CHARADE.



E print below three different forms of the same charade, the answer to which will be found to be a familiar word of two syllables. Next month we shall give the answer in rhyming lines. In the meantime we hope that our readers may try to guess the answer. We shall print the names of all who solve the problem. We copy both charade and answer from the *Boston Transcript*.

I.

When Jason took his crew aboard the Argo
And sailed away for distant Colchis' strand,
With high resolve to bring back wool for cargo,
My last he left behind, and native land.

Bent on my whole, and on the sweeping oar,
Stout hearted, beyond power of storm to frighten,
E'en as he faced the Caledonian boar,
Fearless he heard my first of thund'rous Triton.

II.

Sometimes, like Wordsworth, have I wished to be
A pagan, suckled in a creed outgrown;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea
Or hear my wreathed first, by Triton blown,
Saluting Phoebus dying at his goal,
While all my gory last acknowledges my whole.

When you give up and ask an answer sent,
Plainly upon my whole you are not bent.

III.

Lying inert upon a distant shore,
My first, once castle of a monster small,
Echoes within itself the ocean's roar,
As once it echoed with the Triton's call.

If Mr. Weller, cheerful in his grief,
Pounding the shepherd for libations past,
Got ripped in raiment, it is my belief
He called the injured article my last.

Care killed a cat—and care was killed by music;
Same day a strain may make or me or you sick;
And once a king got out of sorts—poor soul—
When nothing more existed for my whole.

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VOL. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 3

Editorial Notes.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES involved in a McMasterite's conception of Christmas are so peculiar that we feel at a loss to fitly voice the sentiment of our constituency at this season. The regulation editorial flim-flam would be ludicrous. Perhaps the best we can do is to join with our readers in the fervent hope that the Christmas Star, as it fades into the dawning of the New Year, will leave as few little orphans as possible to interfere with our plans and consume our time and substance.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. E. FREEMAN. '14.

"Wisely and slow; they tumble that run fast."



HERE grow around our halls certain species that are distinct and unmistakable. Ever since the foundation these types have been existent in our midst, and have been recognized by everyone. It may be that these characteristics are natural occurrences in any complex student body, or it may be that they have been handed down from year to year.

We all know the type that, in the everyday vernacular, is designated "knocker." We read perversity in his eyes even before he speaks. In committee meetings, class meetings, general meeting, and, in fact, wherever two or three are gathered together there is he in their midst. He argues, opposes or contradicts upon every possible occasion. Who is there that can fail to recognize the "fusser"? His name is emblazoned on the smoothness of his countenance, on the crease that never leaves his trousers, and the perpetual shine that illuminates his shoes. He is never in his room when we call around at night. In the daytime he may be seen hovering round the telephone booth or the ladies' room door; in the evenings you must seek him at the theatre, in church, or on the rink. Then there is the "Theologue," you know the kind, who is possessed of an insatiable thirst for evangelistic services, prayer meetings and missionary journals; who looks with disapproval on the Nip and Tuck and condemns *Life*. There is the "plugger"; he is thin and pale; his feet are cold, his head is hot; his days are filled with labor; his nights devoid of sleep. We see him pattering down the hall, a green shade over his eyes and staggering under a stack of books. There are more; you know them, surely—the Freshman green, the solemn Senior and all the rest.

But what of all these fellows crammed with new ideas and methods? Shall we add them to the list? Consider for a moment the innovations that have been proposed of late. There is a

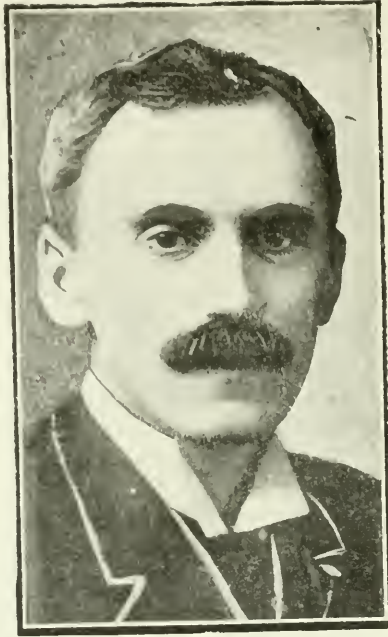
Liberal Club, Social Dinner Club, Donkey Club, a Students' Parliament, a barber shop, a billiard room, a co-operative society, a smoking room, new colors, a new yell, a University pin, a reformed Founders' Night, a reorganized Debating Union, a reorganized Lit—but stay, we will not name them all. Though this may be no new spirit, it has this year increased in strength, and we see in it an evidence of a wholesome desire for progress. We would suggest, however, that these measures be brought forward for consideration, one by one, and with due regard to existing conditions.

FOUNDER'S NIGHT.—A change was introduced this year, and the tickets, instead of being distributed freely, were sold at fifty cents. This lessened the disagreeable crowding of former years, and made the evening more enjoyable. A cordial welcome was extended to all by Dr. and Mrs. Farmer, Mr. Merritt and Miss B. S. Farmer at the chapel door. The reception hour passed so quickly that many did not awake to the fact that it was already over, until after the second promenade. Soon, however, everything was going smoothly; and the visitors with cheerful faces, and steps electrified by the music of the orchestra, wandered out to inspect the decorations of the rooms.

Brilliant lights cast upon red hangings gave to the Seniors' Room an air of enchantment. The long arms of a windmill illuminated with lights of various colors swept the air silently and majestically, while a large electric sign flashed intermittently the figures 1, 4, 14. The Juniors converted the Ladies' Room into a Dutch dwelling. Here was the humble cottage of Katrina, who viewed her unabashed intruders with suspicious mien. Beyond, there lay a meadow and a windmill, encircled by a canal whose glassy surface reflected the stars that shone above in the varying hues of heaven. This room was the winner of the prize, and derived a great deal of its popularity from the dimness of the lights, and its shaded cosy-corners. The Sophomore imagination carried them to the Orient, and they fitted out a Chinese tea-room, with every potatory requisite—John Chinaman alone omitted. Year '17 represented a garden. Profusion of pine and palm and mossy bank displayed a genuinely rustic scene, and lent a delightful aroma of the woodland. In the reception room Theology installed the cabin of a monk and a modern study. In the former stood a ponderous dusty tome; in the latter a well-filled library of books. Amidst these interesting surroundings

the visitors spent a pleasant evening, and departed shortly before midnight, leaving the halls deserted.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE BANQUET.—The annual Freshmen-Sophomore banquet was held this year on Thursday evening, November 13. McConkey's best room was requisitioned for the



MR. N. W. ROWELL, K.C.,

who addressed the McMaster Literary Society on Friday evening, Dec. 12th, on the subject: "Social Reform in Great Britain and Ontario."

purpose. The Sophomores and McConkey combined well to honor and make happy the Freshmen on this occasion. The menu-cards were sufficiently Frenchy, informing, and promising in general. And the banquet itself far from belied the promise. The different Years in Arts and the student body were repre-

sented by their respective presidents and vice-presidents. Supper over, H. McLarty, president of Year '16, welcomed the guests, and proposed a toast to His Majesty, George V., appropriate response to this being made by all present. The toast to the Freshmen Class followed, given by J. Linton, '16, in his humorous and helpful manner, and was responded to by D. D. Hurst, Year '17's genial president. Then R. R. Macgregor, '16, rendered with fine touch an instrumental solo. P. P. Ziemann, '16, was at his best lauding The Faculty and proposing a toast in their honor, while Professor Findlay, the Sophomore honorary president, in responding, spoke likewise to advantage. P. G. Buck, '16, was at home in the subject of The Ladies, to whom he proposed a toast, response to which, in an admirable little speech, was made by Miss R. Macklem, '16. Then, in fittingly warm and eulogistic words, E. Bates, '16, proposed "Alma Mater." The response to this was made, in characteristically terse and informing manner, by Professor G. H. Campbell, honorary president of the Freshman Class. The informal half-hour with which the evening concluded made still more possible the desirable degree of mutuality in acquaintanceship and interest between the two Years. And the success of the function as a whole along that line was remarkably gratifying to all concerned.

WE ARE PLEASED to note that the exchange shelves in the Reading Room have been set in order and neatly labeled. This ought to encourage the reading of our contemporaries, a thing which we believe has been but slightly indulged in, in the past.

PROF OF LATIN :—And Daedalus fell into the sea with a deep, dull thud.

INTER-COLLEGE DEBATE—WYCLIFFE VS. MCMASTER.—On November 18th these two old rivals, veterans of many a well-fought fight, met again in Castle Memorial Hall, in mortal combat. The result—*horresco referens*. The Mac. men were early in the gallery to welcome the guests with shout and song—and comment. The kindly interest of the fellows in greeting each couple as they came and in instructing the ushers where to seat them clearly showed their deep consideration. The arrival of the Wycliffe men set the ball rolling, and the hall was regaled with a choice assortment of cheers and yells, and songs of the usual modest and retiring tone. Shortly after eight, President Morrison and the

debaters filed slowly and impressively in, and took their seats upon the platform. Mr. K. H. Kingdom, '14, rendered a piano solo in beautiful style. Mr. Williams, of Wycliffe, then opened the debate for the affirmative; "Resolved: That the proposed Workmen's Compensation Act of Ontario should include the requirement that workmen contribute to the accident fund." He was supported by Mr. A. C. S. Trivett, M.A., while the negative was upheld by Messrs. E. H. Locke and C. V. Farmer, of McMaster. The debate which followed was keenly contested and extremely interesting to the slightly excited audience. All the debaters spoke well, but it was unfortunate that McMaster spent considerable time refuting an argument which the affirmative never touched upon. The debate hinged upon the question as to who would bear the cost of compensation. They both agreed that it would increase prices. The negative, however, threw the burden on the consumer, while the affirmative turned it back upon the workman, because of the resulting decrease in demand. This argument McMaster did not meet and the judges, the Hon. Mr. Speaker Hoyle, Justice Middleton and Professor Robert Law, gave the victory to Wycliffe. Needless to say, we were disappointed; the shield will have to stay away from Mac, until we regain it once again next year. But we are proud of the men who debated; they did their best and brought credit to the University.

At the Nip and Tuck which followed the debate, there were speeches given by prominent graduates, full of hope and optimism for the future. As the President of the Lit. remarked, using the words of Laurier, "We are more glorious in our defeat, than they in their victory." Let us hope that the days that are to come will justify these words.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—On Tuesday evening, November 25th, after a most enjoyable supper, Mr. W. M. Holten of the New York Municipal Survey, gave a short address to the Social Science Club. Mr. Holten outlined the history and work of the survey. He pointed out that it is strictly non-political and devotes its chief attention to criticism. His remarks upon its work in many cities of the United States, and its influence towards the promoting of better city government were very interesting. This organization has made a survey of Toronto and its report will be read with interest by all who had the privilege of being present the other evening. Mr. J. E. Knott,

the newly-elected president of the club, presided at this meeting. We were honored also by the presence of the lady members upon this occasion. The luncheons or suppers in connection with the meetings of the club have proved a decided success and to these are due, in a large measure, the popularity of its gatherings.

WE HESITATE TO PRINT the new McMaster yell, yet we feel that its atrocities ought to be revealed. The yell is a parody upon one which a distinguished Senior has composed. The said Senior has set forth thirteen reasons why it should be adopted by the University, but it does not seem to meet with universal favor. Here is the parody:—

McMasters! McMasters! McMasters feeds on hay,
Her brains expand through all the land,
Brethren let us pray!
We'll moan it, we'll groan it,
We'll croak it near and far;
For we are the bums from Toronto!
Mac—mas—tar.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—On November 5th, President Morrison introduced Mr. Dwight Gray of Year '11, who was present for the purpose of giving an illustrated address on road construction. After an instrumental duet by Misses Benner and Grant, Mr. Gray at once proceeded to clear away the illusory masque from his subject, "The Romance of the Road." No! He was no "*voleur de grands chemins*," but simply a road constructor; yet he added to this commonplace subject an unexpected interest, by pictures illustrative of Roman, mediaeval and modern roads. Present indifference to and economic waste in road-making were strongly deprecated. He touched on the life of the laborer and his favorite poet, Robert Service. With reference to the latter, Mr. Gray recited the "Song of the Mouth Organ," which he said was a favorite in the cabins and around the camp-fires. With appreciative applause the lecture closed. The final number on the programme, a recitation by Mr. Philpott, gave a humorous termination to the evening's performance.

On Friday, November 21st, we had the pleasure of hearing two splendid vocal solos from Mr. Beall. Then five Freshettes enacted a pantomime which might have been entitled, "When Mother and Father Go Out." Mr. Renaud favored us with two highly literary readings, at which we could not suppress a smile. Then the lights went out and we listened to a lecture

on "The Castles of Great Britain," delivered by Rev. Judson McIntosh ('00). The illustrations thrown on the sheet were interesting, and we enjoyed the talk and the anecdotes which were related in connection with the various monuments of Ancient Britain. A vote of thanks to Mr. McIntosh was succeeded by a little speech from our President, Mr. Morrison. He thanked the society on behalf of the executive for its co-operation in all the activities of the society that had been thus far entered upon. He also announced the visit of Mr. Rowell, the Liberal leader in the House, which is to take place on Friday, December 12th, and said that the Lit. would be thrown open to all the University and its friends.

MIDNIGHT IN QUEEN'S PARK.

'Tis time those laddies sought their couch,
The midnight owl is screaming,
Nocturnal things are on the slouch,
Diurnal things are dreaming.

Yet still they wandered round the Park,
When suddenly they see,
Two lovers sitting in the dark,
Beside a huge oak tree.

They did not pass, but bawled him out,
I'm sure it was not right,
Until at last a bobbie stout
Came through the mists of night.

They sought McMaster's cloistered hall,
Took shelter 'neath their covers,
And all the while policemen tall
Kept guard around the lovers.

No, friend, their names I'll not disclose,
And yet you ought to know it,
One is synonymous to a dell,
And one an English poet.

W. K., '15.

FYFE DAY.—Lectures were called off from 10.15 a.m., on Thursday, November 13th, the occasion being the first Fyfe Day of the session. Mr. R. A. L. Knight, M.A., President of the Y. M. C. A., presided at the morning meeting. About half the Faculty and one-third of the student body, were present to hear the reports of the delegates, who had attended the Student Conference at Kingston, Ont. Reports of the meetings and impres-

sions received were given by Miss M. Hare, '14, Mr. J. W. Davis, '14, and Dr. R. W. Smith. They spoke to us of the great needs presented and the claim upon the university men and women to meet that need. The chief speaker of the first meeting was the Rev. J. McP. Scott of the Broadview Presbyterian Church, Toronto. He spoke to us of his recent visit to the Far East. It was not the appeal of a missionary, but it was the strong, forceful, telling message of a man who had seen with his own eyes what the Gospel could accomplish in human lives. He urged us to get into close quarters with God on the question of life service.

Dr. Farmer presided at the afternoon meeting and introduced as the speaker for that occasion, Dr. Byron Stauffer, pastor of the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto. Dr. Stauffer brought us a strong message on "The Ideal for Christian Service." It was fresh and vigorous and we enjoyed it. The Evangelistic Band Quartette sang at both meetings.

ECHO FROM THE LAB.—A prominent member of the Home Mission Board, after carefully examining a paramoecium under the microscope, exclaimed: "Huh! Is it any wonder you get typhoid, with those things in your stomach?"

DRAIN-DIGGER IN QUEEN'S PARK, (shouting to his mate, who goes to watch the Freshman-Sophomore scrap at Victoria): "Hey, there, Jack, watch out! They'll take you for a Freshie!"

INTER-YEAR DEBATE.—On Friday, November 7th, the Freshmen defeated Theology in the first inter-year debate, the subject being, "Resolved: That it is in the interests of Toronto for the municipality to accept Sir William Mackenzie's offer for the purchase of the Toronto Electric Light Co. and the Toronto Street Railway Co." Messrs. E. O. Colbeck and W. M. McDonald of Theology upheld the affirmative, opposing Messrs. Dearborn and Foster of Year '17. Although the theologians were the more humorous, it was generally agreed that the judges were right in their decision in favor of the Freshmen. Messrs. Kingdon and Brownlee favored the gathering with piano solos. The judges were Professors Matthews and Kierstead.

FLOUNDERS' NIGHT.—After astonishingly little pushing and cramming, I reached the chapel door. Here I underwent the usual introductory ordeal and succeeded in gaining the interior.

Upon looking around, I discovered to my surprise and joy that the usual Flounders' Night celebration had been changed into a Fancy Dress Ball. I was overjoyed to see that the University had at last succumbed to the attractions of the gay world—enough, at least, to permit the students and their friends to dance within the halls.

I saw on every side a horrible and fantastic nightmare of uncouth costumery. There were characters ancient and modern, historical and mythological, sublime and ridiculous. I beheld antediluvians gaily waltzing with suffragettes,—lilliputians and post-impressionists, brobdignagians and prepaphaeletes,—all the incongruous mixtures under the sun. Amid such startling surroundings the evening flew by on golden wings.

As the enchantment of the kaleidoscopic panorama began to familiarize itself to my imagination, I perceived that in this galaxy of wit and beauty were many distinguished grads and undergrads. I cannot enumerate all the familiar faces that were brought before me. Among the graduates I might mention Harvey Merrill impersonating the Grand Mogul, Mr. E. S. Ayles looked sweet in the guise of Adonis, and Mr. Dwight Gray appeared as Hannibal (who made a road over the Alps).

The chapel floor was nicely oiled and polished and faculty and ladies' rooms were also thrown open to the light fantastic dancers. There were about 500 people present and all enjoyed themselves; nobody seemed annoyed, flustered or lost; it was possible above the hum of conversation and the scuffling of the feet to hear the orchestra now and then. It all seemed wonderful to me, who had been used to the good old days when Flounders' Night was a different sort of thing. Another change I noticed, too: one could tell with little trouble when a dance was finished, for they had installed a bugle-blower who blew a deafening blast at the end of each dance. All this was new to me.

The garbs were variegated both in kind and color, and the characters were both comical and tragic. For instance, there was Jaded M. Orison as Savonarola, W. Smith Ray as Walpole and Carl Farmer as Paderewski. The comedy was also represented in the characters of Messrs. Brembert and Pellock, who were supposed to be Falstaff and Touchstone. Messrs. Brax Mallard and Brambley created a laugh as Jonah and the Whale, and Mr. Isey looked the part of Samson. Mr. Spesley Wentser was noticeable as William Jennings Grape-juice. There were many others, but the list would be too long.

Before long a dishevelled representative of the Tip and Nuck Society tried to nip me for a nickle, which so disturbed my equanimity that my attention was momentarily distracted from the gay throng around me. Soon, however, a commotion in one corner attracted my attention. I saw a crowd listening to Napoleon. He was standing on a hymn book and haranguing them in angry tones. On drawing nearer I saw that it was Fay Kanderson, and I had only time enough to catch the words, "Romans, countrymen and lovers, Life is . . ." when the throng swept me away. I soon recovered, however, and was going over to speak to Alexander the Great, when my foot slipped on the polished floor—and I heard my room-mate say as he shook my arm, "Hey, there, it's time to get up, if you want to get down to breakfast."—*Specially reported.*

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH, Mr. McDonald, President of the Canada Forward Club, and Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, President of the Toronto University Liberal Clubs, addressed the student body in the chapel. Mr. McDonald advocated a deeper interest in and a freer discussion of national problems. Mr. McLaughlin presented to us a proposition that McMaster should unite with Toronto University in attending the meetings of the Liberal Club. The meeting was no doubt highly interesting to all who were Liberals, and there is now a movement on foot amongst us to put Mr. McLaughlin's proposition into effect.

THE SEASON is upon us when the whole of Christendom turns in fancy through the centuries, and like "the star-led wizards, haste with odours sweet upon the eastern road." The festival of Christmas holds in store for each of us some goodly gift of joy. It is in the home that the gladness of the Yule is richest and most blessed; and you that journey thither will surely realize this truth and help to give a special harmony and joy unto this Christmas feast. We extend to all our sincerest wishes for a joyous holiday.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MARY FOWLER, '14.

"All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin."



N A LITTLE HOME—not so small either, perhaps—in one of our Ontario towns, for some weeks preparations have been under way for that day which towers above all others in the year—the day long ago announced by the angels. The mother of the home has been going around with a brighter, cheerier song. In our college, a heart has been beating more quickly. Three weeks until Christmas, and then home . . . two weeks . . . one week. . . . The train will not go fast enough. It is weighed down too heavily with gifts for the home folks, with numerous books,—with piles and piles of books, loose-leaf or otherwise, covered over with odd scrawls, the true meaning of which must at all costs, Christmas or no Christmas, become an integral part of the grey matter of the brain. But away with books for at least the first few days after home-coming. The Yuletide spirit reigns supreme, the spirit of universal joy and happiness, peace and good-will.

We hear much nowadays of the loss of this spirit, and of the turning of this season of the year into a skurry and a bustle, each endeavoring to outdo the other in gift-giving. It has even been said that "the average person uses less sense and good judgment in the purchase of Christmas presents than in anything else." Not so, we believe. The pendulum has already begun its backward swing. One little incident shows what we believe is the spirit of to-day. A pretty little gift was all ready to go to the friend for whom it had been made, yet if received before Christmas it would be of even greater value than if kept hidden away until that day. The result was the gift was sent, and the verdict went forth, "how thoughtful." The old story has not lost its charm, nor the world its spirit, and material as we may be, this one season is sacred to the love spirit, the helpful, unselfish Christ-spirit. To all we wish an abundance of it.

PROFESSOR: "Miss —, how would you pronounce the French word for 'water'?" Student: "E—a—u."

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.—Encouraging reports come from all the divisions of our army. The general policy of late, in many of the fields, has been one of waiting. However, our armies, if not advancing greatly, are holding their own, and strength is being stored up, the results of which will appear later. The detachment commonly known as the Army of the Joyous has essayed to enter one or two new fields, but upon investigation these lands give the appearance of being void and undesirable; so no advance has been made into them. There have, nevertheless, been recorded a number of victories of this corps recently. Perhaps the most signal one was that of November 21st. This campaign was directed against the republic of Dull Care, at the head of which for some time has been President Monotony. On this date the enemy was completely routed. The latest reports state that the troops of the President retired in great confusion before the onslaught of our forces; their complete store of supplies was captured, and a few minutes after the opening of the struggle not a vestige of the enemy remained. This utter annihilation of these foes of ours was celebrated in our camp for the whole of the afternoon and on into the early evening.

It has been found expedient to subdivide the Army of the Plugs into four sub-sections. All of these divisions are planning a vigorous attack on the regions of Ignorance. Section I. will, it is planned, attack from the north and hope to invade the territory occupied by Commanders Livy, Functions and Arguments. A number of sallies have already been made by detached bands into the enemy's territory, but the main attack will come later.

Section II., on the other hand, has been assigned to the south and will advance in force against Generals Ohm, Volt, Erg and Ampere. They will then veer around to the south-east and direct their attack against Generals Hugo and François. With the latter a fierce conflict is expected, and forces are being especially equipped for the battle. Sections III. and IV. will be held in readiness to make flying attacks wherever the battle seems weakest; especially will the reserves be prepared to come to the assistance of Sections I. and II. should it look as though defeat were imminent.

The following report has just been received from our forces on the frontiers of Scheinhigkeit. We give the despatch in full. "A fierce battle is being fought here against the Pretender Indifference, who has been usurping the territory and power of the rightful king, Mission XII. Scouts A. Miller and R. Fowler

returned to give results of their expedition to Kingston, and roused the troops to a great exhibition of zeal. They reported that there was need of immediate and vigorous onslaught, and stirred us by quoting several noted generals who have seen much active service in the field. The work being done under Colonel Ludia was touched upon, and an appeal was made for sharper swords and more spirit in the attack. At the conclusion of these reports, a song of battle was sung and the conflict started. Though the battle still rages victory seems assured."

Since going to press another notable victory has been gained by the Army of the Joyous, namely, the Battle of Founder's Night. Though the help of our allies had to be requisitioned, the victory was so outstanding that great credit is reflected on our troops.

W. L. S.—One of the annual features of the Women's Literary Society has come to be the "Year programmes." Two meetings each term are set aside for this purpose, and the programme is left entirely in the hands of the members of one or other of the Years. The first of these meetings was held on November 7th, when the Juniores had charge of the afternoon's entertainment. Music, elocution, and "up-to-dateness" characterized their programme. The instrumental duet by Miss Margaret Benner and Miss Muriel Draper, the solos by Miss Mayme Gill, and the reading by Miss Margaret Benner all added much to the pleasure of the afternoon. Miss Countess Twiss read "Current Events," which ably reviewed outstanding events of the past two weeks. On that afternoon for the first time we had the delight of being onlookers at a meeting of the Hi-artville Shakespeare Club. It was a clever "hit" at a certain type of women's club, and was well carried out. The various catastrophies which overtook the different members in their attempts to be realistic were highly amusing. It was somewhat disconcerting, however, to have one of the members of the club point directly at those in the front row while declaiming, "What has made *them* drunk, has made *me* strong." It was the privilege—and we use that word with all the meaning that can be put into it—of the society to have as critic of the afternoon, Mrs. Glenn Campbell. Her suggestions were of real worth. Even the adverse criticisms, or should we say especially the adverse criticisms, were gladly received, for they were kindly given and will help to real improvement.

ON FRIDAY, November 14th, Mrs. McNairn entertained the members of the W. L. S. at an afternoon tea in her home on Brunswick Avenue. In the drawing-room, daintily lighted by pink candles, she received, assisted by her sister, Miss Margaret Wilson, her cousin, Miss Wilson, and the Misses Marten and Pearce. Later during the afternoon, Miss Margaret Wilson, in whose honor the tea was held, gave an engaging little reading; and "les fils de la maison," Robert and Norman, also contributed greatly to the pleasure of the guests by their winning ways and words.

ANNUAL RECEPTION.—One of the prettiest events of the term was the afternoon reception given by the Young Women's Christian Association and the Women's Literary Society, to their friends on November 21st. Mrs. McNairn, Honorary President of the W. L. S., and the Misses Hare and McIntosh, Presidents of the Y. W. C. A. and W. L. S., received on behalf of the girls. The only disappointment of the afternoon was that caused by the inability of Mrs. Swedelius, Honorary President of the Y. W. C. A., to assist. While the guests were assembling, the mandolin was softly played by Miss Gertrude Carey, '13, with Miss Margaret Benner, '15, as accompanist. By special request Year '15, under the guise of the Hi-artville Shakespeare Club, entertained those present. After Miss Ruth Fowler had given Scharwenka's "Polish Dance" with her usual interpretative skill, refreshments were served in the Ladies' Rooms. These were prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and smilax. Coffee was poured by the Misses Veals and Miller, Vice-Presidents of the two societies, and by Miss Muriel Draper.

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, even in the midst of a most interesting mathematics lecture, the eyes will sometimes stray to the windows. Curious sights often greet one at such a time, for be it known, S. 18 overlooks the most interesting section of the country anywhere in our vicinity. Some of these spectacles have even been known to inspire one with poetic fire—to the truth of which assertion the following lines found in a Freshette's notebook bear witness:

"On looking at dish towels hanging on a McMaster clothes line, I was moved to say—

"They flap, they flutter,
They've got nothing to do.
Oh, dish towels hanging on the line,
I wish that I were you."

And sadly the towels made answer—

“They crumple me, they rumple me,
They leave me soaking wet.
Ten thousand times in preference
I’d be a gay Freshette.”

Whereupon I fell a-thinking so vigorously that I concluded—

“Every one some part fulfills
In tasks both small and big,
Flap while you may, old dish towels,
I’m going to do my Trig.”

FRAGMENTS.—Each in all the glory of her nice, new, black gown and somebody else’s rather old and battered cap, greeted the arriving guests, and ushered them solemnly and silently down to the cloak room, and then solemnly and silently up again to the chapel. . . . I put the box out on the back porch to keep cool, but whether it was pumps or flowers. . . . Half an hour looking for it, and in her hair all the time. . . . Who is that person who is always chewing gum? . . . We walked right into the room, and the Freshies were having a meeting, or lecture or something Didn’t she look cute pulling the baby along Bloor Street? Even his footsteps have the “professorial” sound. . . . She’s so fond of frogs and snakes. . . . Which is the more usual condition, “the morning after” or the immaculate state? Look at that reporter over there. (Scornfully.) He’s only a Freshie taking notes for an essay. . . . Whose fragments were published after his death. . . . Two chairs, one gown, and one young lady cannot occupy the same place at the same time. . . . Two Seniorettes *running* to an afternoon tea. . . . Oh! she hasn’t fainted. . . .

Athletics.

EDITOR: N. DAVIES, '14.

"Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question but to prove our might."



LAST MONTH it was the unpleasant duty of the editor to chronicle in these pages the defeat of our Rugby team and Intermediate Soccer team in their first games. This month we have the more pleasant task of recording the series of victories which has placed our Senior Soccer team in the finals. In having won out against City Teachers and Varsity II., the former of whom had not lost a game for several years until they lost one to McMaster last year, our team have shown a distinct prowess. With the four-goal lead over O. A. C. our chances look very bright for the championship.

Our team surely deserves rank among the best amateur soccer teams in the city, and were it earlier in the season a very fitting match might be arranged between our team and Varsity I., the Intercollegiate champions.

RUGBY.

INTER-YEAR CONTESTS.—Once more they have made their periodical onslaught; again high hopes have been raised, only to be ruthlessly dashed to the ground at the full-time whistle; many bruises have been given and received and from the mêlée of battle the Juniors rise up, battered, but victorious, having established the claim to the championship. As champions they are the first Year to hold the Year '13 Rugby Cup.

The first game between the Seniors and Freshmen was played early in October, the Seniors winning. Unfortunately it was impossible to play the remaining games until nearly a month later.

The champions met the Sophomores on November 5th, and for the first quarter of the game it seemed doubtful which team would win. The Juniors, however, later on found that their opponents were weak in tackling, and by sending Campbell and Kellock through on runs, steadily piled up a score which gave them the victory.

The championship was decided one week later in the game between the Seniors and the Juniors, when the former abandoned all aspirations to rugby honors in McMaster. By the middle of the third quarter the Seniors had secured one touch and a rough while their opponents had to their credit a score of ten points made by a steady kicking game. Semi-darkness came on about this time, the Juniors held the ball and when the whistle blew they had proved beyond a doubt their claim to the championship, as the score below shows.

The two vanquished aspirants for championship honors, *i.e.*, Year '14 and Year '16, played for second place on November 26th. The Seniors mustered eleven men for the first half and twelve for the second, while the Sophs kindly dropped one man to make the play more even. The score is scarcely a fair indication of the play, for the losers forced the play most of the time. The Sophomores, however, secured a lead early in the game and managed to break up the play of the opposing team at critical and dangerous times and secured the victory by one point. This standing gives Year '16 second place and Year '14 third place in the Inter-Year Rugby series.

The scores of the above games respectively were:

Juniors, 22; Sophomores, 1.

Juniors, 36; Seniors, 6.

Sophomores, 7, Seniors, 6.

The men playing on the various Inter-Year teams above were as follows: SENIORS—Halves, Shannon, Graham; quarter back, N. Davies; scrimmage, Spencer, Rudd, Mitchener; wings, Cutler, Hisey (capt.), Trembert, J. Davies, Knott, Renaud, Rice; flying wings, W. Smith, McWilliams; spare, McLeod. JUNIORS—Halves, Campbell, Farmer, Philpott (capt.); quarter back, Kellock; scrimmage, Spencer, Clark, Ballard; wings, Hawkins, Brian, Hay, Smith, Long, Houlding, Hope, Burridge; flying wings, McKissock, Reids, Riley. SOPHOMORES—Halves, Bates, Coles, Linton; quarter back, Price (capt.); scrimmage, Chisholm, Tyndal, Kemp; wings, MacGregor; spare, Buck.

SOCCER.

WHILE THE McMASTER team won one game and lost one in the series with City Teachers, they easily scored two victories over the Varsity H. team, which also had won from and lost to City Teachers. In the series with Toronto teams our team has lost

but one game, and as champions of this section are playing home and home games with Ontario Agricultural College for the championship of the league.

McMASTER, 3 AND VARSITY II., 0, was the result of the first conflict between these two teams. The game was played on Varsity front campus, Saturday morning, November 15th. Weather conditions were ideal and a large number of spectators gathered from the crowds of passing students. Varsity from the first was put on the defensive, the ball being kept well up into their territory. The first goal came to McMaster early in the half on a combination by Campbell and Linton. The Varsity forwards tried hard to get away, but invariably lost the ball to the opposing backs, who sent it far up field again. The Varsity backs played a very steady game, but McMaster forwards were a little too quick for them, and just before the close of the half Linton slipped in another goal. During the second half Varsity tried to force the play and secured a couple of ineffective shots on goal. McWilliams scored the third for McMaster from a scrimmage in front of the Varsity goal near the end of the half.

McMASTER, 1; VARSITY II., 0.--The two teams met for the final game on Monday night, November 17, on the Varsity rear campus. Two or three changes were noticeable in the Varsity line-up and Browne's place on the home team was taken by Sorton, Stillwell playing on the forward line. The Varsity players were somewhat tardy in arriving, and it was necessary to play 16-minute halves to finish before dark. Varsity team were strengthened by the changes in their line-up and the play and score were more even than in the former game. The first half resulted in no score, though both teams exerted themselves to the utmost. The good work of Varsity backs was, however, largely responsible for this. In the second half McMaster began to show their superiority and soon the Linton-Campbell combination made a count for the "gray and maroon." The game finished without further score. In both the games McMaster men played steady, consistent football and the work of all was uniformly good, Linton, Campbell and McWilliams doing the scoring; while the good work of the backs and of Field in goal was responsible for the failure of Varsity men to score.

McMASTER, 5; ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, 1.—The first of the return games with the Guelph team was played on Varsity

rear campus, Saturday morning, November 22nd, when McMaster secured a four-goal lead. The men of the visiting team were lighter, man for man, than their opponents, and this advantage had an effect before the end of the game. From the first McMaster took the lead, Sorton and Linton each scoring a goal before half time. O. A. C. forwards also put one past Field in the latter part of the half. With the score 2 to 1, the first part of the second half was interesting until McWilliams started the scoring again, when he placed a pretty shot in past the O. A. C. goal keeper. The Guelph forwards played splendid combination, but it was not effective enough to pass the opposing backs; their back field, on the other hand, was weak and McMaster forwards played their usual steady game. The last two goals were scored by Campbell and Linton respectively. The line-up for the games: Goal, Field; full backs, Hisey, Smith (capt.); half backs, Ballard, Browne, Sorton (2nd game), Hay; forwards, McWilliams, Linton, Campbell, Sorton, Stillwell (2nd game), Price.

WOODSTOCK TRIP.—Eight o'clock on Saturday morning, November 8th, found about eighty McMaster men standing in the rain on the Union Station platform awaiting the arrival of the train to bear teams and rooters to Woodstock College. Though outside the car the rain made things dismal and dreary, inside everyone was kept in good spirits by the numerous selections rendered by the band. These were much appreciated, though often rudely interrupted by the ardent exponents of the "passing game," or the spontaneous outbursts of the "poetic club" at the back of the car. The President of the Nip and Tuck Society also made a decided "hit" in his attempt to sell chocolates. At Woodstock, the College had turned out in full force, in spite of the rain, to welcome the visitors. Yells were given, then the combined forces, headed by the band, paraded the town and upon the market square each faction tried to out-yell the others. The return parade brought all to the College, where kind hospitality was afforded by the students. The teams were entertained at the school and during the dinner hour speeches were given by Woodstock presidents and captains, and responded to by those holding corresponding offices in McMaster.

SOCCER: McMASTER, 0; WOODSTOCK, 0.—The soccer game played at 11.30 was well contested, but lacked all the qualities of an interesting game because of the rain, which made things

very disagreeable for the onlookers and doubly difficult for the players. The ball was heavy and the ground slippery, making it impossible for either forward line to work up any combination, most of the play being individual work. The backs of both teams played well, while Field and McGregor both did good work in goal. On the wet field the teams were fairly matched and the result shows their relative strength.

Line-up—Goal, Field; full backs, Hisey, Smith (capt.); half backs, Ballard, Hay, W. Smith; forwards, McWilliams, Linton, Campbell, Sorton, Price.

RUGBY: McMASTER, 42; WOODSTOCK, 16.—This game was played in the afternoon, immediately after a game between the Woodstock Seconds and Appleby College—which the former won easily. The rain had ceased and the field was considerably drier than for the morning's game. The McMaster line was considerably heavier than that of the Collegians and the weight soon told. During the first quarter McMaster made all the points, and throughout the ball was at Woodstock's end of the field. Early in the next period Campbell carried the ball over for a try. Woodstock then rallied and in a few moments made two touches and a rouge. The rest of the scoring until near the end of the game was all done by the McMaster men, who played a clever game, seldom having any mistakes in their plays. For McMaster, Campbell, Hisey, Kellock and Hawkings were responsible for points, and for Woodstock, the quarter back and centre half back.

Line-up—Halves, Shannon, Campbell, Philpott; quarter back, Kellock; scrimmage, Haddow, Fraser, Ziemann; wings, Hay, Hisey, Coles, MacGregor, Graham, Hawkings; flying wings, McKissock, Linton. The return trip was uneventful, though from the small number who returned Saturday night, one might conclude that Woodstock and vicinity has attractions just as great as football games.

MCGILL has annexed the Senior Intercollegiate Rugby honors again this year by the defeat of Varsity in Toronto.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE won the Intermediate Intercollegiate Rugby honors from McGill II. in the finals.

THE MONTHLY extends congratulations to both.

HEARD OF THE SIDE LINES during the soccer match with O.A.C.,—regarding weighty left half of McMaster team, who was having

words with an opposing forward. First Enthusiast: "How can a round man play square?" Second Enthusiast's retort: "If you can't play square you can play round them."

THIS DEPARTMENT wishes all its readers a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and as pleasant a holiday as they can enjoy with the prospect of examinations approaching.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, B.A.



CONSIDERING the difficulty of coming into close personal touch with the graduates, the gradual alienation of one's affections due to contact with the vital problem of making a living, and the progress of similar funds in other institutions of learning, the McMaster Alumni Lectureship Endowment Fund has good reason to give itself a gentle pat on the back. The total amount pledged to date is \$10,319.00, and this amount comes from 168 pledges embracing 206 graduates. Doubtless many are anxious to know how the money pledged is coming in. Thus far the response to the notices sent out by the Secretary has been very encouraging. The amount of cash received from pledges to date is \$2,250.00, and the shrinkage is fairly slight. This money is invested in carefully selected municipal debentures, and at the present time these are considered "gilt-edged," to use the expression of W. L. McKimmon, or A. J. Thomson, or J. B. McArthur, for instance. A few of the graduates pay absolutely no attention to the notices, but doubtless "there's a reason." When the ballots were sent out last June for the Senate election, a letter regarding the Fund was sent to every graduate who had failed to respond to the first three appeals. The sum of \$255.00 has been pledged as a result. This is not a very substantial amount, but it brings 17 additional alumni and alumnae in line with the project. About thirty have written replies stating why they are unable at the present time to send in a pledge, and expressing the hope that in the not too far distant future their names will be found on the parchments of the faithful. We express the

ardent hope, and surely it is not the expression of a fevered imagination, that every graduate who reads these lines and who has not yet written to the Secretary, either with a definite pledge or a word of explanation, will at once shake himself or herself from the lethargy of an easy chair to the willing activities of the ink-pot, and with due deliberation as to the splendid amount and Marathon haste as to the post-box, post-office, or rural route despatch the glad news that another name is to be added to the goodly array of those who have already caught the gleam of this idea and sent the gold to actualize it. Those who responded to the last appeal are as follows: Rev. W. H. Cline, B.D. '85; Rev. James McEwen, B.Th. '94; Fred T. Tapscott, '97; James A. Grant, '00; Claire Hitchon, '07; G. M. Holmes, '12, and the following members of 1913: Elsie Ashall, Gertrude Carey, Minnie Currie, G. M. Goodfellow, Morley Hartley, Letha Kortum, Harvey Merritt, Margaret McDonald, Fred McGregor, F. L. Stacey, and Olive Wilkins.

Send your pledge to Rev. Henry R. Nobles, 586 Clinton Street, Toronto.

STUART J. BATES., B.A., '07, received his Ph.D. from Illinois in 1912 and is this year an Instructor in Chemistry in the University of Illinois. Since obtaining his doctorate he has been active in his own field of Physical Chemistry. Part of his work has been published in the Journal of the American Chemical Society, and the results of some investigations which he carried on during the past summer at the Bureau of Standards, Washington, will appear shortly. Stuart is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the new University Baptist Church organized last year. He is a true son of his father.

J. ERNEST LAYNG, B.A., '09, is assistant in Chemistry in the same institution, and is engaged in a profound research that begins with "Electrolysis" and ends with—Ph.D. Ernie is the same unassuming young man he always was. He is no woman-hater. On the contrary.—*Our Illinois correspondent is responsible for this.*

K. A. CLARK, B.A., '10, has the position of Graduate Assistant in Chemistry. Karl is a valued member of the Physical Chemistry Department and has the honor of tooting a clarinet in the University of Illinois Band, the best amateur organization in the West. He also plays oboe in the University Orchestra. The

oboe is a nice instrument, and a duck's vocal effort is nice too, if one likes it.

H. H. MCGREGOR, B.A., '10, is spending his second year at Illinois, and between eats and sleeps does a little imbibition "stunt" at the keg of learning. His department is Physiological Chemistry, and as near as we can get out of him his research is concerned with the reason for the cause and the wherefore of the why.

R. E. GILMORE, B.A., '11, is a new and very welcome member of the Canuck Club this year. He is a Graduate Assistant in Chemistry.

All of which reflects credit on Prof. J. Bishop Tingle, McMaster's chemistry instructor.

ON THE new Social Service Committee of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec are a number of McMaster graduates, in course and honorary. Prof. J. H. Farmer, LL.D., is chairman. Rev. Dr. W. T. Graham, Th. '89, is vice-chairman, Rev. M. C. McLean, B.A., is secretary, and on the executive committee are Frank Sanderson, LL.D., '09, Rev. W. H. Cline, D.D., '12, Rev. H. R. Nobles, B.A. '06, and Rev. A. L. Brown, B.A. '09. Rev. J. B. Kennedy, Th. '87, is a member of the finance committee.

REV. A. R. PARK, Th. '98, has resigned the pastorate of the Walkerton, Ont., church.

REV. G. H. SNEYD, B.A. '97, has removed from Victoria to Preston, Ont.

REV. CHARLES W. KING, Th. '94, is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Grand Forks, B.C., having resigned his charge at Nelson, B.C.

THE BAPTIST cause in Saskatoon was boomed in Ontario in late November and early December by Rev. E. J. Bridgeman, B.A. '00, who was east trying to interest easterners in real estate held by the Church.

ONE OF McMMASTER's oldest and most loyal friends, Rev. James Grant, who was given the degree of D.D. *honoris causa*, in 1910, has found it necessary through ill-health to resign his pastorate at Dundas. He is the father of Rev. J. A. Grant, B.A. '00, pastor of Wychwood Baptist Church, Toronto, and Charles D. Grant, B.A. '02, one of Edmonton's cleverest lawyers.

W. RAMAGE, B.A. '11, is teaching on the Vancouver High School staff, as is also C. B. Crowe, B.A. '13. R. C. Crowe, B.A. '10, and J. E. Howes, B.A. '12, are studying law in the same city.

ANOTHER McMASTER man who has come to the front in educational circles is Roy D. Echlin, B.A. '01, who until recently was pastor of a Baptist church at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He has now been appointed president of Buena Vista College, Storm Lake, Iowa.

AMONG the competitors for Hart Schaffner and Marx essay contests at the University of Chicago this year was W. J. A. Donald, B.A. '10. The first prize of \$1,000 was won by a Columbia graduate, the second of \$500 by a Cornell graduate, and the third, if there had been one, by Mr. Donald. As it was, he received honorable mention for a paper on "The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry." To stand third in a competition open to graduates of all the American and Canadian colleges is no small honor, and on behalf of Old Mac's graduates the very heartiest congratulations are extended to "Bill," who this year is carrying the whole burden of the department of Political Science and Sociology at McMaster in the absence of Chancellor McCrimmon.

MR. L. S. HAVERSTOCK, B.A. '10, B.Th. '13, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the St. George Baptist Church, in succession to Rev. H. C. Newcombe, B.A.

REV. DR. J. F. VICHERT, M.A. '98, pastor of the First Church, Providence, Rhode Island, has been elected president for the coming year of the State Sunday School Association of Rhode Island.

REV. DR. E. H. OLIVER, M.A. '06 (*ad eundem*), was ordained and inducted to the Principalship of the Presbyterian Theological College at Saskatoon, on the evening of November 4th. For several years Dr. Oliver lectured in history in McMaster University, while pursuing theological studies at Knox College, Toronto.

REV. ALEX. TORRIE, B.A. '02, Calgary, Alta., has resigned his pastorate at Westbourne Park, and will devote his time and energies to evangelistic work, this year at least, in Alberta.

E. DWIGHT GRAY, B.A. '11, is Superintendent of Highway Construction in British Columbia, and was a recent visitor to the old school. That Dwight is bound to become an important factor

in the life of the Pacific Province is shown, not only by the splendid position he now holds, but by an address which he gave to the students in Castle Memorial Hall.

AN AMUSING printer's error crept into last month's column, Rev. A. L. Brown, B.A. '09, being credited with being president of the "Scottish" Worker's Club. It should have read, "Social." "A. L." is a busy man this Christmas, acting the role of Santa Claus to hundreds of Toronto's deserving poor. He is chairman of the Toronto West District Social Conference, and chairman of the Joint Executive Committee of District Social Conferences, which has for its object the elimination of overlapping in the three forms of relief work, fresh air outings, Christmas giving, and family aid. He is about to undertake a new task, that of booming the Walmer Road Baptist Sunday School, which is just about to move into its new building. In A. L.'s case the reward of work well done is truly more work.

LLOYD DOUGLAS JACKSON, B.A. '09, better known as "Sluggar," was married in October to Miss Susannah Watson, of Winnipeg. The best man was J. W. Morrison, who was a member of Class '06, and the ushers E. J. Bingham, B.A. '07, and Everton Miller, B.A. '06, M.A. '08. Lloyd, who is a chemist for the Western Canada Flour Mills, came east to Toronto with his bride and took her through McMaster.

CYRUS S. EATON, B.A., of Cleveland, was a recent visitor to old McMaster. He brought his wife with him, and afterwards took her to Woodstock. "Cy.," who is one of our most successful graduates in the business world, has given Woodstock College a handsome tennis trophy for annual competition. "Cy." is interested in a large number of electric traction franchises in American cities, besides gas franchises in Uncle Sam's domain and in our own northwest.

A GRADUATE who recently took the matrimonial plunge is Francis J. Halbhaus, B.A. '11, who was married on November 26, to Miss Mary Ballantyne, daughter of Rev. Professor Ballantyne of Knox College.

CONTRIBUTIONS to this column, which is yours and for which you should feel responsible, will be welcomed by the editor, J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto. If you have nothing interesting about yourself to tell, you may know something about somebody else. Write now.

Moulton College.

EDITOR: MISS RUTH FAIRBROTHER.



ON Friday evening, November the fourteenth, our annual Class Tea was held. As is the custom, each class—from the wee primary maids to the wise young ladies of the graduating class—decorated tastefully and prettily a table in its own colors. Many guests, including about sixty of the Alumnae, made the occasion a still more happy one.

At the close of the feast, Miss Keirstead, the President of the Fourth Year, and the gracious toast-mistress of the evening, called upon the representatives of the different classes to speak. Miss Van Zant of the Primary Class, told us of "Fairies" and their strange ways; Miss Fleck of the Preparatory Class spoke on "Living Punctuation Marks." First Year and Second Year were represented by Misses Booth and Gilmour in their bright speeches, "The Green and the White" and "Luck." Miss Daly of the Third Year, in her speech, "The Year Eighteen Eighty-eight"—the year in which this College was founded—proposed a toast to our Moulton mother, which was responded to most heartily by all. Miss Postill, representing the Seniors, in her speech, "Exits and Entrances," portrayed the hopefulness and optimism of her class.

Other speakers of the evening were Dr. Hohman, Dr. Farmer and Dr. Bates. Each gave a message of cheer and inspiration. Greetings from Miss Thrall, who is in the South land, were received enthusiastically. Immediately at the close of the speeches, the guests were entertained in the chapel by a most interesting programme.

Woodstock College.

EDITOR: WM. E. HICKS.



THE first meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on Thursday afternoon, November 27, when we were treated to a very fine address on Nehemiah, by Rev. Mr. Philpott of Hamilton. The meeting was also favored by a solo from Mrs. T. R. Wilkins. Mr. Philpott also took the prayer service in the evening, giving an address on the miracle at Cana of Galilee. Both of these services were well attended by both faculty and students.

ATHLETICS.—The College Senior rugby team journeyed to Guelph on Saturday, November 15th, to play the O. A. C. second team. After a hard game the wearers of the "gold and purple" retired, defeated by 20 to 13, final score. The line-up was as follows: Backs, Gregory, Gordon and Morgan; flying wing, Firstbrook; quarter, Bowron; scrummage, Schell, Laird and Bain; wings, Wallace, Hughes, Scott, Reid, Dyer and Shields.

On the same day our Faculty basketball team played representatives of the O. A. C. teaching staff. The game was too one-sided to be very interesting, as our men simply walked through the other side. The final score was 45 to 18.

THE WINTER will soon be upon us again, and so naturally our minds are turning towards hockey. We are fortunate in having a few men with us who have already played in junior O. H. A. hockey. Others there are who are quite capable of holding their own in the game, and so the College felt justified in entering a team in the O. H. A. league.

The boys are already in training and we are looking forward confidently to having a good hockey season. Much of the success of a team depends on the support which it receives, and the College representatives are assured of hearty support from the entire student body.

Here and There.

EDITOR: DAVID M. SULLIVAN, '14.

"Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes—The Bores and Bored."—*Byron*.



FROM college magazines all over the country comes the complaint that the student body is not interested in their literary publications. This is an inevitable result of the usual aim of the college monthly, namely, to gain the approval of the exchanges rather than to please the average undergraduate taste. The college magazine, we think, should reflect the college atmosphere; it should be a publication of the students, by the students, for the students. If it does not awaken the interest and enlist the support of the undergraduates, it fails of its mission. Shall we continue to be intensely and wearily literary at the expense of popularity, or shall we endeavor to be popular by the sacrifice of our literary ideals? This is the question that has been agitating our editorial mind since we made our bow last October.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* comes to our aid with a timely solution. "The function of the magazine is the preserving of literary ideals and the fostering of literary talent among the students." This is admirable. At the same time it is possible to reflect the joy, the gaiety, the laughter everywhere pervading college life. "Whatever brings a smile, whatever keeps a smile whenever the memory of it flashes across the mind, is of much more importance to us ordinary mortals than abstruse discussions on Neo-Platonism, or literary dish-water as to whether or not Bacon is Shakespeare." Thus the *University Monthly* (New Brunswick) sums up the situation, with more than a grain of truth. This worthy periodical enforces its remarks by a clever selection of "light, graceful, humorous and sparkling" verse culled from a recent compilation of American verse. A few of these literary bubbles we have felt justified in appropriating for our own columns this month.

THE UNIFORM DULNESS of examination papers is notorious. A series in the style of the following problem should prove im-

meusely popular: Let x = a motorist who has exceeded the time limit, and y = a policeman who stopped him. Prove when x is allowed to proceed, $x = 5s. = y$.—*The Student*.

We present a few model questions as a tentative suggestion to the Faculty. They are adapted from *T. C. D.*

I.

Mathematics.

(1) Describe a circle (a) with a pencil, (b) in words, (c) with your left leg.

(2) Differentiate whales.

(3) A man, A, of weight 18 stone, and specific gravity .95, bathes in a lonely creek; a tramp, B, passes with a velocity of 6 miles per hour. Find A's trousers.

II.

English Literature.

(Candidates are on no account to attempt question (4).)

(1) Why on earth did Milton write "Paradise Lost"?

(2) What poem of Tennyson's shows his acquaintance with billiards?

(3) Show your acquaintance with the following:—

(a) Toby or not Toby.

(b) Alas, what boots!

(c) The short and simple flannels of the poor.

(4) What *are* Keats?

III.

Philosophy.

(1) Was Hobbes a Eugenist? (Answer yes or no and have done with it.)

(2) Go for Hegel.

(3) Defend the statement, "The kitten is father of the cat."

(4) Make a sentence containing the names of as many philosophers as you can. (N.B.—Kant is barred.)

HIS DOSE.

Friend—They say Balzac used to drink strong coffee when at work on a novel. Do you ever take anything?

Author—Yes. I usually take a writing tablet.—*Ex.*

SKATING HATH CHARMS

So cold was the night,
 And her cheeks were cold, too.
 Though it wasn't quite right.
 So cold was the night,
 And so sad was her plight,
 That I—well, wouldn't you?
 So cold was the night,
 And her cheeks were cold, too.

H. H. (*Amherst Literary Monthly.*)

The following poem is from the *University of Virginia Magazine* :—

ON THE LAWN—AN EVENING IN JUNE.

The sunlight lolls in lazy pools
 That rest unrippling on the lawn;
 The mirrored rays against the brick
 Two lacy skeins of elm have drawn.

 The shadows coil about the base
 Of pallid pillars that upraise
 A canopy within whose shade
 Still dream the ghosts of other days.

 Sweet sultry languor soothes the earth,
 And all the drone of bird and bee,
 And all the droop of tree and flower
 Blend in the subtle harmony.

ADAIR P. ARCHER.

To those who pore o'er "the devil's picture books" even for
 pastime, the following ought to appeal :—

"HARD TO BEAT."

Last night I held a little hand
 So dainty and so neat,
 Methought my heart would burst with joy
 So wildly did it beat.
 No other hand into my soul
 Could greater solace bring,
 Than that I held last night, which was
 Four aces and a king.

W. A. THOMPSON (*Wesleyan Monthly*).

I clean my glasses o'er and o'er,
 My soul with anger swells;
 I'd like to find the chap who put
 The spec in spectacles.

—*Boston Transcript.*

WE GRATEFULLY acknowledge receipt of periodicals from the following schools: Victoria College, Trinity College, Ontario Agricultural College, Albert College, Queen's University, University of Ottawa, University of New Brunswick, Mount Allison University, St. John's College, Brandon College, University of Saskatchewan, University of Alberta, Victoria High School, Bridgewater College, University of Virginia, Kalamazoo College, St. Victor College, St. Mary's College, Oberlin College, Wilberforce University, University of Notre Dame, Trinity College, (Dublin, Ireland).

“PITY, 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE.”

I sat me down at leisure;
The ready waiter flew,
My order he took suavely,
And shouted “Oyster Stew!”
The steaming dish was waiting,
The ready waiter flew;
Then rose I up in anger,
And left,—’twas “oysters two!”

—*Argus*.

OUR WRONGS.

When girls are only babies,
Their mammas quite insist
That they by us—
Against our wills—
Be kissed—kissed—kissed.
But when those girls
Are sweet eighteen,
Their mammas say we shan’t,
And though we’d like to kiss them,
We can’t—can’t—can’t.

C. F. H. (*Williams' Weekly*).

THE CHRISTMAS FEELING is already in the air and we gladly join in the song of peace and good-will which at this time of the year finds expression in every heart. We wish to all—fellow-students, fellow-editors, subscribers, friends and fellow-men a Christmas filled with cheer. “May there be a turkey on every table—where no turkey, a chicken—where no chicken, at least enough to fill out the cavity of yearning with happy rotundity. And may there be a toy in every sock—where no toy, at least a sock.” In a word, may true Christmas happiness be yours, and may the joys and experiences of this happy season prove a source of encouragement and uplift amid the duties and perplexities of the New Year.

The
McMaster University Monthly

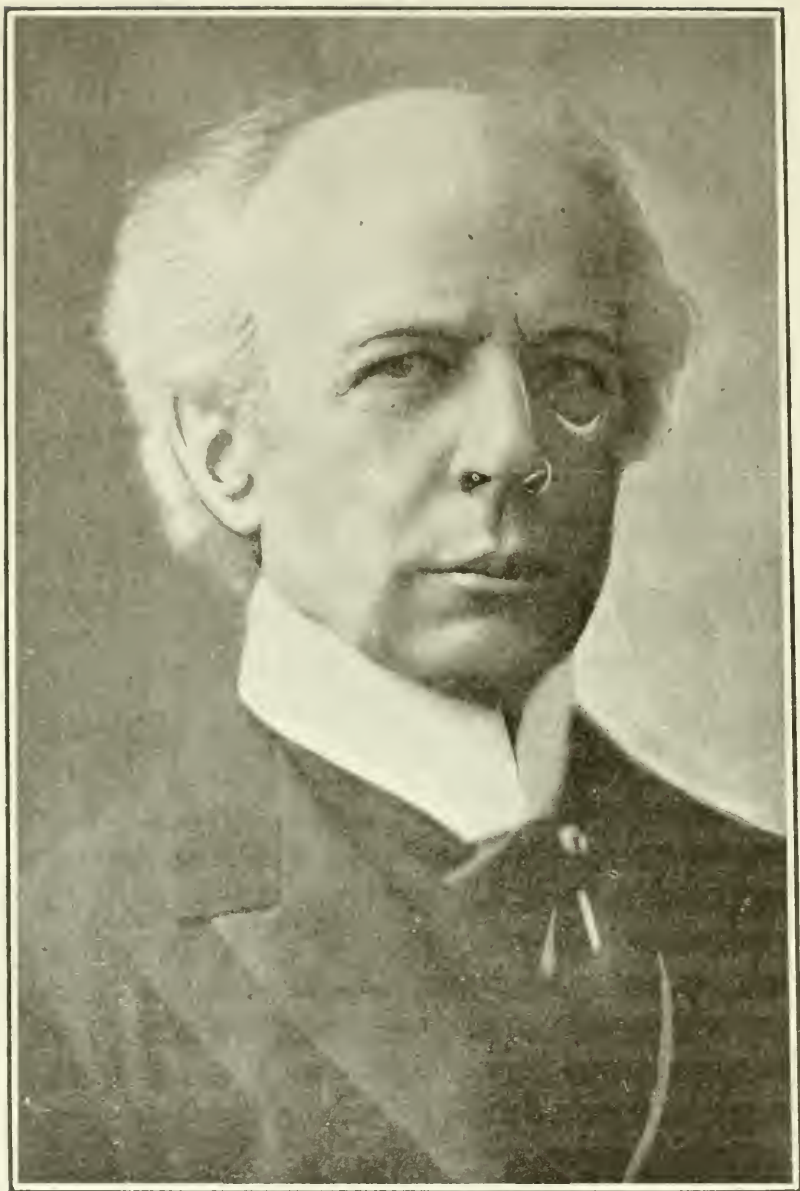
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No. 4

**SIR WILFRID LAURIER TO THE STUDENTS OF
McMASTER UNIVERSITY, DECEMBER 17, 1913.**

“It is not sufficient to prepare yourselves for life; you will have to do your share after you are prepared, when you come to the actual battle and struggle of life. As to that, if I had a word of advice to give you it would be simply this: whatever position you may be in, whatever question you have to discuss or to determine, be true to yourselves, be true to your own conscience, be firm in the right as God gives you to see the right. Then you will always be sure to have the best applause, the best reward that you can have. The verdict of a man's conscience is far above the plaudits of men or the successes of life. Whether you fail, or whether you succeed, it does not matter. This life is composed of ups and downs: I might give myself as an example. Of course, I prefer to win, but if I fail I would not be dissatisfied. I have had my share of successes and my share of reverses. Successes I have endeavored to meet without elation, reverses without depression; and whenever I have fallen it has been my motto—and I think it has been a good one—to try again the following day.”



RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL—THE SCHOOL OF LAMB
AND COLERIDGE.

IN THE YEAR 1224, there landed at Dover nine brethren of the Franciscan Order of Friars. Of these brethren, four proceeded to London and there opened a shelter "in vico Cornhulle." Their refuge soon became popular and the place became too small for their work. Besides, the situation was too healthy and pleasant for members of the Franciscan Order. About this time one named Mr. John Iwyn, citizen and mercer, owned an unused building in Stynkyng Lane, near the Town Ditch (an open sewer), in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles (a slaughter house). Iwyn gave this property to the Friars, "for the health of his soul, in pure and perpetual alms, to entertain the poor Fryers-Minors as long as they will stay there." The work of the Friars soon attracted the attention of the city authorities and the members of the Royal Court, and before many years a large monastery had been built there. In 1429 Dick Whittington built a library for the Grey Friars, which stood until 1832. But in the reign of Henry VIII., Wolsey found it necessary to plunder the monasteries in order to replenish the royal exchequer, and in November, 1438, the Monastery of the Grey Friars came to an untimely end. For some time the buildings and the church lay empty and disused. A monk records that in 1544, "before Crystmas was moche wyne tane of France with their chyppes, and layed in the churche sumtyme the Gray Freeres, all the churche fulle in every place of it."

The monasteries had always served as shelters for the poor, and when they were closed or pulled down by Wolsey thousands were left to wander on the streets. In London about one-fifth of the population is supposed to have sheltered in the monasteries. In 1538, Sir Richard Gresham, then Lord Mayor of London,

wrote to Henry VIII. that somebody must come to the "ayde and comfort of the poor, syke, blynde, aged and impotent persons . . . havynge no place certen where they may be refreshed or lodged at, tyll they be helpen and cured of their diseases and syknes." Henry gave to the city authorities certain buildings in the city to be opened as refuges for the poor, and the list includes the site of the house "of the late Gray Freyrs." Apparently on account of lack of funds, nothing was done until the next reign, when Bishop Ridley preached a famous sermon before the youthful Edward VI., exhorting the rich to be merciful and to provide for the poor. The heart of the King was touched, and after consultation with Ridley, an order was made that the House of the Grey Friars be turned into a hospital for "fatherless children and other poore men's children" who could there find meat, drink, clothes, lodging, and learning, and "officers to attende vppon them." The hospital was to be called Christ's Hospital. Thus Christ's Hospital was first established as a Foundling Hospital, but it very soon took on the character of a Grammar School, similar to many others founded in Edward VI.'s reign. The first children were taken into the hospital in 1552, and it is recorded that a number of them "being taken from the dunghill, when they came to swete and cleane keping and to a pure dyett dyed downe righte."

Christ's Hospital remained on the same site till 1902, and for two hundred years has ranked in that class of schools known in England as the Public Schools, and which includes such well known schools as Eton, Harrow and Marlborough. It has produced many men who have become famous in English life. The two best known of its sons are Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Lamb wrote two essays on his old school, one entitled "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," and the other entitled "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago." Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," has also given some account of the school.

Both of the essayists entered the school on October 9th, 1782, Lamb being seven years old, and Coleridge ten years old. The

school was a boarding school, but Lamb, having his home near at hand in the Inner Temple, had a better time than most of the boys. In the *Elia* essay he thus describes himself: "His (namely, Lamb's) friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction which was denied us . . . He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf—*our crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from." A piece of bread is called a "*crug*" in the school to this day. Coleridge, in a letter to his friend Thomas Poole, gives the following account of the school meals: "Our diet was very scanty. Every morning a bit of dry bread and some bad small beer. Every evening a larger piece of bread, and cheese or butter, whichever we liked. For dinner—on Sunday, boiled beef and broth; Monday, bread and butter, and milk and water; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, bread and butter, and rice milk; Thursday, boiled beef and broth; Friday, boiled mutton and broth; Saturday, bread and butter, and pease-porridge. Our food was portioned, and, excepting on Wednesdays, I never had a bellyful. Our appetites were damped, never satisfied; and we never had vegetables."

In Lamb's time there were two classical masters at the school, the Rev. Matthew Field and the Rev. James Boyer. The former was as lenient as the latter was severe. Lamb describes his life in Field's class: "We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us . . . We had classics of our own . . . or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operations; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called cat-cradles; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over 'French and English.'" Boyer was a tyrant in his severity. Lamb writes: "Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the school-room, from his inner recess or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, 'Ods my life, Sirrah, (his favorite

adjuration), I have a great mind to whip you,'—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—'and I WILL, too.' '' Upon hearing that his old master was on his deathbed, Coleridge said: 'Poor J. B.—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.' Boyer kept a book in which he allowed his pupils to transcribe their exercises of 'more than ordinary merit.' In this book Coleridge wrote the verses 'Julia,' 'Quae Nocent Docent,' 'Progress of Vice,' and his 'Monody on Chatterton,' and in this book Lamb wrote the lines 'Mille Viae Mortis,' his earliest composition of which we have any knowledge. Until 1902, there was a pump in the school playground, from which the boys used to get water. Coleridge refers to this pump in the following anecdote concerning Boyer: 'In our English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre, Muse, Muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can hear him now exclaiming: 'Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, Muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh, aye! the cloister pump, I suppose!''

Christ's Hospital no longer stands in Newgate Street on the site of the Franciscan Monastery. In 1902, the school was removed into the country near Horsham, in Sussex. In London, between six and seven hundred boys had been housed in buildings covering only five acres. The playgrounds were very cramped and all stone-flagged. Imagine the boys playing Rugby football and being tackled on the flags, and conceive of the confusion resulting from three different games being played at the

same time on the same "pitch." At Horsham, the school and playing-fields occupy about six hundred acres. The buildings are commodious and up-to-date, and the new red brick gives no hint of its monastic ancestor in London. As in Lamb's time, so now, the school clothes, maintains, and educates freely those under its charge. Lamb described Coleridge as "the inspired charity boy." The scholars at Horsham live in seven houses, which have been named after noted Old Blues. Two of the houses bear the names of Lamb and Coleridge, respectively. There is also a bronze statuette, awarded each year to the house which ranks highest in scholastic attainments, which is known as the Coleridge Memorial. In 1875, the centenary of Lamb's birth, a number of "Lamb" medals were struck, and one is awarded each year to the writer of the best English essay.

The boys have always been known as Bluecoat Boys, from the peculiarity of their dress. They wear a long blue coat reaching to the feet, similar to a monk's garb in cut. There are six nickel buttons down the front, and a leather girdle is worn round the waist. At the neck, they wear white bands, somewhat the same as those worn by judges and by some Presbyterian ministers. From time immemorial these bands have been pinned together round the neck. In the year 1736, according to the school records, a Matron, "disguised in liquor," was alleged to have "embazelled" some of the stores committed to her for distribution. Among the items in the list of articles which she appropriated is one of "207,082 pins," valued at £10 7s. To this day the coats are lined with a material bright yellow in color. In the chronicles of the school, there is an order dated January 23rd, 1638, that the "lynings" for the coats shall be "dyed yallowe as well as ye petticoates to avoid vermin by reason the white cottens is held to breed the same." The boys also wear black tight-fitting breeches reaching to the knee, and bright yellow stockings, commonly referred to by the City street-arabs as "mustard stockings." A Bluecoat Boy never wears a hat, rain or shine.

The Religious, Royal, and Ancient Foundation of Christ's

Hospital is now more flourishing than ever, many of her sons are still included among the great men of the day, and Old Blues may be found occupying honorable positions in every corner of the globe.

JENKIN DAVIES, '14.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

My Friend! My Friend! how could I know, or guess,
That little jest, so innocently meant,
Would cloud a happy day with bitterness?

Your face averted, eyebrows sternly bent
In haughty disapproval, these I saw;
But understood not; nay, nor could resent.

Not knowing but I broke some ethic law—
In your interpretation—I, in sooth,
Would last admit susceptible of flaw.

How could you, though, unless some imp uncouth,
Escaped from Satan's own black spawning-pen,
Mised you spitefully, so twist from truth

The thought, I, thinking, thought I spoke? Ah! when,
In God's good time, our frail imperfect race
Shall grow unto the stature of true men—

Ah! then, perhaps, the soul may show her face
Undimmed by shifting fogs of feeble speech,
These hard misunderstandings may give place

To perfect fellowship, and each see each
As God Himself sees all. But now, so blind,
We wallow through dim seas, and strive to reach

A fitting glimmer we call Truth, to find
That what we took for beacon-light of land
Marks but uncertain reefs and bars unkind

Of foam-dashed, wind-blown, ever-shifting sand,
Where none may surely plant his lonely feet,
Or clasp his fellow-wanderer by the hand.

Like ships, storm-driven, back again we beat,
And sail, and sail, and sail, and sail, and sail;
And are alone, though many a ship we meet:

For always some loud roaring of the gale,
Or rush of water, in the listening ears,
Confounds our greeting, misdirects our hail,

And hard misunderstandings cloud the years.
We fling a jest in our heart-merryness,
Expecting laughter, and the answer's—tears.

BERNARD F. TROTTER, '15.

SOME ASPECTS OF INSECT STUDY.



AMONG those members of the animal kingdom which in common speech are not included in the term "animal," the most interesting are those comprised by the group known to biologists as the Class Insecta. They are interesting not only from the scientist's point of view, but also from that of the practical agriculturist, the medical man who deals with the cause and spread of diseases, and the housekeeper. Nor should their aesthetic value be overlooked, for in brilliancy of color, beauty of form and delicacy of structure they can well be the source of inspiration for the artist. In short, there is no one who is not at some time affected by this numerous group of animals.

The number of species of insects is greater than the total of all the other animals. In size they vary greatly; although all are what we usually term small, the largest not exceeding a few inches in length, still relatively the variation is very great, seeing that the smallest are microscopic in size. So also in other respects, such as color, form, structure, and manner of life, the variations are infinite. There are, however, certain characteristics which distinguish an individual as a true insect in the biological sense.

Perhaps the most obvious characteristic is the possession of six legs—never more, never less. This excludes such nearly related forms as the spiders, which have eight legs, and other small animals having still more, the wood louse and the many-legged worms. In common with these forms the insects have another notable characteristic, a peculiar supporting structure. In the higher animals the body as a whole is supported and held in place by a bony framework, the skeleton, inside the body, but these animals have what is called an outside skeleton, a hard outer covering of the body which gives the necessary support and strength. This peculiar constitution limits the growth of the

animal, which is accomplished by shedding or moulting this hard outer covering, a new one being produced by growth from the underlying tissue. In addition, insects possess compound eyes, eyes of marvellously intricate structure, having thousands of facets and showing all the colors of the rainbow. These details of structure, of course, can only be seen under the microscope. That all insects have wings is another general statement which can be made, but it is not strictly accurate.

The agriculturist, no matter whether he specializes in fruit, field crops, or stock, must learn how to destroy or control or sometimes use the various species of insects. It is a remarkable fact, and one which shows how closely related and interdependent are the various forms of the animal kingdom, that the immense importance of insects in agriculture was overlooked until, through man's indifference or destructiveness, their natural enemies the birds were so reduced in numbers that their ravages were allowed to go on unchecked. Aroused in this way, those concerned took measures to restore the balance of nature. In civilized countries, however, artificial conditions prevent the attainment of such an ideal state and accordingly man himself has entered the conflict and in various ways seeks to rid himself of insects which destroy plants and animals alike. Direct destruction of the insects in all or any of the stages of their life (for insects injurious in one stage of their life may be harmless in their other stages), and poisoning by spraying or in other ways, these are two methods most used in combatting insects. Another method, more subtle and more effective, is the spreading of diseases or parasites among the injurious insects. And for the successful application of all of these methods a knowledge of the structure and life history of the insect is necessary. In connection with the last mentioned of these methods it may be noted that the parasites of insects are often other insects, so that in this way some insects are very beneficial to man. But not only in this way are certain insects beneficial to man, they are also very useful as constructive as well as destructive and preventive agents. For example, we need only mention the bee, the silk-

worm, and some others less known, which furnish dyes and ink. And finally a large number of insects, including those which may be harmful in other stages, are in the winged state of the greatest importance in fertilizing flowers, a process absolutely necessary for the production of seed.

The relation of some insects to certain diseases has been one of the most fruitful subjects of investigation of late years. In many ways the relation of the house-fly to the spread of typhoid has been impressed upon us, and through an understanding of this relationship much progress has been made in eradicating the disease. Similar results have been obtained from the establishing of like relationships between mosquitoes and malaria and yellow fever, between the stable fly and infantile paralysis, and between the rat flea and the bubonic plague. In connection with this aspect of the subject, as with the others, it is possible only to mention topics the full discussion of which would be most interesting and instructive.

So far, only the more important relationships of man to his insect allies and enemies have been touched on, but the contribution of insects to the beauty and joy of life is also worthy of notice. Not alone do their beauty of form and grace of motion delight us, but above all their colors fascinate us because of their infinite variety in shade and tone, because of their wonderful combinations in color schemes impossible for man to create, and in patterns he could never devise. Indeed, all the marvellous details of their structure simply indicate how superior their Creator is to man, who as yet scarcely comprehends the more essential parts of the organization of these humble creatures.

J. W. MORGAN, '16.

A TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA.



T was in the winter of 1907 that, obsessed by an impulse of wanderlust, I decided to leave Canada and take a trip to Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic. After ascertaining that a steamship would leave Brooklyn on December 31st, I booked a third-class passage, and on the day of embarkation boarded the vessel. After a short delay we weighed anchor and steamed slowly out of the harbor.

The steamer was a German vessel of 5,000 tons—the ‘Corrientes’—and more like a tramp steamer than a passenger boat. The crew was German and the passengers were of all nationalities—French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Mexicans, Belgians, Hungarians, Jews and Japs—the only other British subjects on board being two negroes bound for the West Indies.

Permit me to draw the curtain over the first few days spent on that uncivilized tract of water, the North Atlantic—days when we had given up nearly everything but the ghost, and when we realized the bitter sweetness of that truth—

“Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

The swell abated, however, and as we were heading due south, every day saw Monsieur le Thermomètre steadily ascending.

It was a motley crowd that sat on the hatches between meals, and conversed, telling in broken English the various experiences through which each had passed. One Italian was a fugitive from justice, who had escaped the surveillance of the Harbor Police, and others, judging by their appearance, might have been in the same category.

About a week out from New York we came into more tropical waters, and shoals of flying fish made their appearance. The

wings of the flying fish are nature's provision against the attack of a large fish which feeds upon them. Being hard pressed by the enemy, the flying fish takes to the air, and this in a straight course, for twenty or thirty yards, before it drops exhausted into the water.

On the ninth day out we reached Barbadoes, an island in the British West Indies. The coast of Barbadoes is circled with coral reefs, and, as the only natural harbor is merely a shallow roadstead, we had, perforce, to anchor in the bay, about half a mile from the shore. Although the coldest time of the year, yet the heat was intense, and, in the open streets of the town, almost unendurable. The island looked beautiful and picturesque from the bay; sugar plantations and cocoanut palms crowning the high plains, which slope in a series of terraces from the sea-shore.

No sooner had we dropped anchor than an army of natives clambered aboard, ostensibly to peddle their wares, but in reality to see what they could purloin. Some of the native diving boys came alongside in small boats and cried for money to be thrown into the water. As soon as anyone threw a coin one of the boys would dive after it, usually getting it before it had gone down many yards.

We stayed only a few hours at Barbadoes, and, after coaling, were soon under way.

On the sixteenth day out we crossed the Equator, and a few days later dropped anchor in the harbor of Cabadello, a small seaport in Brazil. Here we were glad to get ashore, as the voyage was proving very monotonous. Cabadello has a population of about 5,000. The homes in the main were but shacks of the most primitive construction. Pigs ran about the streets feeding on garbage, of which there was a plentiful supply, and altogether the place was indescribably filthy. It proved to be typical of all the small Brazilian towns, the only substantial and pretentious buildings being the Roman Catholic Cathedral and Convent. There is no sanitary system, and as the only scavengers are the pigs and vultures, fevers are rampant.

The monotony of the next few days of our voyage was relieved by a fight between some of the passengers, in which knives and revolvers figured prominently.

We were now four weeks' journey from New York, and heartily sick of the good ship "*Corrientes*." The menu was anything but tempting, as the food was cooked in European style, to suit the predominantly foreign element. For breakfast we had coffee without milk, and bread and butter. For dinner, we had macaroni, and for supper, black tea without milk, with bread and butter. The latter combination was the only thing palatable, and I had perforce to subsist solely on bread and butter, helped down by draughts of tepid water from the ship's water-tanks.

I longed for the termination of the voyage, and when at last we dropped anchor in the magnificent bay of Rio de Janiero, I thanked God and took courage.

At Rio we were to be transferred from the "*Corrientes*" to an English mail steamer to complete the voyage to Buenos Aires. Rio de Janiero is the capital of Brazil, having a population of over half a million souls. It is admirably situated, and the view from the "*Corrientes*" in the harbor was truly superb. Before us in a semi-circle lay the city—a mass of colored splendor. The buildings and houses are painted the very brightest of hues—red, yellow, blue, and green being the most common; and with the sun glittering on the tall white spires of the many cathedrals, the view presented to eyes which had looked for four weeks on little else than green sea water, was most beautiful. Beyond the city stretched a range of mountains—the Carioca—forming a background whose grey sombreness offered a striking contrast to the multi-colored splendor of the city beneath. The harbor itself is the largest in the Republic, and has room enough to give anchorage to the navies of the world. It is skirted by a magnificent boulevard over four miles long—the Avenida Beira Mar. At the entrance to the harbor is the Pao de Assucar—Sugar Loaf—a conical rock towering out of the water to a height of 1,200 feet above sea level.

We spent a day in Rio, the majority of the passengers passing

the time in fishing from the side of the vessel, learning Spanish, or speculating as to the chances of better food on the next steamer. At last she arrived, a large twin-screw steamer, named the "Avon," and almost twice as large as the "Corrientes."

We boarded her in a launch, and were assigned berths among the hundreds of other steerage passengers—almost all Italians—already there. I followed the Italian steward down into the very bowels of the ship. Here, in a large open space, were scores of box-like beds, scarcely visible through a thick haze of rank tobacco smoke. The air was stifling, and after finding my bed—save the mark—I made my way, half choked, on deck.

Here the prospect was no more inviting. Squatting on the deck, bareheaded and barefoot, were groups of Italian women unconcernedly engaged picking vermin from each others' heads! Their manner of eating was also disgusting, and after each meal the deck resembled a veritable pigsty.

The "Avon" proved to be a faster boat than the "Corrientes," and in two days we were at Santos, a seaport in Southern Brazil, situated at the mouth of the Santos River. The waterfront, which was formerly beds of slime and mud, the source of many fever epidemics, is now faced by a wall of stone and cement. The "Avon" moored alongside this quay, and we were able to go ashore.

Santos is an interesting but unhealthy place. The city is only a few feet above sea level, and the heavy rains, neighboring swamps, rank vegetation, and great heat give rise to frightful plagues of smallpox, beri-beri, and the fateful yellow fever. In the harbor of Santos may be seen the wrecks of seven ships, which having come there during one of the periodical epidemics of yellow fever, had their entire crews swept off, and the ships became derelict through neglect.

With Santos behind, we had only one port of call to visit before we reached our destination. This stop was at Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. In striking contrast to its Brazilian neighbors, Montevideo is said to be one of the cleanest cities in

the world. It is famed for two things—its bullfights and revolutions!

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown” is a truth written large across the records of South American history, and Uruguay is one of the most turbulent of Republics. The principal street in Montevideo, considered one of the finest boulevards in South America, is the Calle 19 de Julio, extending eastward from the Plaza de la Independencia to the suburbs of Cordon; one of its features is its Sunday morning market, occupying half a mile of this fine street, from Independencia to the Plaza Libertad.

We were now nearing the end of our journey, steaming up the River Plate, and on February 1st, after travelling the ocean’s highway for five successive weeks, we at last cast anchor in the docks at Buenos Aires.

JOHN LINTON, '16.

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VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1914.

No. 4

Editorial Notes.

BY THE TIME this issue of THE MONTHLY is distributed examinations will be over and the season of comparative relaxation will have set in, when even the "plugger" may be caught indulging in an occasional "night out" or an afternoon at the rink. It will therefore be strictly in order for THE MONTHLY to wish all its readers a happy and prosperous New Year. It may not be necessary, but it cannot be out of place, in this connection, to remind the Freshmen—and others—that this post-examination period is not a holiday, however much they may feel like taking one; and that it may be as well, for the sake of that happy New Year, not to allow the relaxation to become chronic.

THE MONTHLY WANTS TO KNOW.—It wants to know why it is that the editor should have to spend half his time each month in a desperate chase after enough copy to fill the slender literary section of the magazine? It wants to know why it is that scarcely a single unsolicited contribution finds its way into the editorial sanctum? It wants to know why, even in the case of a paper approved and recommended by the professor of English, it should require such persistent editorial dogging to compel the fortunate author to disgorge? It wants to know why every reasonable endeavor on the part of the staff should have failed so far this year to elicit a single poetical response other than of a merely departmental nature?

Three alternatives have suggested themselves as answers to these queries. Either the student body of McMaster is all but incapable of any spontaneous literary expression, which we should be slow to believe; or there is a ridiculously erroneous idea abroad of the editorial attitude toward untried contributors; or there is a lamentable lack, except among a very few, of any real interest in literary matters. There may be other answers, but these are all that occur to us. The first may be dismissed as absurd. As for the other two: if you have been holding back through modesty or false timidity or sensitive trepidation, forget it! and get busy; if you are not interested in the art of letters, remember what a university is for, and wake up! The literary section of THE MONTHLY should be as interesting to you as the departments. *You*, and no one else, can make it so.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: R. E. FREEMAN, '14.

"Ye Woes! Ye young eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band."

—Coleridge.



WE PAUSE UPON the threshold of a new year, to peer into the dim and shadowy chamber of the future. There is a charm about the unknown that lifts us into dream-land. We can, at times, catch fleeting glimpses of that glorious pageantry of light and color that lies beyond us in the unforeseen. A multitude of sorrows and afflictions are prepared for us; but we see them not.

Our youthful eyes are fixed upon the future, lit with rainbow colors. There are things to startle and delight us, there is opportunity for life abounding. We feel the magnetism of the unknown which stretches as a mystery before us. This is that divine unrest that sends out heroes to freeze in Polar snows, that urges on the scientist to new discoveries and inventions, that inspires the student in his search for truth, that builds the altars "To the Unknown God." Our hearts are set on high ideals, and at this, the beginning of a new year, we reach out for them with hopes renewed and energies refreshed. Do we never pause and wonder that we attain them not? "O toiling band of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hill-top, and but a little further against the setting sun, desery the spires of El Dorado. Little ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive; the true success is to labor." An aspiration is a joy forever. We hope that into all our hearts there may be breathed at least a measure of this inspiration. In the term that lies before us with its labor and routine, the vision of a "many col-

ored, many sounding life'' beyond, will comfort us and lift our weary toilings from the shadows into a new transforming light.

SINCE THE BEGINNING of the college year we have had the pleasure and privilege of listening to a number of distinguished members of the Liberal party. The Lit. and other societies responsible for these noted visitors are to be commended for their successful efforts. It is our duty as students and as citizens to take a keen interest in the political situation, and attempt to decide intelligently upon the questions that are before the nation. Aristotle was in advance of our times when he held to the doctrine that the true citizen is he who takes an active part in the affairs of the state. Politics is the science of citizenship. Our universities are sending forth hundreds year by year, who enter many and various callings, but ignore, for the most part, the field of politics. Perhaps this springs from the notion that politics is base—a game of trickery and graft. But if such be the situation, it is not right for us to bow so readily to slavish and ignoble rule. We should in some way try to bring about reform.

But in our zeal we should not forget to take into consideration both sides of every question. If there be any criticism we would bring against the choice of speakers that has been made this year, it is this, that they all have been of one political creed. Why not give the Conservative party a hearing? Horace Greeley said that he knew of no legitimate use of party except to embody and give effect to enlightened public sentiment. We do not seek to be enlightened and unbiassed when we banish from us all ideas but those of one political faction. The next session of the Dominion Parliament will open on January 15th, and it gives promise of being one of the most interesting in the history of the nation. With open and unbiassed minds, let us strive to give as much attention as we can to the important questions of tariff and defence. Let us sometimes turn from our books, from the dead issues of the past, to immediate and important questions, to living issues. And in all our thought and discussion let us remember that blind partisan bigotry is not an honorable service, but entitled only to the reward of contempt.

ON DECEMBER 12TH., the regular meeting of the Literary Society was the occasion of an address by the Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C., leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature. Prof. McLay, Dean in Arts, occupied the chair and greeted Mr. Rowell

in a fitting and kindly speech. He stated, however, that he could not see why he should have been chosen for this duty; for since Mr. Rowell was a K.C., it seemed to him that the proper person to greet him was Dr. Farmer, the Dean in Theology, for he had always understood that there was a close connection between the Law and the Prophets.

Mr. Rowell's subject was "Social Reform in Great Britain and Ontario." He treated this topic by describing, on the one hand, the many sweeping social measures introduced in Great Britain during recent years, and, on the other hand, pointing out the total absence of any similar legislation in Ontario. In this connection he first of all described the Workmen's Compensation Act, Old Age Pensions, Sickness and Unemployment Insurance, and the excellent work these had already accomplished. "I have seen in the newspaper, the fact that we have employment bureaus," said Mr. Rowell, sarcastically, "but that is the only place that I have seen or heard anything of them." Mr. Rowell made an amusing reference to the friction aroused by the Sickness Insurance in England, and the objection of employers at being required to do the necessary stamp-licking. Some enterprising inventor, he said, has introduced a patent stamp-licker, which goes by the popular name of "Lloyd George."

Mr. Rowell further discussed the Housing Problem, Trade Laws Act, and the method of fixing the minimum wage in industries and localities. In the latter connection he referred to the rapid increase of women and child-labor in Canadian cities. The liquor problem was the subject of some very strong statements. He pointed out the inadequacy of Local Option laws in that where liquor interests are strongest and the need for reform greatest, this Local Option measure, from the very nature of it, has little chance of being introduced.

Mr. Rowell, in conclusion, said that he fully realized that the causes which brought these reforms in Great Britain had not as yet made their appearance with like intensity in Ontario. But, he argued, we should first try to prevent such causes arising, and when they do arise, be prepared to meet them.

A hearty appreciation of Mr. Rowell's able address found expression in a vote of thanks and general applause.

Mr. C. V. Farmer, with his usual willingness, officiated at the piano; while Miss Josephine Murray, B.A., brought forth much applause by two well-rendered songs.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—On November 22nd, the Editor of the *Courier*, Mr. Cooper, gave an address. His remarks were in keeping with his reputation as a leader of the Canada First Party. It was a plea for non-partisanship in politics. Popular parties are a natural result of elective government, and it is too common to regard them as a sort of necessary evil. By so doing we fail to comprehend their true design and the important part they play in securing the public welfare. We should not give slavish adherence to any faction, but should be independent within the party. Partisan newspapers and political leaders will continue to exist as long as there are partisan voters. The movement toward any reform in this direction must come from the mass of voters. The ballot places upon our shoulders a great responsibility and we must use it with impartiality and discretion. Mr. Cooper then went on to say that there are certain issues that should not be made the football of party politics, questions which involve vital Imperial problems. He took as an example the navy question. This, he claimed, is a matter that by its very nature ought to be placed beyond the pale of party contention. During the course of his remarks, Mr. Cooper quoted from President Butler of Columbia and Lord Milner. There was some discussion at the close of his address, and a fitting expression of our appreciation was given.

IN CONNECTION WITH the splendid address given by the Liberal leader, Mr. Rowell, we take the liberty of quoting from the *Canadian Courier* of December 27th. Regarding social service and social reform, the Editor says: "There is a great awakening on this subject and it is time that the various universities took an interest in the movement. In the United States, the best universities are taking a deep interest in socializing and general social reform and are leading the way to the higher life through private agencies and improved legislation. The old idea that a parliament or a legislature was the body to study social conditions, discover the needs of the communities, and inaugurate reforms is passing away. The new idea is that legislatures may make laws, but the need for these laws must be shown to the legislators by voluntary associations of citizens."

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.—The McMaster Literary Society was honored on Wednesday, December 17th, with the presence of the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is the first time in the history of the University that the platform of Castle Memorial

Hall has been graced by one who has held the high office of Prime Minister of our Dominion. "The fertile brain" of the President of the Lit. devised a means, and for the presence of the grand old Canadian we give to him the credit and the glory. Shortly after twelve o'clock at noon the distinguished guest, accompanied by Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., M.P.P., leader of the Liberal party in Ontario, and Mr. J. D. Morrison, President of the Literary Society, arrived at the University. A brief informal reception was held by Dean Farmer and Dean McLay in the Chancellor's office, when Sir Wilfrid met the members of the Faculty. The welcome which the students tendered Sir Wilfrid was especially enthusiastic. As he entered Castle Memorial Hall, jammed to the doors by the students and their friends, the large audience rose as one man and gave the veteran chief a thrilling ovation, culminating in the McMaster yell. When finally the cheering had ceased, Dean Farmer, who, at the request of the Literary Society, presided, introduced the speaker in a delightfully happy manner. Dr. Farmer spoke of Sir Wilfrid as one who by his knightly bearing and unfailing courtesy, by his achievements in council and debate, by his long tenure of the highest office in the gift of the Canadian people, by his pre-eminence in the councils of the Empire, had won for himself the title of "the Premier Canadian."

When the cheering had died away Sir Wilfrid began to speak. He judged that there were at least some present who were of his own political creed, and of that he was more proud than words could tell; but he had not come to us as a politician, but simply as a Canadian. He would, he said, take the privilege of an elder friend to give us some advice. With regard to languages, he exhorted us to learn our own, the English, and learn it well. We think that this advice is not unnecessary, though some may think it trivial. English, he said, would some day be the universal language, both because of the language itself and the character of the British peoples. Next in order he would rank the French, his own mother tongue. It is the language of cultured Europe, the language of diplomacy and letters. Its pronunciation is easy, but its grammar is difficult; it is the language best adapted to express subtle shades of thought. German we would also find of great benefit. In reading he especially recommended history.—Gibbon, Macaulay and Parkman. Sir Wilfrid also gave to us some glimpses of his life. He went to a school where none but he could speak his own language, and there he had his first fight. A portion of his

holidays he usually spends in reading. He loves the English classical novelists, Scott and Dickens. In all his life, he said, he had endeavored to be courteous and fair to his opponents.

Many of us who had expected a political discourse were agreeably surprised. We felt that the speech which was given enabled us to get a closer and more intimate view of Laurier than we would otherwise have obtained. In closing, he assured us that among the pleasures of his visit to Toronto, his visit to McMaster would not be one of the least.

DECEMBER 13TH, Mr. H. E. Stillwell addressed a large number of students on "Missionary Work in India." Acquirement of the native language is the first difficulty to be overcome,—a task requiring unlimited perseverance and patience. Equipped with a meagre, but serviceable, knowledge of his adopted tongue, the missionary sets out to preach his first open air service, punctuated by the fighting and yelping of dogs or by the noisy intrusion of a carriage. The wise missionary will bring a message of hope to this fearful people, and will proclaim unequivocally the unity of the omniscience and omnipresence of God. Mr. Stillwell described the noble work being done by his fellow missionaries in their respective lines. Missionary effort includes chiefly work in the three departments—*theology, medicine and teaching*. In each of these there is a sad dearth of workers. Education is not the least effective in dispelling native superstition. Mr. Stillwell is himself principal of the McLaurin High School. The address was enlivened with humor throughout. Yet the deep sincerity and forcefulness with which the speaker put forth the urgency of the need for devoted lives will remain an incentive to many.

INTER-YEAR DEBATE.—On Friday, December 5th, Messrs. McWilliams and Mitchener of Year '14 supported the proposition "That Toronto should adopt a commission form of government." The representatives of Year '16, Messrs. Kemp and Macauley, were successful in opposing the resolution. The debate was an interesting one and the speech of Mr. Kemp was of outstanding merit. Mr. R. S. Weaver, '10, gave a little talk on debating which was interesting and instructive, and Mr. W. K. Anderson, '14, president of the Debating Union, entertained us with one or two well rendered songs. The Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen are now in the running for the debating cup.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MARY FOWLER, '14.

"What's the use of wasting all that time!"



HIS spake a man of mighty stature (two feet five inches), a man bent under the weight of years (nearly four). His companion was trying, with indifferent success, to kick a small ball to him. The man of years wished to have the ball thrown to him without preliminaries. One can learn even from children—so here goes the ball.

*A MODERN FABLE.

Once upon a time there was a maiden who bought for herself a gown. In a bulky parcel—and how she did hate to go through the streets with it—she brought a coat-hanger, upon which she carefully hung the gown when not upon her shoulders. Others did likewise; and a goodly array could be seen hanging in neat rows. One day, however, there arrived in this country one to whom the gowns appealed. Her heart was touched by their loneliness. Moreover, her painstaking and orderly soul rebelled at seeing those garments getting more and more out of shape.

"The human frame," quoth she, "is greatly superior to a hanger."

To think was to act. Forthwith, a gown was transferred from its peg to her shoulders. The gentle weight was like unto a friend patting her on the back in admiration for her thoughtfulness. Time passed on. The maid must, perforce, leave the regions in which the gown had to remain; so sorrowfully she doffed it. Into its innermost feelings she had obtained an entrance. How well she understood the gown's dread of the monotony of its usual hanging place. "Always on the same nail. Oh! for a change!" She of the thoughtful mind did what little she could; she hung it across the room.

Some time later along hastened the purchaser of the gown.

*We regret that the name of the author of this story failed to reach us with the manuscript. If she will send it to our office we shall be glad to credit same.—Editor.

Rushing to the place whereon the gown did hang of old, she found it not. Troubled, anxious thoughts entered her mind—had the poor thing wandered, had it been left too long alone, what could have happened? With throbbing brain and wildly beating heart, she hurriedly searched rack after rack. In her track were gowns fallen on the floor, gowns hung by the ribbons, gowns thrown over the racks. Faster and faster beat her heart, wilder and wilder grew the search! When hope had almost reached the vanishing point, she beheld it, and with joy unbounded she flung herself into the arms of the long-lost; and immediately in utter exhaustion, sank into the first chair. All because someone had tried to be kind to a gown.

Moral? Choose your own; there are several.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: MISS EVELYN DAVIS, '15.

"Face your game and play it:"—*Charles Kingsley*.

A new field of activity is being opened up to McMaster girls this year, and it is ours to make good use of the opportunity before us. Many of us have felt the lack of an Athletic Society which would serve further to strengthen within us the far-famed McMaster spirit. In the past, attempts have been made, with more or less success, to supply this want. This year the prospects are very bright, for we have been offered the opportunity of forming a branch of the general Athletic Society, and obtaining two hours of hockey practice each week. With the loyal support of each girl, this venture should prove a great success, both for the present season, and as a foundation for future organization. In the words of that noble motto, "Let's be sports."

PREVIOUS to this year, the matter of our physical exercise has been in the hands of the professors, who, for the benefit of themselves and the women students, have instituted the famous 8.15 dash. This has been a most important factor in the school life for some years, but its day is passing. When the Women's A.A. A. has become a reality, this daily constitutional must disappear, and the professors must seek some new form of amusement.

ANOTHER recent athletic development is the Grand Rush, which aims to frustrate the evil purpose of the Donkey Club. All are urged to enter their names on the Grand Rush list. Meetings are held every Friday evening after Lit. from the chapel door to any part of the city remote from the main entrance. No fee is charged.

AROUND THE HALL.

Editor: Miss Ruth Fowler, '14.

"A little knowledge of the ways of men,
 A little reading of their deeds and fates,
 A little guessing at their thoughts, and then
 A quick forgetting of their names and dates,
 That's *History*.

A little delving in the tomes they penned,
 A little coming of the verse they writ,
 A feeble grasping of their aims and trend,
 A shadow mem'ry of their mirth and wit,
 That's *Literature*.

A little dabbling with a salt or two,
 A little musing with a sticky mess,
 A few experiments half blundered through,
 A twilight testing of a groping guess—
 That's *Science*.

 "Education"—W. W. Whitlock.

BUT no longer need all these worry us. The Latin key, too, has been laid aside—all we need now is the original—just to carry to class, because it makes a better appearance. German, alas, cannot be *altogether* laid aside, but just put the books on the upper shelf. Mathematics? Oh, let's not mention that. Our heads have just recovered from that queer, unusual feeling that attacks us twice a year, that feeling as though our heads were crammed so full that if we did not comb our hair carefully, and walk sedately, the whole top would fly off—explode with over pressure. New Year's resolutions? Oh, yes, everyone knows that everyone else made them, but "just to-night," and "to-morrow night," and then "the ice is so prime that," just "the next day," we must skate, and, of course, after that we will work like Trojans. But when that time comes there are—but why enumerate them? It is not the warmth of the sun, but the coldness of the ice, that cracks and crumbles our resolutions. Yet here's to hoping that a few will remain unaffected.

WE quite understood how it came about, before an interesting event in the life of one of our Professors, that he endeavored to teach Greek to a Physics class—a difficult enough task for any man, we admit—but are we too inquisitive when we would like to know the cause of the absent-mindedness which led to his gown being worn to a history lecture wrong side out?

HEARD ON THE CAR: "Well, he's going to take me to the Lit. banquet, anyway. Hope there will not be the same mix-up with H—— this year."

W. L. S.—The second of the Year programmes was given on December 5th, with the Freshettes in charge. Their first item was a "comb-chorus," which was "most soulfully" given. A caricature of a forgetful child trying to "say her piece" was so realistically given by Miss Christine Farmer, that a small friend in the audience exclaimed to his mother, "I do believe she is really blushing." "Current Events," by Miss Ruth Baker, showed careful selection of the items and held the interest throughout. The next item found us listening to Mrs. Nicholas Nickleby (Miss Marjorie Trotter), and her daughter Kate (Miss Evelyn Smith). Mrs. Nickleby touchingly referred to the fact that warm summer days reminded her of roast pig. But Kate's mind strayed to other matters. "Mama . . . had you many suitors?" Just at this exciting moment a loud "Hem!" was heard behind the scenes. Immediately thereafter a rain of carrots, onions, and turnips fell at their feet. A little, queer, old, crazy man climbed up and leaned over the garden wall. With strange speeches and stranger contortions of the face, he addressed Mrs. Nickleby. When in deeply heart-felt manner he cried, "Be mine, be mine!" the audience were compelled to sit quietly by and see the "gentleman in the small-clothes next door" (Miss Marion Grimshaw), led away by his keeper (Miss Ruth Baker). This was one of the most delightful little plays the W. L. S. has seen. The programme was concluded by a banjo solo by Miss Elsie Wilkins, who prefaced her selection by strikingly contrasting the gay tunes she used to play before she entered McMaster with the solemn ones she now enjoys. Mrs. Glenn Campbell acted as critic.

Y. W. C. A.—Mrs. G. P. Bryce, who sails with her husband early in the New Year to take up missionary work in India, addressed the meeting of December 10th. She spoke of the subject of missions, as it would seem inevitable one should speak, to whom missions are the one big thing of life. She contrasted the need in the teeming lands of the East with the need here, the supply of workers there with the supply here. Then, in a way few of her hearers will forget, she showed the injustice done those missionaries whom we send out, in leaving them to battle alone against such terrible odds: the injustice done those suffer-

ing peoples in sending them such scanty and insufficient help; and lastly, the injustice done to the Christ whom we pretend to follow. After the meeting closed, the girls had the opportunity of talking informally with Mrs. Bryce in the Ladies' Room, where afternoon tea was served.

Although near the end of the term, the regular meeting was held as usual, on December the seventeenth. The work of the next term in Mission Study was discussed, and the recommendation of the Mission Study Convenor that the Association study "South American Problems," by Robert E. Speer, was accepted. The leaders, Miss Ruby Veals, Miss Annie Millar, and Miss Isobel Fairbairn, will start their classes early in the term, and an interesting course is promised. It was also decided to hold the regular meetings of the Association but fortnightly, in future.

A TRAGEDY.

A Senior to a Sophette said,
"There's surely ice to-night,
Let's hie us straight to Aura Lee,
And skim the surface bright."

Their skates upon his arm they hung,
And forth they sallied both,
But when they reached the dear old place,
They failed to find the ice.

To leave the rink, they were so loth;
Yet still his heart beat high.
He took her back to her own door,
But she simply said, "Good-night."

If desired, this may be sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

THE INTEREST of the girls in politics seems to be increasing. How could it be otherwise, when we have heard two of the most eminent political leaders in less than one week, Mr. N. W. Rowell, on December 12th, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on the 16th of the same month? The attendance of the ladies at both meetings was good, but a record was broken at the latter, for "the ladies of McMaster attended one hundred strong." They were vastly pleased to hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier's confirmation of their opinions in regard to those lines of study which all but the few are pursuing, English, History and Moderns. So great was the enthusiasm aroused by this meeting, that it was not until the last glimpse of his taxi had been seen, and the last trace of gasoline

had been whiffed at the open window, that the plane of everyday life was again reached. Then the scent of coffee gained the upper hand. Sandwiches, salads, pickles, cake and buns mysteriously took their place on the Ladies' Table, and once more an always enjoyed "bun feed" was in progress.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: Miss Isobel Fairbairn, '15.

"Master; Master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of."

The aim of this department is to keep track of the whereabouts and varied doings of our graduates, in order that we, who are still in attendance at our Alma Mater, may keep in touch with those who have left her sheltering walls. We do not use the term, graduate, in any narrow sense, but have reference to those who once formed a part of our student body, but are with us no more. It is a difficult task to obtain full and accurate information, and the editor would be very glad to receive assistance. If you know any interesting item, either about yourself or someone else, send it in. What we have succeeded in learning is as follows:

Miss Anna McMaster has not completely severed her connection with institutions of learning, but is teaching school near Kingston . . . Miss May Iveson and Miss Edith Pratt are, for the present, both at home, as is also Miss Jean Vining . . . Miss Edith Fenton has just completed a short course in domestic science at Toronto University . . . Miss Hattie Knight has gone into business in Winnipeg, Man. . . . We are very pleased to report that we may look forward to a visit from Miss Irene Sitlwell in the near future . . . Miss Mildred Kemner is pursuing her scholastic career at one of the colleges in the United States . . . Miss Margaret Newton, after teaching for a time, is now at home.

HERE AND THERE.

Editor: Miss Ada Found, '14.

"Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it."
—Emerson.

In one of our contemporaries appears an article on "Exercise," by Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D. So appropriate is it for McMaster students that we cannot forbear quoting from it:

"Go slowly and quietly upstairs, and if the staircase be broad enough, zigzag from side to side, as you would do on a

mountain trail. Running upstairs is one of the silliest and most short-sighted ways of trying to save time that there is, at any age. We save three seconds by an amount of extra exertion which would have carried us over the next two hundred yards on a level in at least thirty seconds less time.

"Do not carry trunks about, nor move the piano over to the other side of the room because you think it looks better there, nor roll barrels around in the cellar, nor test your lungs on the spirometer, nor fight with the window sash which sticks, until you are black in the face."

SUCH insight as the following clipping shows is worthy of note:

"No man of experience will ever say that he understands women. They are infinitely diverse, remember, as compared with men, who are, for the most part, alike."

SOME of our students will, we feel sure, appreciate these lines.

"I'm glad that meat and things have soared
So high they've left us blinking;
It helps—this extra rise in board—
High living brings plain thinking."

"And now what of the future—its duties and its hopes? At least this: that the future has larger duties and brighter hopes than the past has ever had. Of all things the most incredible is that the future should be no better than the past."—*Frederick Myers.*

Athletics.

EDITOR: N. DAVIES, '14.

"Great things through greatest hazards are achieved
And so they shine."



THE NEW YEAR BRINGS, besides holidays, examinations and new resolutions, a change in athletic activity. The hockey stick and the puck take the place of the football, which is banished to await the enthusiasts of next fall. At McMaster hockey dates from 1896, when, in the February number of THE MONTHLY, mention is made of a small rink to the rear of the College. Here the puck-chasers acquired considerable efficiency, for a later issue records a game with Knox, won by McMaster. The next year, a hockey club was organized, practice hours secured at Victoria Rink, and a team entered in the Intercollegiate series. Since then there has always been a team in the College which has played in the Jennings Cup series or the Intercollegiate series.

During the seasons of '97-'98 and '98-'99, McMaster had a real rink of her own, which was run by a rink committee, and was a great success. Except in these two seasons, arrangements were made at "Varsity" or "Little Vic" rink for general skating and hockey hours. Inter-year hockey made its appearance at an early date and the accounts of the games are varied and interesting, as also are the results. Freshmen! take cheer! Be it known to you that in the seasons of '98-'99 and '03-'04 the Freshmen won the Inter-year championship and in several other seasons were in the finals.

Nor have our teams in their games with other Colleges discredited their own. In all their games McMaster teams have won their share in the preliminaries, though only occasionally getting into the finals. In 1900 the first team won four games. In 1901 they won the championship of the Jennings Cup series, which was the first title for a McMaster team to win in athletics. The next year they lost in the finals of the same series. In 1903 the team entered the Intermediate Intercollegiate series in which our first team now plays. The following year they won the

district championship against Trinity and Varsity II., but lost to Royal Military College of Kingston in the finals. In following years they have easily won from Trinity, but lost to Varsity till 1911-12, when the first team again established themselves "District Champions," failing, however, to win the final. Last year our team was again in the finals, but the R.M.C. team again proved their superiority. This year—but we shall await developments before making any forecasts, hoping, however, that our team will not fall below the mark set in the two preceding years.

RINKS.—The rink problem has been satisfactorily and successfully solved by this year's Athletic Executive, which commenced negotiations early for hockey hours at the Arena. Thanks to their efforts and the generosity of the Board of Governors, our teams will have two hours a week on the artificial ice. Arrangements have also been made for general skating and hockey hours at "Little Vic." rink. There should be no lack of incentive for hockey with so many hours available for practice, and everyone interested, ladies included, for it is rumored they have been allotted two hours a week, should be able to join in the game.

SOCCER.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP comes to McMaster. By winning the return game with Guelph on December 6, our team established their claim to the title in the Varsity II. soccer series. It is the highest soccer honor which has come to McMaster. While our teams have been champions of the Inter-faculty series, this is the first championship of a league admittedly of better class than the one our team played in formerly. Individually and collectively, the team deserve credit for their consistent endeavors, and McMaster men have every reason to be proud of their champions.

McMASTER, 1; O. A. C., 0.—The return game at Guelph was played on Saturday, December 6. Soccer interest in Guelph has never been strong and the leaders there were anxious to have the game played to create further interest in the sport. The O. A. C. team was the same as in the former game; for McMaster, Hay replaced Smith, who failed to make railway connections for the trip, and Long played on the half line. The single score came about the middle of the first half on a combination by Linton and Campbell. O. A. C. forwards played well, but lacked

scoring ability. Their halves were especially good and saved them from a worse defeat. The slippery ground affected the play and made it impossible for McMaster forwards to get combination going. The game was fairly even, with the advantage slightly on the McMaster side.

LINE-UP.—Goal, Field; full backs, Hay, Hisey; halves, Ballard, Browne, Long; forwards, McWilliams, Sorton, Campbell, Linton, Price; spare, Freeman.

INTER-YEAR SOCCER.—After a series of inter-year games, the full record of which would resemble a serial story in length, the Juniors have annexed a second title, the Sophomores get second place and Theology third place. That the fortunes of war are uncertain, is the belief of the Freshmen, who played in five out of seven games, only to see other Years secure the coveted points. The Juniors, however, believe these same fortunes of war are all right, especially if the one concerned is on the side favored by fortune. The Juniors secured the title by playing only one game.

The Seniors and Freshmen met twice in overtime games before their differences were settled in favor of the Freshmen. A similar drama was enacted between Theology and Sophomores, the latter finally winning the applause. The difference between the Juniors and the Freshmen was decided in favor of the Juniors. The Sophomores next met the Freshmen in an exciting test of skill. The Sophomores won the game, but immediately defaulted to the Juniors, thus giving them the championship after one game.

The actors in the final scene were the teams of Theology and the Freshmen. After forty minutes of a controversy the curtain fell, smothering the last aspirations of the Freshmen to points in the soccer games. The dates and results of the games were as follows:

- Nov. 29—Seniors vs. Freshmen; 1—1.
- Dec. 1—Theology vs. Sophomores; 0—0.
- Dec. 3—Seniors vs. Freshmen; 0—1.
- Dec. 4—Theology vs. Sophomores; 0—1.
- Dec. 9—Juniors vs. Freshmen; 1—0.
- Dec. 13—Sophomores vs. Freshmen; 3—1.
- Dec. 15—Theology vs. Freshmen; 3—1.
- The players on the various teams:

THEOLOGY.—Goal, Turnbull; backs, Haddow, Fraser; halves, Rosser, Sorton, Thomas; forwards, Nixon, McDonald, Roberts (capt.), Matthews, Merritt.

SENIORS.—Goal, J. W. Davis; backs, Hisey, Graham; halves, Mitchener, Smith, Henderson, Rice; forwards, McWilliams, Shannon, Trembert, Cutler, Davies (capt.), Freeman.

JUNIORS.—Goal, Kellock; backs, Smith, Ballard; halves Long, Hawkings, Hay (capt.); forwards, Reeds, Philpott, Campbell, Stilwell, Kenyon, Riley.

SOPHOMORES.—Goal, McLarty; backs, Buck, Bates; halves, Cole, Ziemann (capt.), Parker; forwards, Fox, Chisholm, Hall, Linton, Price, MacGregor, Mallory.

FRESHMEN.—Goal, Field (capt.); backs, Way, Best; halves, Demary, Lepofsky, Twiss; Wilson, Whan, Minister, Davis, Hearst, Fawthrop.

Y. M. C. A.—A large number of McMaster men are taking advantage of the opportunities offered by the physical department of the splendid new Central Y. M. C. A. building. Tuesdays and Thursdays McMaster students have the floor for one hour for basketball. A swimming class has also been started under the leadership of Carl Farmer.

BASKETBALL: Trinity, 43; McMaster, 16.—McMaster met Trinity on their own floor in an exhibition game on December 9, with the above lamentable result. During the first half the play was even, the half time score standing 15-11 in favor of Trinity. Condition showed in the second half and Trinity forwards soon piled up the score. Trinity scored easily by keeping one man just under the basket and playing combination, sending the ball to this player to shoot. For McMaster there was good combination, but the shooting was erratic and uncertain.

The line-up.—Defence, Donald, Hawkings; forwards, Price, Philpott, Field, McWilliams.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, B.A. '05.



VERY loyal son and daughter of Alma Mater rejoices in the success of the Alumni in the world of affairs. It would be a difficult matter to secure a complete list of those who have gone into business in different parts of the globe, but it is possible to collect a little data as to the achievements of the McMaster men who have elected to stay in Toronto and fight their way to the top in business. The record is a surprising one. A remarkably large number of McMasterites have made good with a vengeance and are either at the top or very close to it in the various concerns with which they are connected.

Those who have gone into the financial arena have perhaps made the most marked success. R. Charles Matthews, B.A. '01, is the head of one of Toronto's largest bond and debenture houses, R. C. Matthews and Co., and is reckoned very high in Bradstreets. W. L. McKinnon, B.A. '06, is senior partner in W. L. McKinnon and Co., a thriving concern which specializes in municipal debentures. J. B. McArthur, B.A. '05, is manager of Bailey, Wood & Croft, another of Toronto's biggest stock and bond houses, and secretary of the Bankers Bond Company, an investment concern.

E. CAREY FOX, B.A. '06, has rapidly climbed to the top in the William Davies Company, Ontario's largest meat and provision concern. He is general manager and the second largest stockholder. Watch for Carey's name in the list of Canadian millionaires about 1920. He is very highly thought of in Canadian financial circles.

W. HAROLD ("FUZZY") FIRSTBROOK, B.A. '10, has also risen rapidly since entering the Firstbrook Box Company, of which his father is president and general manager. "Fuzzy" is now assistant factory manager.

IN THE Imperial Varnish and Color Company's employ are three McMaster men, each head of his department. Mr. G. C. McEwen, B.A. '07, is superintendent of the Dry Color depart-

ment; James A. Weir, B.A. '05, is executive head of the Varnish section, and Edward Mihell, who was a member of Class '04, is advertising manager of the company.

W. E. ("BOBBY") ROBERTSON, B.A. '00, is managing director of the Westminster Company, Limited, publishers, Toronto; secretary and director of Geo. H. Doran & Co., New York and Toronto, publishers in America for Hodder & Stoughton, and secretary and director of R. Robertson & Sons, general contractors, of Toronto.

MR. ARTHUR B. FARMER, B.A. '05, who narrowly escaped being elected to Toronto's City Council in Ward 4, running fourth in a large field, three of whom were elected, is an educational director of the Sheldon School of Business Science, President of the M. F. W. Construction Company, director of the Purchase Realty Co., Ltd., and secretary of the Business Science Club of Toronto. His hobby is Single Tax, and he is ready at all times and places to speak at any length on this subject.

IN THE newspaper world, J. Herbert Cranston, B.A. '05, has stayed with the Toronto Daily Star, which paper he joined on graduation, and is now managing editor of the Toronto Star Weekly, a paper which corresponds to the Sunday editions of the large American papers, with this difference that it is published before six o'clock on Saturday evening and is not sold on Sunday.

WALLACE P. COHOE, B.A. '98, has temporarily joined the laboratory staff of the William Davies Company and is now in Europe conducting investigations for that concern.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, has a fair share of graduates of McMaster University, as may be learned from the following message addressed to Chancellor McCrimmon and received at the University on December 31st: "Season's greetings. McMaster Alumni, twenty-four in number, to-night banqueted, toasted and sang the glory of our Alma Mater. We who are part of McMaster's past, are proud of her present attainment, and believe in her future. May your ambitions for expansion be realized."

ONE OF the Edmonton graduates who has recently achieved distinction is Charles D. Grant, B.A. '02, who has been created a King's Counsel by the Alberta Government. "Charlie" is the youngest lawyer to wear the K.C. hood in that province. He has been remarkably successful in his law practice.

REV. W. J. ("LABBY") MEADE of '05, who went from Ontario to Michigan, has presented his resignation at Mt. Clemens, Mich., and has accepted the unanimous call of the Knoxville Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REV. H. WOOD, B.A., who has recently settled at Claremont, was ordained recently, and was married in Toronto on New Year's Day.

J. J. NICOLE, B.A. '00, whose home is in Sherbrooke, Quebec Province, the most important city of the Eastern townships, is District Attorney for the Province of Quebec, and editor of a French daily paper. In his spare time, we are told, he speculates in real estate, and has accumulated a tidy fortune.

REV. G. R. WELSH, B.A. '00, has been re-elected as President of the Association of Baptist Churches of Vancouver, Westminster and vicinities.

REV. A. S. PARNALL, B.A., *ad eundem*, '07, has returned from Western Canada, and is now located in the Baptist pastorate at Essex, Ontario.

PROFESSOR CHESTER W. NEW, of Brandon College, at a recent convention of the University of Chicago, received the degree Ph.D. Mr. New is a graduate of McMaster in Theology (B.Th., 1906, B.D., 1907).

REV. W. A. TILLEY, B.A. '10, B.Th. '12, who has been serving faithfully and successfully at Spadina Road Mission, and who has also been teaching Mathematics at Moulton College, has resigned both positions, and expects to pursue post-graduate studies in an American University, probably at the University of Chicago. To look after his creature comforts while engaged in his pursuit of knowledge, he has taken unto himself a wife in the person of Miss French, of Toronto.

ANOTHER McMaster wedding has taken place. She's a great old match-maker, this Alma Mater of ours. The latest pair of graduates to enter Hymen's bonds together are Rev. R. C. English, B.A. '08, of Amesbury, Mass., and Miss Edna Lilian Morton, B.A. '10, of Newmarket. The wedding took place on December 31. Rev. C. E. Fockler, B.A. '11, assisted in the ceremony, and L. W. Dales, a former McMaster student, and son of Prof. Dales, was best man.

IN REGINA, Saskatchewan, two McMaster men are practicing law, Ephraim A. St. James, B.A. '06, and Aaron Mann, B.A. '01.

REV. HUGH BRYAN KILGOUR, B.A. '13, has accepted the pastorate of the Wychwood Baptist Church, Toronto.

YOUR assistance is solicited in the editing of this column. If you hear of anything interesting in connection with any graduate of McMaster University, jot it down and mail it at once to J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto. Do not take it for granted that the editor already knows it,—the chances are that he does not. Do not let your natural modesty make you hesitate about sending an item regarding yourself. It is probably the only way in which many of your best college friends can learn what you are doing. You like to read about them. They would enjoy a paragraph about you. Send it along.

MR. STAMBURY R. TARR, B.A. '95, M.A. '97, was asked by the Faculty of McMaster University to represent his Alma Mater at the recent installation of President McLean of the University of Manitoba early in December. Chancellor McCrimmon had been invited to make an educational address, but was unable to be present. Mr. Tarr did the honors most creditably.

MR. JOSEPH WEARING, B.A. '10, M.A. '12, has hung out his shingle as a lawyer in Peterboro, Ontario, and has gone into partnership with the Crown Attorney, Robert Edwin Wood. The firm name is Wood & Wearing. Mr. Wood has recently been ill, and "Joe" has been Acting Crown Attorney and has conducted the prosecution in a number of cases.

ISAAC F. FITCH, B.A. '12, is senior student in a law office in Calgary. In the examinations this year he had the good fortune to stand second in the province with an average of 82, being beaten only by a Queen's Man, who got 83.

FRED D. WEIR, B.A. '13, is president of the Literary Society, at the Calgary Normal College. Miss Minnie Currie, B.A. '13, is reported by our Western correspondent to be the belle of the institution.

REV. GEORGE W. ALLEN, B.A. '12, is located at Abbot's Corners, Quebec, the pastor of the only church of any denomination in an area of forty square miles. A church hall has recently been erected, and the opening was a great success. Mr. Allen

was the only member of Class '12 to go East, and he says that if the fellows could only realize what wonderful things are going on behind their backs in old Quebec, while they gaze Westward, there would soon be a change in their plans.

MOOSE JAW, SASKATCHEWAN, is to be congratulated on having no less than four McMaster University graduates on the teaching staff of its Collegiate Institute. E. Cecil Jordan, B.A. '05, is instructor in geometry. George S. Johnston, B.A. '05, is in charge of the Biological department, and is reported to have brought six snakes to the building last fall, only four of which managed to find their way into glass jars—what became of the others is a mystery. Mrs. Johnston was formerly Lillie M. Senior, B.A. '05. Miss Charlotte Burke, B.A. '06, is commercial teacher, and Miss C. A. Saunders, B.A. '01, is the latest acquisition to the staff. W. T. Hawkings, B.A. '02, is Public School inspector of the Moose Jaw district.

PROFESSOR W. SHERWOOD FOX, of Princeton University (McMaster, '00), has been entrusted with the preparation of the volume on Classical Mythology in the new series of the "Mythology of All Races." Professor Fox has spent years of special study in this field of Classical learning and is particularly fitted to handle the subject in an authoritative manner. The new book will be published simultaneously in London and Boston.

ARTHUR J. THOMSON, B.A. '99, of Thomson, Tilley and Johnston, Toronto, was this year elected to the executive of the Ontario Bar Association, an honor any lawyer might well covet.

B. W. N. GRIGG, B.A. '94, was recently appointed advertising manager of the Mutual Life Association, of Waterloo, Ontario.

ALVIN IRWIN OGILVIE, B.A. '12, has resigned his position on the Faculty of Woodstock College, and will teach Moderns in the Fort William Collegiate Institute, beginning next month.

F. W. N. GOBLE, B.A. '00, is making good with a vengeance as a general building contractor in New York City. He has an office on 42nd Street, but like most New York business men lives in the suburbs. His home is at White Plains, N.J.

Woodstock College.

EDITOR: WM. L. HICKS.



TIME FLIES! It seems but a few weeks since we arrived at "the college amongst the trees," and now already we are about to leave for our Christmas vacation. The examinations of the past few days have been hard on us, and so gratefully we turn our feet homewards and anticipate a good holiday.

The year so far has been enjoyable. The students have all entered with considerable zest into the work and play of the school, with the result that we have been made happy in the midst of our work.

VISITORS are always made welcome at Woodstock, and so it happens that quite often we are favored with the presence of distinguished men. On Thursday, December 11th, Rev. John McNeill of Cook's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, paid us a visit. The prayer meeting was placed in his hands, and for an hour he addressed us, in his own inimitable way, on the subject of "Decision." His happy humor and his earnest appeal captivated the students and lasting impressions were made.

On the Saturday following we had Rev. Mr. Piercy of Warton with us. In the short time at his disposal he gave us a fine recital of some of his best pieces. Mr. Piercy's recitation was much appreciated.

WOODSTOCK is sending a representative to the Student Convention at Kansas City, in the person of Mr. W. L. McKay, the worthy President of the student body.

ATHLETICS.—Our physical director, Mr. Brown, represented the College at the meeting in Toronto of the Ontario Basketball Association. A team was entered for the basketball league. Principal MacNeill was elected to the executive of the O. B. A.

The O. H. A. hockey players have been training hard in the past few weeks and are getting quite anxious for the fray. Woodstock's first game is at Sarnia on January 8th, 1914.

THE EDITOR wishes his readers a bright and prosperous New Year.

Here and There.

EDITOR: DAVID M. SULLIVAN, '14.

"What's a' the jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools,
If honest Nature made you fools?"

—Burns.



AUSTIC articles appear in the press, from time to time, regarding the inefficiency of college men when face to face with real life. The failure of a college graduate to "make good" in any walk of life is usually the signal for an exultant tirade against modern higher education. Traced to its source, the failure is due not to the inadequacy of the university training, but to the inherent worthlessness of the man himself. Nowadays there is no longer any doubt as to the general soundness of a college course as an equipment for any career. The proof of this statement lies in the fact that college graduates are foremost in almost all phases of our national life. The statesmen who govern Canada and the Republic to the south of us, the gentlemen who edit our daily papers and periodicals, the men and women who mould the thought of our day and generation are, with rare exceptions, university graduates. The superiority of the trained mind over the untrained is everywhere being shown. "After all, the great aim of education," writes Stephen Leacock, in *The University Magazine*, "is the acquirement of capacity,—not the ability to perform a particular mechanical thing in a particular way, but the power of turning upon any intellectual problem the full effort of a trained intelligence. It is just this power which the Arts course of a university ought to develop. The study of the binomial theorem is, visibly and directly, of no use in business; yet, as a matter of fact, one who has mastered it will find it relatively easier to turn up punctually at nine o'clock in the morning, to attend to what is said to him, to understand his own ignorance and do his best to remove it, than one who has never seen the inside of an algebra." The virtue of a degree lies not in the quantity of knowledge that is behind it, but in that evolved capacity which, developed to an infinite degree, blossoms into genius. A university education is, therefore, chiefly valuable because it gives to its possessor the broad and sane outlook, the intellectual interest, and the capacity for developing and exalt-

ing those higher faculties of the soul which enable him to annihilate the delusions of the senses.

LOVERS of poetry will find much that is haunting and delightful in a little volume of Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall's collected poems, entitled "The Drift of Pinions," recently published by *The University Magazine*, Montreal. Some ardent devotees of Miss Pickthall's art love every word she has ever written. Certainly, many of her poems are technically perfect and gain in beauty with every reading. Such, for instance, is "Armored," "deliciously reminiscent of Meredith in its pagan delight in an elfin nature, and its metre borrowed only to embellish." The first verse runs thus:

When within the rippling tide
Shakes the silver-pointed moon,
When the rainbow flies of noon
All have died,
When the bats go wheeling far,
And the mournful owl has cried
Twice or thrice a-down the glen
Gray with gathering shade, and when
Gates o' dream are held ajar,—
From the alders in the dell,
From the bracken fronds astir,
Elphin voices call to her,—
"Armored!"

COMMENTING on Miss Pickthall's art, Mr. Laurence E. Jones, in his review of "The Drift of Pinions," says: "Nature is her chief mistress—the nature of the ancients, peopled with gracile sprites and elfs, unscientific nature, together with the joys she affords of sights and smells and sounds." One of her best efforts is "The Pool," "with its musical phrasing and telling slight repetitions." Here are the concluding lines:

I would live like an elf where the wild grapes cling,
I would chase the thrush
From the red rose-berries,
All the day long I would laugh and swing
With the black choke-cherries,
I would shake the bees from the milkweed blooms,
And cool, O cool,
Night after night I would leap in the pool,
And sleep with the fish in the roots of the rush.
Clear, O clear, my dreams should be made
Of emerald light and amber shade,
Of silver shallows and golden glooms.
Sweet, O sweet, my dreams should be
As the dark, sweet water enfolding me
Safe as a blind shell under the sea.

THE FUNCTION of this department of our magazine has been well expressed by a former editor, "To the task of reproducing some of the little gems of modern art, sober thought or sparkling wit, the pages of *HERE AND THERE* have been dedicated." That the task is a delightful one, all exchange editors will admit. The search for examples of sparkling wit has, however, been responsible for more than one furrow in the joke-gatherer's brow. To the question, "When is a joke not a joke?" *Everybody's Magazine* answers wearily and cynically, "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred." In an age when every newspaper and periodical is littered with so-to-speak witticisms, when even homiletics is hopelessly entangled with laughter, and understanding waits on levity, he is indeed a bold iconoclast who ventures to deprecate the present insane demand for frivolity which possesses the rising and risen generation. The type of joke which provokes the appreciative smile has its legitimate place, but let us not make a goddess of it; let us have the courage to relegate it in our college magazines to the little corner where it belongs. College publications, if purged of the iniquitous puns which now soil their pages, would be vastly more readable and, we venture to say, financially more successful. Let us lead the way, then, by refusing to publish octogenarian trash in our joke columns, and perchance we may usher in a literary millenium where fun will be unobtrusive enough and genuine enough to be appreciated for its true worth.

THE VERSE of Alfred Noyes often invites comparison with Tennyson by its easy music, its even beauty and its skill. His poem, "New Year's Eve," we copy from *World Wide*:

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(By Alfred Noyes.)

Rich are the lips that have one kiss to waste.
A year is dying. O, make haste! Make haste!
Young quarrelling lovers, have ye spent a score
So soon, so soon, of three-score years and ten?
Be quick! Be kind! Ye have not many more.
—Rich are the lips that have one kiss to waste!—

Make haste, then, O, make haste to kiss again.
Be merciful! Too swiftly fly the years
For one great human heart to know another;
Nor may the love of any mortal mother
Sound the deep well-spring of her children's tears.

To night a knocking at every door is heard;
 At every heart there comes a knocking, too;
 And a Voice crying an old familiar word:—
 "I am that Grief which maketh all things new;
 I am that Love whose head was bowed in death;
 That winter in whose heart the flowers are furled."

"Fling wide the doors! I am He that comforteth.
 Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."
 Make haste! Make haste! Friend with lost friend, clasp hands;
 Twine closer, wedded hearts, your last frail strands;
 Like clouds, like clouds, across all seas and lands,
 Rush long-estranged souls, to be embraced!
 Rich are the lips that have one kiss to waste;
 The years are dying. O, make haste! Make haste!

HEARD IN PASSING:—

"I hope I make myself clear," said the water as it passed through the filter.

"Experience like this tends to harden one," said the egg, as it was placed in hot water.

"I do this because of an inward prompting," said the sea-sick man leaning over the rail.

"I'll stay and see this thing out," said the man at the dentist's.

"I have an inkling," said the blotter.—(*St. Andrew's College Review*).

BOYS.

I do be thinking God must laugh
 The times He makes a boy;
 All elements the creatures are,
 And divilment and joy;
 Careless and gay as a wad in a window,
 Swift as a redshanks and wild as a hare,
 Heartscalds and torments—but sorra a mother
 Has got one to spare!

—W. M. LETTS, in *Westminster Gazette*.

NOT ONE OF OUR OWN—(OH, NO!)—A certain Eastern professor in a restaurant said to the waiter, "Bring me some hock—hic-hacc-hoe, you know." After some interval, on the non-appearance of the hock, he called the waiter again and enquired the reason. "Oh," said the waiter, who knew some Latin, "You asked for hock, then you declined it."—*The Sheaf*.

"THE FINEST SPEECH IN ENGLISH."—The finest speech in English of the last half century was delivered at Gettysburg—a

speech made by a man who had been a country farmer and a district lawyer, which ranks among the glories and the treasures of mankind. I escape the task of deciding which is the masterpiece of British eloquence by awarding the prize to Abraham Lincoln.—Lord Curzon, at Cambridge University.

Let me look always forward. Never back.
 Was I not formed for progress? Otherwise
 With onward pointing feet and searching eyes
 Would God have set me squarely on the track
 Up which we all must labor with life's pack?
 Yonder the goal of all this travel lies.
 What matters it if yesterday the skies
 With light were golden or with clouds were black,
 I would not lose to-morrow's glow of dawn
 By peering backward after suns long set.
 New hope is fairer than an old regret;
 Let me pursue my journey and press on—
 Nor tearful-eyed, stand ever in one spot
 A briny statue like the wife of Lot.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in *Denver Post*.

CANDIDATE (speaking before a mass meeting):—"D—er, d—er, d—er, —," President:—"Well, it's human to err; the next speaker, please."—*Queen's Journal*.

TRANSGRESSION.

By Richard Le Gallienne.
 I meant to do my work to-day,—
 But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
 And a butterfly flitted across the field,
 And all the leaves were calling me.
 And the wind went sighing over the land,
 Tossing the grasses to and fro,
 And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
 So what could I do but laugh and go?

—O. A. C. Review.

A typographical error, in our last issue, rendered a suggested examination question meaningless. The correct form is as follows: Let x = a motorist who has exceeded the time limit, and y = a policeman who stopped him. Prove when x is allowed to proceed, $x - 5s = y^2$.—*The Student*.

THE BABY.—"Yes, he is the most welcome visitor I ever had," said the mother, proudly. "He just lies and talks to me by the hour." "So unlike most visitors," replied her friend, "they just talk and lie to you by the hour."

IN THE January number of *Scribner's Magazine* appears Robert Louis Stevenson's "Student Song," of which we print two verses:

STUDENT SONG.

(Robert Louis Stevenson.)

They say that at the core of it
 This life is all regret;
 But we've scarce yet learned the lore of it,
 We're only youngsters yet.
 We only ask some more of it, some more of it,
 We only ask some more of it
 —The less we're like to get.

Though ill may be the close of it,
 It's fair enough at morn;
 And the manner to dispose of it
 Is just to pluck the rose of it
 When first the rose is born.
 Is just to pluck the rose of it, the rose of it, the rose of it,
 Is just to pluck the rose of it,
 The de'il may take the thorn!

WE wish to draw the attention of the students to the Exchange shelves in the reading room. On the first of each month a new issue of each exchange is placed there for perusal. It is interesting and instructive to know what our sister institutions are doing. College magazines from every Province in Canada, and from the leading universities of United States and the British Isles cannot fail to contain many contributions that are decidedly worth while.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE, with thanks, receipt of the following exchanges during the past month: Acadia Athenaeum, Aeta Victoriana, Albertus, Argosy, Baylor Literary Magazine, Bessie Tift Journal, Brandon College Quill, College Index, Collegian, Dalhousie Gazette, Gleam, Mercerian, Notre Dame Scholastic, O. A. C. Review, Okanagan Lyceum, Philomathean Monthly, Queen's Journal, Sheaf, Sodalian, St. Andrew's College Review, St. Hilda's Chronicle, St. John's College Magazine, T. C. D., Trinity University Review, University Monthly, University of Ottawa Review, University of Virginia Magazine, Viatorian, Vox Collegii, Western University Gazette.

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A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO COME AFTER US.



GOD, we pray thee for those who come after us, for our children, and for the children of our friends, and for all the young lives that are marching up from the gates of birth, pure and eager, with the morning sunshine on their faces. We remember with a pang that these will live in the world we are making for them. We are wasting the resources of the earth in our headlong greed, and they will suffer want. We are building sunless houses and joyless cities for our profit, and they must dwell therein. We are making the burden heavy and the pace of work pitiless, and they will fall wan and sobbing by the wayside. We are poisoning the air of our land by our lies and our uncleanness, and they will breathe it. . . . Help us to break the ancient force of evil by a holy and steadfast will and to endow our children with purer blood and nobler thoughts. Grant us grace to leave the earth fairer than we found it; to build upon it cities of God in which the cry of needless pain shall cease; and to put the yoke of Christ upon our business life that it may serve and not destroy. Lift the veil of the future and show us the generation to come as it will be if blighted by our guilt, that our lust may be cooled and we may walk in the fear of the Eternal. Grant us a vision of the far-off years as they may be if redeemed by the sons of God, that we may take heart and do battle for Thy children and ours.—WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH, in *Prayers of the Social Awakening*.

PIETRO.

(First Prize Story—Graduate Competition.)



LUCIA, standing before her dingy mirror, saw a winsome, radiant girlish face and a dainty, white-clad figure reflected against a singularly incongruous background of smoke-begrimed walls decorated with huge wreaths of glaring red roses. She turned up the flaring gas-jet, rubbed the murky surface of the glass, twisted and turned her piquantly pretty head—all in a futile attempt to get a better view of herself and her new gala attire.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shone with excitement. To-night was the happy culmination of a four years' struggle in the midst of poverty, toil and loneliness. A care-free girl of sixteen, she had come with her father, a Venetian artist, to America, the Mecca of their dreams. But it was winter and bitterly cold. Times were hard. When even the peanut-stand, the banana-cart, and the hurdy-gurdy of his fellow-countrymen were unvisited, what chance was there for an unknown Italian painter? Day after day, he grew more dejected and frail; and one dark morning, the heart-broken dreamer died, leaving his child alone in a strange land. She obtained hard, but welcome, work in a factory, and studied at night-school. In time, her wages were raised, and she began, with renewed hope, what she called her "dream-box." Into it, besides her savings, went ambitious visions of the day when she should go to the famous Italian singing-teacher at the Conservatory. After months of waiting, that joyous day came. The old musician took a great fancy to his new pupil; and, thereafter, the cheerful evenings at the studio, with the new friendships, were sufficient recompense for the lonely drudging of the day.

To-night was the realization of her dreams—her first concert—announced in all the Italian shops:—

CONCERTA ITALIANO
NELLA CHIESA DELLA MADONNA
SIGNORINA LUCIA MORELLO

Hence, Lucia's anxious gazing in the mirror, trying to gather from its dim reflection how she looked in the shimmering white dress, her first change from mourning. Presently she turned away and began searching in an old chest for a discarded hand-glass. She found it—cracked! With a woman's superstitious fear of broken mirrors, she turned it face downwards. As she did so, a gondola-scene, sketched by her father on its gilded back, suddenly recalled a picture which she had almost succeeded in forgetting—a memory of her last night in Venice. The moon shone over the ancient city of faded splendor. Out in a slender black gondola a girl, Lucia herself, was singing; and in the stern with his guitar sat Pietro, the young gondolier.

"Poor Pietro!" she sighed. "I wonder what happened. You promised to come so soon; and yet, through all those lonely days, you never came. Perhaps you forgot . . . perhaps there's another Lucia now in the little house by the Riviera . . . perhaps . . ."

Jingle-jangle went the door bell, causing the usual commotion, when the good-natured landlady, followed by her noisy brood, waddled to the front door.

"Surely that can't be Percy already," thought Lucia, forgetting the broken mirror and Pietro. The door slammed. She listened. Puffing, scrambling up the stairs came the Driscoll family. Lucia opened her door. Mrs. Driscoll started, crossed herself in pretended fright, and gasped:

"Bless me soul and body! Ye scared me half out o' me wits! Shure, I wouldn't 'av knowed ye. Ye're that purty an' shinin'-like. I thought ye wuz a angel. Och, Peggy, I dare ye to tech yer dirty fingers to that new gown! March out o' here, the hull crowd of yez! Now, jist see what I've brought ye. It was a automobilly what come to the door, and the boy, sez he, 'Seenoreeny Morella?' 'No,' sez I, 'I ain't no seenoreeny.' 'No, I guess it ain't for you,' sez he——"

Another ring of the doorbell cut short the lady's loquacity and she reluctantly handed over the box. Lucia, left alone, opened it and found, to her delight, a bunch of crimson roses.

"Oh! aren't they beautiful!" She bent over them, laying her hot cheeks against their velvety petals. "But how can I wear so many of them? It's just like Percy's generosity. Oh! they are his peace-offering, I suppose. There! I wish I hadn't thought of last night again! I feel so angry every time I think of his patronizing question, 'So you're going down to sing to the Dagoes, Miss Lucia?' Well, I'm glad I told him just what I thought anyway; for, with all his money, he doesn't know half so much as some of 'those poor Dagoes,' as he calls them. But he's a good-natured boy after all, or he wouldn't have offered, after that outbreak, to take me down in his car!"

While these thoughts were running through her head, she had re-arranged her flowers, and tucked three half-open buds among her black curls. All ready to go downstairs, she picked up her music and her bouquet. A white card fluttered to the floor. She stopped to pick it up, and suddenly the flush died from her cheeks and her heart seemed to stop beating. On the card was one word—"Pietro."

Meanwhile, Percy Jones, one of her studio friends, was waiting impatiently in the hall below, and looking around the unattractive boarding-house with supercilious condescension. He was a warm-hearted, quick-tempered lad, the spoiled only son of newly-rich parents. Money was his standard of everything except music, which was his one passion. At the studio, he had been boyishly infatuated with Lucia's golden voice, which haunted him, like some sweet melody, day and night.

He began to beat a restless tattoo on the floor when, at last, Lucia opened her door at the head of the stairs. Like a flash, something seemed to dazzle the waiting boy; he realized suddenly that she was beautiful, that she was more than the incarnation of a lovely voice, that she was a girl with all the charm of girlhood. He had laughed at love of anything but money. But now, he determined that he would be magnanimous, he would

marry her—a poor Italian factory-girl. A picture of Lucia in her graceful simplicity, among his over-dressed, “made-up” mother and sisters made him chuckle. “There’ll be some scrap,” he said to himself.

“Gee! but you look peachy to-night,” he remarked, cutting short Lucia’s apology, “but just you wait! I’ve got something that will make those roses look sick.” He handed her a bouquet of orchids. For a moment Lucia wavered. She had never worn anything so costly in her life, and the temptation was strong. But something about the glowing red of the roses decided her.

“Oh, thank you—but I’m sorry. I can’t change them now without doing my hair over. I didn’t see any card with the roses, and thought they were from you.”

“Oh, all right, you needn’t wear ‘em if you don’t like ‘em,” said Percy, a little hurt, thinking of the ten dollars he had wasted. It wasn’t an auspicious beginning for his courtship.

They started out in silence. The sweet spring air soon mollified Percy and brought rose-colored visions to even his very practical imagination. Lucia, who thought a street-car ride a treat, was enjoying the easy luxuriousness of the car, and wondering about Pietro and the roses. Where was he? How did he find her? When would she see him? So intent was she on her thoughts that she was startled to find Percy was talking to her. He was “in mediis rebus,” and she could not think what he meant.

“Oh, hang it!” he said, “I can’t say it in poetry, like some fellows——”

“Why, here’s the church already,” said Lucia.

“We’ve got ten minutes yet; let’s go for a little ride first.” The car drove on.

“Oh, say. I don’t know how to tell you—but I wouldn’t care an awful lot if they did raise a rumpus at home. They’ll get over it. Of course, they’d kick on the Dag—the Italian part—but you keep mum about that, and once your name’s changed, nobody’ll know. We’ll go off on the quiet, and get married, and——”

"Married!" gasped Lucia.

"Yes, come on! Now!"

"You silly boy," she laughed. "If I didn't think you were fooling, I'd think you were crazy."

"I'm not! I'm in dead earnest!"

Lucia recoiled. "Oh, please, please don't," Percy, looking at her frightened face, began to grasp the fact that his great favor was scorned. Just then, a clock struck eight. "Oh, hurry, please," Lucia begged. "We'll be late!" He complied sullenly, and they were soon at the church.

The school-room where the concert was to be, was crowded with an audience markedly Italian. Percy and Lucia were just seated when the parish priest opened the program by announcing that the concert was given under the auspices of the Young Men's League, and that special praise was due to their musical young leader, who had organized the Mandolin Club. He then introduced the soloist of the evening, Signorina Lucia Morello.

Amid hearty applause, Lucia went to the platform. In her nervous excitement at her first public appearance, she found her audience a mere blur, and her voice tremulous as she began Arditì's light, trilling waltz-song, "Se Saranno Rose." She glanced at the roses she was carrying, and was suddenly conscious of the coincidence as she sang, "When spring comes with her wealth of red, red roses, then shall I tell thee whom I shall wed." It was a happy omen and brought her just the confident brightness she needed. The audience soon expressed its pleasure and she responded with a pretty encore-song.

A selection by the mandolin club, hidden behind the bank of palms on the platform, was the next number, during which Percy leaned over and asked her if there wasn't going to be anything but "this Italian gibberish." She smilingly shook her head.

"Well, then, excuse me! I'm not struck on the air in here. I'll wait for you outside," Lucia nodded. She was not sorry to see him go.

Her nervousness had vanished when she stood waiting for

the pianist to finish the introduction to her next song, the familiar "Oh He! Carita" that she had sung so often, with Pietro, in the gondola, those evenings long ago. She scanned the faces of her audience in the fond hope that she might find Pietro. Many kindly, dark eyes beamed up at her, but the face she longed to see was not there. Then she began to sing and live over again the days that had been. She had forgotten herself in the song, when, at the close, wild applause and cries of "Brava! Brava!" brought her suddenly back to reality. From then, till the close of the concert, she sang with the joyous freedom of a bird, forgetting her loneliness in singing to her people the songs they loved. Her last number was that old, simple love-song, "Caro Mio Ben"—dear even to English hearts. In it, she breathed out all her own passionate longing; and, to many in that audience, separated from home and loved ones, the sweet, tender voice seemed to be expressing their own loneliness and love. The song ceased; for a moment there was tense silence, then clamorous calls for a repetition of the song. Lucia began again and almost stopped at the first note. It might have been imagination, but she believed she heard, soft and low, the gliding chords of a guitar accompaniment. Imaginary or real, she felt it was an answer from Pietro, that he was calling to her across the distance, "Senza di te, languisce il cor."

The concert was over, the spell ended. Lucia came down to earth again with a thud. She was very tired. Percy was waiting outside, and she had not found Pietro. The little priest came over to thank her, and said he would like her to meet their musical director, who had suggested her name for the concert. Would she wait till he went and found him? She waited, watching the chattering groups of friends, hearing her native tongue, and feeling even more heartsick and lonely. Everyone was gone: the caretaker began to extinguish the lights. The priest had surely forgotten—she would go home. Just then a side door opened. It was the father. His face was beaming. "I found him, Signorina. He is very modest. Allow me——"

She knew him, despite his American clothes, his fuller height

and older features. It was Pietro. After all the excitement of the evening, this was too much. With a half sob of joy and weariness, she made a little movement as if to stretch her hands out to him. Before she realized what had happened, his arms were around her, and the voice she loved was murmuring, "Lucia, carissima mea." They did not see the little priest walk away, smiling more broadly than ever; nor did they see a boyish figure come to the door, gaze at them in astonishment, then turn away with set lips and clenched fists and drive off at a furious speed. What finally aroused them was the caretaker, who wanted to put out the last light.

Out in the warm spring night, the childhood lovers, grown to manhood and womanhood, walked along in silent contentment. Pietro spoke first.

"He is gone away, Lucia? to stay?"

"Who?" asked Lucia, dazedly.

"This rich young man with the automobile."

Lucia looked back along the deserted street, and then laughed.

"Yes, I had forgotten all about him. Pietro, why didn't you come before?"

"I did, carina, two years ago—but you were not for me—a poor gondolier. I couldn't go back without you, so I stayed and watched over you, and worked until I could come and claim you again. Sometimes I have thought I should never reach up to you—but see, Lucia, will this do?" He handed her his business card:—

SIGNOR PIETRO LODATI,
Mandolin and Guitar.

By this time, they had reached the boarding-house, and Lucia insisted that he should come in, to be introduced to the landlady. Mrs. Driscoll was dumbfounded at the appearance of another lover—this one tall and dark and handsome. When she had partially recovered from her amazement, she saw the love-light in their eyes, and managed to say:

"Shure, an' it's me blessin' I'll be givin' ye both. Ye're the

swatest little lady I ever set eyes on—and God's blessin' go wid ye.

"Shure, it's the langwidge of love they'll be shpakin'," she added, as listening in the kitchen, she heard them say:

"Buona notte, Pietro."

"Addio, carissima mea, addio!"

(MRS.) OLIVE A. C. WILKINS, '12.

MY BANJO.

There were times when I used to pluck my banjo

With a gay hand, heedless heart, and strong:

Now my fingers linger on my banjo—

Good old pal of evenings bright with song.

Oh! what melodies came ringing from my banjo!

How we carolled them because our hearts would sing!

Now, a hush lies brooding o'er my banjo,

And I tremble ere I strike a single string.

In the fire-shine dreaming with my banjo.

Softly, haltingly, I trill an old-time lay:

There's a sob half-quivering from my banjo.

As the music into silence steals away.

ELSIE WILKINS, '17.

A MODERN PROPHET.



LIGHT that enlightens the darkness of the world, a luminary shining by the light of heaven." This is what we mean by a prophet. He comes to throw upon the events and institutions of our time a light that shall reveal their deeper meaning. And not only this; he comes with great ideals and with an eagerness to see them realized in life. But what is most significant of all is that he comes from God, that his light is kindled at the fountain light of heaven, for it is "the inspiration of the Almighty that giveth us understanding," and thence the prophet gets his power. A guiding light sent to the students of this continent, and of the world, sent from God; this is the meaning of John R. Mott, and this is the meaning of his mission.

The mind of the student is eager, forward-looking, peering forth in search of new ideals and new adventure. Especially is this true of the Anglo-Saxon with the vigor and enthusiasm of the race tingling in his veins. But the more vitality and onwardness there is in the life, the more is there need of pure ideals and leadership. Without some stimulus to high endeavor the life will sink into dissipation and despair. The surging youth of North America must be raised to lofty aims and directed to a manhood of heroic service, lest it be diverted into channels that are unworthy. This is the mission of Mott to this generation, to furnish a mighty inspiration and leadership to the highest, richest life. As Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, and of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A.'s, and as Chairman of the Student Volunteer Movement of North America, he comes to free the tide of student life that lingers in the stagnant pools of selfishness, and let it flow into the deep and joyful ocean of service.

Of all the great men present at the recent convention of volunteers at Kansas City, John R. Mott, the chairman, was the

central and outstanding figure. As he stood erect, with head slightly uplifted, and faced that mighty audience of students, something great and strong about his personality told us that there was a leader of men. His firm mouth, his earnest glowing eyes and brows that over-arched a little, and the attitude of poise and mastery that he maintained throughout the whole convention, created in us the conviction that he was a true and steadfast man, possessed of boundless faith and power. This first glimpse of the man and the first words he spoke in stating the purpose of the convention, will remain long impressed upon those who saw and heard him at that time. There is mastery and determination in his voice. "The purpose of the convention is to face the wholeness of the task before us in its complexity and entirety as Jesus views it; to accentuate the oneness of our task; to realize the spiritual solidarity of the students of North America and the larger unity that binds us to other lands and races, and thus to catch the pulse-beat of this mighty enterprise. Its purpose is to demonstrate the reality, vitality and conquering power of our religion, and to sound out the call to the present generation of students of North America." There is no need to go to the great seats of learning in the Orient to find evidence of the power and influence of Mott, though that might well be done; it exists in every University and College in North America, stamped on the minds and lives of those who dwelt in his presence and listened to his words at that great convention. Wherever he goes, the students throng in thousands to hear him speak, and are touched by the influence of his personality and the power of his message.

Where lies his influence as a prophet to this generation? It lies in the strength of his character and personality, in his understanding of and sympathy with the student of the world, in his statesmanlike grasp of the world situation, in his dauntless idealism, and in the boundless resources of God's omnipotence.

Carlyle has said that "sincerity, a deep, genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic." This sincerity is John R. Mott's outstanding trait of character; there is no discrepancy between his words and the heart that utters them.

The secret of his power as a speaker is the earnestness and sincerity with which he utters every sentence. Then also he appears as a man of tremendous will power, a man resolute and courageous, one who will act unswervingly upon his convictions, cost what it may. Moreover, his doctrine of religion exalts the will to the primary place. "The Christian religion is based on the will—it is reasonable, it is emotional,—but these without will are as nothing." Christianity fails unless its principles are applied, unless intellectual assent is followed by decision and action. Mott comes to call the continent to act, and to act at once, upon the conviction of need and opportunity that is presented by the present world situation. His unswerving allegiance to the purposes and aims he has set before him, and the perfect confidence he has in God, lend determination, conviction of power, and expectation of success that are the essentials of successful leadership.

Mott has an intense sympathy with the student, as well as an intimate understanding of his character. "I call myself the friend of students," were his words on one occasion. He was not converted until after he had entered Cornell. He had been a prey to agnosticism and thus has an acquaintance with the difficulties and doubts that perplex the minds of students. His sympathy and understanding is the source of great power. He is like ourselves, but yet more, for he is clear and decided, while we are vague and vacillating. He offers sympathy strongly affirmative, and gives to us the momentum of his own belief. He appeals to the student because he appeals to his reason; emotionalism in its worst sense is absent, and as for flamboyancy, there is none of it in him. Not that he would neglect the powerful springs of emotion in the human breast, but this emotion he would have dominated by the reason. His knowledge of the needs and longings of the students constitutes another of the foundations of his power.

Mott leaves us with the impression that he is master of the situation. His clearness of purpose, his comprehensive grasp of the whole field, his straightforward and unflinching deductions seem to embody an inevitable conclusion. He has been around

the world several times. He has visited hundreds of universities and colleges in the Orient, and has seen with his own eyes the unparalleled opportunity that lies ready for the youth of Christendom. Universal wide open doors, races and civilizations intermingling, vast and mighty nations taking shape, the world shrinking year by year, Oriental peoples adopting Western industry and learning. These call loudly for the united efforts of the Christian world. This is the decisive hour in Christian missions. "Civilization is conquering the world, but shall Christianity conquer civilization?" These words uttered by Dean Matthews of Chicago, well express the challenge that Mott presents to the students of Canada and the United States.

Thus we see in Mott a comprehensive and far-seeing statesmanship. He believes that the evangelization of the world can be achieved only through a united effort of the Christian Church based upon plans and methods that recognize every factor in the situation, both at home and abroad. He is fully alive to the condition of Asia, but he also lays the emphasis upon the moral and religious welfare of the North American student field. He knows that before we can wage triumphant warfare in the distant lands, the spirit of service must dominate our own seats of learning. "The most critical battlefield from the point of view of the Volunteer Movement is not the Moslem world, not the educated classes of Japan, not the literati of China, not the areas of neglect in Latin America, but our own American and Canadian Universities." The moral evils, the prevailing student temptations, the unfavorable college traditions and customs and everything else in modern college life which is contrary to the teachings and spirit of Christ, must be overthrown if there is to be most largely developed among us truly world-conquering power.

The only way in which the Church can ever succeed in its magnificent attempt to Christianize the world is by awakening the heroic that slumbers in every heart. From this fact the dauntless idealism of Mott gets its highest significance. The ideal he sets before the students of this generation is high and

worthy. It is the watchword of the student volunteers, "The evangelization of the world in this generation." The note of immediacy rings out loud across the land, a challenge to instantaneous action. Every feature of the world situation calls upon us to emphasize this. This is the decisive hour, the critical moment in the life of the rising nations permeated with the thrill of a new life. This is the great ideal that will evangelize the world. It is evangelization that is the aim—let no one forget that—evangelization of the world, the entire world, in this present generation. What more lofty aim has been set before the world in any age?

Inadequate though this account may be, it is the writer's conception of the meaning of Mott and his mission. This is the man who has thrice refused the high position of United States Ambassador in China. "I cannot accept. I consider my present work more important." That was his answer. But for the power and influence of his work and life among the students of the world Mott takes none of the credit to himself. The fact of God is a great reality to him, and by that alone is he great. A messenger is he, sent from God with tidings for us and for thousands of our fellow-students in distant lands. And may we not call him a prophet? "God has made many revelations; but this man, too—has not God made him, the latest and newest of all?"

R. E. FREEMAN, '14.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN DECEMBER MONTHLY.

When Jason started on his famous quest,
With courage high and burning zeal possessed,
Before him lay the east, behind, the west.
Bent on his shining oar, on conquest bent,
While every Triton's conch loud signals sent,
To seize the golden trophy Jason went.

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No. 5

Editorial Notes.

WHAT A PLEASANT state of affairs would there be in THE MONTHLY office if some original philanthropist would only bequeath us a perpetual endowment, so that we could banish the very thought of filthy lucre, and devote ourselves to higher things! But that happy condition is reserved for some future generation, and there is a frown upon the brow of the business manager. In connection with the contract between THE MONTHLY Board, and the graduating classes, it has been customary for each of the members of said classes to leave behind a promisory note for one dollar (\$1.00) to cover the cost of one year's subscription to the magazine, these notes falling due in September of the year

of graduation. We hate to mention it, but there are a good many of these notes that have not as yet been redeemed. We should hesitate to make public the names of the delinquents; but we must remind them that *THE MONTHLY* is a business proposition, not a charity organization, and that a promissory note is no use to us for the payment of bills. Kindly remit!

THE STORY COMPETITION, announced in the October issue, and closed in the middle of January, called forth seven contributions from graduates and undergraduates. On the recommendation of the judges, the Board awarded two prizes; a First Prize of \$10.00 in the graduate competition to (Mrs.) Olive A. Cross Wilkins, of Year '12, for her story, "Pietro," which appears in this issue; and a First Prize of \$10.00 in the undergraduate competition to J. D. Morrison, '14, for his story, "A Bruised Reed." There were two other stories that might have taken prizes had they been prepared with more care. The judges felt that no prize could be given to a story which could not be printed just as it was entered. Attention to sentence-construction, punctuation, and general neatness of manuscript should hardly need to be specified in the rules of a university story contest. Two of the remaining stories, while comparatively free from minor blemishes, and by no means unworthy of publication, were felt to have hardly the individuality or distinction (using these terms in a strictly comparative sense) necessary for the winning of a prize. On the whole, compared with former years, the competition was a success, and the editor's tin box is considerably richer as a result.

THE UNIVERSITY PIN.—Several abortive attempts have been made in recent years to introduce a standard design for a pin, to supersede the chaotic array of Year pins selected annually by the graduating classes. It looks as if at last the matter is to be settled. The male section of the student body has already voted to adopt the design of the Year '13 class pin—a dignified

and artistic gold pin, which lends itself readily to the necessary change of figures for the successive classes. It is hoped that this design will meet with the approval of the women's student body, and become the official badge of the University.

The question has naturally arisen as to who shall be entitled to wear the pin when it has received the necessary ratification. Opinions varying all the way from rigid selection to promiscuous free-for-all have filtered into the editorial sanctum. For our own part, we are convinced that, if the pin is to mean anything at all, its use should be restricted absolutely to holders of a recognized degree (B.A. or B.Th.) of the University. We believe that this will be the conviction of all who are jealous of the reputation of their Alma Mater, when they bethink them that every wearer of the pin will be officially branded as a McMaster product. Her scholastic prestige has suffered too much already by men who have left without taking a degree, and who yet have passed with an indiscriminating public as McMaster graduates. Let us be careful lest we encourage such subversive and erroneous impressions.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: RALPH E. FREEMAN.

"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
I crown thee king of intimate delights."



WITHOUT doubt this is for us supremely the season of festivity. Besides the sleighing parties, snow-shoeing excursions and the more sober domestic entertainments that strew the first weeks of the term, there are the afternoons and evenings at Little Vic crowded with exhilarating exercise and sweet companionship. These afternoons at the rink have been enlivened throughout the season by displays of brilliant hockey; now it is the wild melee of the scrubs, and now the graceful performances of the ladies. It is safe to say that most of us do not anticipate with feelings of satisfaction the passing of the ice and snow and all the gaiety of winter.

THE USUAL ROUND of skating parties has been accomplished successfully again this year. The Seniors on February 5th spent an enjoyable evening at Varsity Rink. The Juniors met for the same purpose, on the same night, in the same place. Any collision between the two Years was carefully avoided and things ran very smoothly, except in a few cases where Seniors were contemptuously "turned down" in the attempt to carry off some of the fair members of Year '15. The ice was splendid and the evening was clear and cold. Generous appetites were developed for the refreshments which were served after the skating was over. Year '14 was regaled at the home of Miss Found, the Vice-President; while the Juniors ended their evening (?) with oysters at "Headquarters."

"THE BEST YET!" was the verdict of each member of Year '16 after the Skating Party at Varsity Rink. There was no enchanting moonlight casting its pale beams on the glittering ice, and

the usual throng of skaters making the air hum with the buzz of animated conversation was conspicuously absent. No, it was a dull, dreary, dismal, drizzling wet night, and Varsity Rink was deserted save by the members of sweet '16. But their enjoyment depended not on circumstances. The drizzle could not dampen the ardor of the happy Sophs, nor did the absence of outsiders affect their gaiety. On the contrary, the whole rink was theirs, and right good use was made of it. Intervals between bands were spent playing an informal game of tag—a corner of the rink being monopolized for that purpose. At 10.30 the band of merry-hearted, rosy-cheeked lads and lassies hied them to the "Headquarters" Restaurant, where an oyster supper was awaiting. Having done ample justice to the feast, the party broke up and the event passed into history.

CONCERNING the skating party held by Year '17, we received the following account. Since the first skating party is a great event in the lives of Freshmen, we give them more than the usual space allotted to such reports:

"Aiming to create a precedent, this year's batch of Freshmen hit upon the novel idea of keeping their Skating Party a dead secret. Pantomimic meetings behind locked doors and drawn blinds at length resulted in passing around the watchword, "Monday evening—keep it low." Last year the Freshies, it is said, bungled the affair, but Year '17, "the Year that is different"—ahem!

Supper was over. One by one, under cover of the crowded lower halls, the Freshies prepared to make good their escape. But the mysterious disappearance of skates and shoes changed the whole aspect of things. "Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis insinuat pavor." A mad rush followed. Room 36 made for the fire-escape, only to find the windows securely nailed. Room 25 lowered his coat and skates from the window, stealthily followed, and oblivious of a highly delighted audience of Juniors and Seniors standing near, too amused to pounce on him, sped across the yard and thence away. In like manner the other Freshies, including their genial president, evaded their pursuers and reached the appointed rendezvous. After a most enviable evening at the rink, the Year returned to enjoy the hospitality of Mrs. Hull at 94 Spadina Road. All kinds of games were played; delicious things devoured with the greatest zest, and it is even whispered that—"soft eyes looked,"—shame, Freshmen! The party broke up about twelve. Everybody said

the affair was a great success. From the persecution of the Sophs. in the first chapter, to the sleepless night on the floor in the epilogue, all served to uphold the romantic reputation of a proverbial Freshman Skating Party."

YEAR '17 SLEIGH RIDE.—"To have, or not to have?" This question furrowed the brows of the Freshmen as they viewed the rapidly disappearing snow. But, with youthful optimism their verdict was "to have." So they had it, their first class sleigh-ride, on Tuesday evening, February 3rd. The snow was scarce, but they say it was fun to walk up all the hills. Lusty throats, and horns, reminiscent of Field Day, roused a large part of Toronto's population, though failing to call forth the unsuspecting Sophs. Thirty strong, the Freshmen, on Mrs. John Firstbrook's gracious invitation, invaded her beautiful Lawrence Park home, where the Virola, charades and most delectable "eats" furnished a splendid climax to a happy evening. For information re the anti-climax, apply to those professors who met the Freshman class next morning.

DEBATING.—On the evening of January 30th, the Freshmen were again victorious. They convinced the majority of the judges that the Good Roads Bill, as enacted by the House of Commons, would not be in the interests of Canada. Messrs. Long and Riley debated on the affirmative for Year '15, and deserve credit for the way in which they upheld their position. The contention hinged upon the points of insufficient provision for financial administration and the opportunities for graft afforded by the Bill. These points were clearly brought out by Mr. Twiss of Year '17 and emphasized by his colleague, Mr. Smith. The Juniors, on the other hand, insisted that the Bill could not be more definite as regards financial administration, and at the same time possess the required amount of elasticity. Prof. McLay, Dr. Ten Broeke, and Mr. Dwight Grey were the judges, and their decision in favor of the negative was rather a surprise to many of us. Prof. McLay was careful to point out that there was a division among the judges. The final round for the debating cup will be contested by the Freshmen and Sophomores. During the evening we were favored by a solo from Miss Gill, '15, and by two humorous readings from the fertile genius of J. D. Morrison.

On the following day the first Saturday afternoon debate of the term was held at 1.15. This is the first of a series of five,

during which a competition is to take place for two prizes to be awarded by Prof. G. H. Campbell, one to the best contestant of the first two years in Arts, and one to the remaining students. Each competitor must speak at three of these debates. The resolution brought in by Mr. Morrison was a vote of confidence in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's free food policy as announced by him at Hamilton on November 26th. The debate that followed was one of the best and most interesting of the year. Mr. Stanley Reeds, '15, led the negative, and so many speakers followed that it was nearly three o'clock before the meeting adjourned. There were no judges, but at the close of the debate Dr. Farmer was kind enough to make a few general criticisms of the arguments put forth by both sides. We all felt that this was a good beginning for the term.

THE OTHER EVENING our attention was drawn to the windows by hearing the Nip and Tuck yell on Bloor Street. Upon looking out we saw a three-seated sleigh filled with six persons shrouded and scarfed beyond recognition. We cannot be certain, yet there seemed to be female figures there. As for the others, it is believed that they were Seniors.

FYFE DAY.—On January 29th, at the morning session, reports of the recent Convention of Student Volunteers at Kansas City were given by some of the delegates who attended. The needs of the mission field, in view of the present situation, were presented by M. R. Hartley, B.A. He pointed out the responsibility placed upon us by this great demand, and laid special emphasis upon the wonderful opportunity afforded for Christian work among the students of Asia. R. E. Freeman dealt with the forces to be wielded in the evangelization of the world: statesmanship, money power, the power of unity, self-sacrifice and intercession. R. A. L. Knight, M.A., then reviewed the qualifications of the missionary. He spoke of the intellectual and spiritual preparations and qualifications essential to the missionary and showed how necessary was a study of social life and the practice of soul-winning in student days. Then Dr. Trotter gave his impressions of the Convention, and brought to our attention in a clear and powerful way the salient points in its message. The large number of students from so many different colleges impressed upon him the greatness and importance of this movement. Dr. Trotter alluded to the high intellectual atmosphere that pervaded the Convention, coupled with a deep spiritual tone. What boundless

possibilities rest upon all to assist in this missionary enterprise! He felt that the Convention was a powerful apologetic of Christianity, a demonstration of the conquering power of our religion. In conclusion, he maintained that McMaster should surely be identified with such a movement. In the afternoon Rev. Harry Stillwell, returned recently from India, was the speaker. He gave an interesting account of various phases of Indian life, dealing in a special way with the high caste Brahmins. During morning and afternoon sessions the quartette sang. After the meeting adjourned the Years held separate prayer meetings in the different class rooms.

ALL THE DELEGATES who attended the great Convention at Kansas City received a great blessing from those wonderful meetings, and from the opportunity of coming into contact with students from every corner of North America. The delegates, moreover, wish to express their appreciation to all those who made it possible for them to attend. Some of them are now full-fledged missionary encyclopedias, and any information desired concerning any part of the missionary propaganda can be obtained upon application. There were many incidents of interest during our stay at Kansas City and during the journey there and back. Some of our party visited among the fellow-delegates of both sexes, and some even disappeared for a short time. Further account of this matter may be had from the detective of the party.

SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY.—On January 23rd, Mr. John Hay, for many years a missionary in South America, gave an illustrated description of his work in that continent. Particular reference was made to Montevideo, Paraguay and the valley of the Upper Parana. Some years ago, when Mr. Hay first entered this part of South America, insurrections were common. Crackling of rifle-shots and bursting of shells frequently broke the silence of the night. The natives of the more progressive centres, though outwardly paragons of culture, are at heart unmitigated savages. In the distant, almost impenetrable, interior superstition and a perverted religion have wrought, hand in hand, the degradation of the people. A degenerate priesthood has enthralled and demoralized them. The helpless infant and the aged parent are sometimes buried alive. Priestly domination has made the people almost inaccessible to the missionary. Medical assistance opens the first avenue to their confidence. Gradually, as

the barriers of prejudice are broken down, the true religion reveals its power to raise the fallen.

LITERARY SOCIETY. JANUARY 23.—This was the first meeting of the Society this term. President Morrison occupied the chair in his usual able manner. H. Brownlee, '17, opened the program with a fine rendering of Lack's "Idilio." Miss Reta Rogers of the Toronto Conservatory of Music charmed the audience with the recital of an amusing episode from a college girl's life. The Speech from the Throne was preceded by a musical selection from Miss R. Fowler, '14, so delightfully rendered that the audience demanded an encore. President Morrison reviewed the events of the fall term and outlined the programme for the coming weeks, concluding with a strong appeal for loyal support of the Lit. Banquet. "Thy Praises, McMaster" dismissed the meeting.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—February 2nd, the members assembled for a generous supper, after which they were addressed by Controller McCarthy on "Municipal Financing." Germany stands unrivalled in the excellence of her municipal system. Her success is attributable to the thorough preparation undergone by all prospective candidates for office. Let us learn from the Germans. Let suitable instruction in civics be given in the school, the collegiate institute and the university. To govern a large city with the fittest equipment is no small task; to govern without men of the widest experience and knowledge at the helm is impossible. Mr. McCarthy then described the method of assessment, the fixing and raising of taxes and the various avenues of outlay. In 1913 the assessed property of Toronto approximated five hundred and twenty-six millions of dollars, and the expenditure eight millions, of which about five millions was raised by direct taxation. Fifty per cent. of the taxes are handed over directly to meet the requirements of the police department, the public libraries, the city debt and the Board of Education. One third of all the taxes is spent in educational work, hence a greater interest on the part of the ratepayers in the appointment of trustees would appear commendable. It is interesting to note that Toronto's increase in school population during the last five years exceeded that of any other city in America. A large debt is not unreasonable in a city which has made in one decade the progress made by older cities in a century. If, however, against the city's debt of fifty-four millions be balanced a sinking fund of thirteen millions and a public utilities fund of twenty millions,

and the possession of property valued at twenty-five millions, there appears no reason for doubting the security of the city's credit. Yet eternal vigilance and clear vision are demanded if the future is to be free from financial embarrassment.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MARY FOWLER, '14.

"The final thought in all work is that we work not to have more, but to be more; not for higher place, but for greater worth; not for fame, but for knowledge."



THUS has Bishop Spalding tersely summed up, and translated into the present, it would seem, those famous lines of Kipling:

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his
separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of
things as they are."

In these days of rivalry and competition, it is worth while, now and again, to pause and receive the vision anew of the purpose and end of work. Does one grow weary of the struggle to attain? This vision should help to renew her enthusiasm. Has one grown lax in the cause? This view should serve as a spur. for in all of us is the desire to be more, to have greater worth, to add to our knowledge.

Work, so our students at the Faculty of Education would tell us, is that undertaken with a remote end in view. This, then, is the time of work in all our departments: later, it will be confined to but one branch, two months ago, it was specialized, but to-day not so. Work goes on at the rink, (that is, when there is ice, it does), for, of course, everyone skates and plays hockey with but one aim in view, the preservation of her health. Strenuous work is being performed in the Y.W.C.A. The work of the social department goes on apace—the *work* of the social department? Yes, for that, too, has a remote end in view—that we may, later in life, be the better able to meet and hold our own with all classes.

DURING THE YEAR 1913, great advances have been made in what is popularly known as "Woman's Cause"—that phrase so much abused, and yet so comprehensive. We do not mean by it merely woman suffrage, though that has received much encouragement and has made marked advance in nearly every State in America, in Turkey even, where the Princess Refia Sultana has made herself responsible for the existence of the Young Turkish Women's League, in China, in Iceland—everywhere, in fact, except in England. But for us, "Woman's Cause" has the wider meaning—the opportunity for the expression of women's newly-found selves. Woman is an individual, else why were two beings created instead of one? Individuality is her birth-right; and so is the expression of this individuality. A woman's heart is tender—otherwise she is but half a woman—but it need not be weak and sentimental. She is beginning to find scope for her power and her compassion, and to exercise her capacity for devotion and love not merely to the four walls of a narrow home, but to the walls of a broad home, the country, the world.

One object of a University course, it is maintained, is to give broader outlook, wider sympathies. That is what it is doing with McMaster students, women as well as men. Why not? Anyone who has been at recent meetings of the Women's Student Body cannot fail to notice this trend. The idea that because things have been carried on in a certain manner for a number of years, they must continue to be done in the same way, is weighing less than hitherto. Customs and previous methods must stand the test of usefulness and of common sense and charity. It is not that a wave of desire for innovations has attacked our University, but rather of desire that custom become the slave, not the tyrannical master of the present day woman. To this point the Women's Student Body is tending, and when this is accomplished it will be worthy of even greater respect than now.

THE MONTH'S WORK.

SOCIAL.—From the remote corners they came. Yes, the Hamilton McMasterites laid aside their books on December 30th and gathered at the home of Miss Miriam Cline, where they spent a mirthful evening, playing games, engaging in contests, and forming some of the most unique resolutions. We cannot but wonder if the Sophomore is living up to his.

LITERARY.—The meeting of the W. L. S. on the afternoon of Friday, January 23rd, was one of unusual interest to all, for

the first and third years met the second and fourth, in debate. The all-imporatint topic under discussion was "Resolved: That the vote should be given to women under the same conditions as to men." Miss Ada Fould, '14, the first speaker for the affirmative, showed clearly that man and woman should work hand in hand in the government of any well-organized community. Miss Marjorie Trotter then upheld the honor of Year '17 by proving conclusively that if women should ever be given the right of wielding that mysterious weapon known in politics as the vote, lamentable results would surely follow, both in public and private life. Miss Melba Campbell, '16, concluded the argument for the affirmative, and gave many reliable statistics showing that better conditions have invariably followed whenever women have been granted the suffrage. The second speaker for the negative was Miss Mayne Gill, '15, who proved beyond the sign of a shadow of a ghost of a doubt that women would not use the vote in the best interests of the country, if they should obtain it. As is the custom in all debates worthy of the name, each debater showed that her opponent was arguing from a wholly erroneous standpoint, etc., etc. Mrs. W. S. W. McLay, Mrs. J. L. Gilmour and Miss Annie McNeill, B.A., kindly acted as judges and decided in favor of the affirmative.

Miss Evelyn Davis dealt with "Current Events" in a manner that summed up briefly all the happenings of the world in general, and McMaster in particular. All necessary advice was freely given. A bright instrumental duet by Miss Muriel Stillwell and Miss Alice Gregory was an enjoyable number on the programme. While the judges were reaching their decision, the president suddenly called upon certain members of the W. L. S. for impromptu speeches. "Fashions," "Class Meetings," "Hamilton," "Nursing," "University Life," "Elm Street Y.," and "Hockey," were discussed both wisely and otherwise. An enthusiastic rendering of "Thy Praises, McMaster" closed the afternoon's programme.

ARRANGEMENTS for the open meeting of the W. L. S. are now well under way. One of Shakespeare's plays, "The Taming of the Shrew," has been selected this year. The date has been fixed for March 20th.

ATHLETIC.—Special athletic training is being undertaken by one of our Sophettes. Recently a demonstration of her prowess was given before the opening of an English lecture. Rungs were

as nothing, even the chair itself gave way before her power. Her graceful manner of rising will serve as a model for years to come.

ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON, January 22nd, McMaster girls met at Little Vic Rink looking very war-like in sweaters and caps, and wielding some exceedingly vicious-looking sticks. There were also slight indications of one or two shin pads. Captains B. Farmer and M. Draper marshalled opposing forces. The lineup was as follows: Squadron No. 1—Centre, M. Benner; right wing, M. Cline; left wing, B. Farmer; cover point, I. Fairbairn; point, A. Found; goal, M. Fowler. Squadron No. 2—Centre, M. Draper; right wing, L. MacLaurin; left wing, C. Carson; cover point, M. Hair; point, N. MacInotsh; goal, E. Davis. Messrs. Campbell and Graham were substitute rovers for both sides indiscriminately. The game was sensational from the first drop of the puck. With amazing rapidity the forwards dashed from one end of the ice to the other, heedless of the referee's shrill whistle. Within three-quarters of an hour the nimble wits of one of the captains had fathomed the mysterious depths of an "off side." Strong and sure the motionless defence players stood their ground watching the fierce conflict in progress, but refusing to fall until personally attacked by the puck. The trifling matter of the score was completely forgotten in the general excitement. A few serious injuries resulted. One stick was broken into two distinct pieces and one coach suffered from cold hands and feet. In spite of this the fighting spirit has been retained, and much disappointment has ensued because the weather and the rink officials have combined to prevent, up to the present time, another encounter.

RELIGIOUS.—For the remainder of the year a new plan is being tried in the Y. W. C. A. by way of experiment, and if it is successful it may be continued another year. Instead of having weekly meetings, the society now meets only twice a month on Fridays. The Bible or Mission study classes, however, continue to meet each week, thus allowing the regular meetings of the society to be given up to outside speakers, or to some subject of particular interest. The first meeting under the new system was held on January 9th, when the delegates who attended the Kansas City Convention gave their reports, and passed on to those who had stayed at home something of the wonderful missionary spirit of that conference. The second meeting was of a

devotional nature and was led by the Rev. W. A. Cameron of Bloor Street Baptist Church. Mr. Cameron spoke on "The Duty of the Christian Woman." He laid great stress on the urgent need of a more earnest and continuous effort on the part of every Christian to help and guide those who have not yet found Christ, and pointed out that persistence was necessary for success.

SCHOLASTIC.—"One of the purposes of astronomy is to enable persons to find their location"—geology is of no assistance whatever for this purpose.

STARS!

"I wants a blinkey, winkey light
To play wif, from de sky,
I wouldn't hurt it one tiny mite,
And you can reach so high.
Mummy, couldn't I jess have one.
There are such lots and lots?"
The mother smiled, "No, baby, dear,
They're the angels' forget-me-nots."

In college days a star received,
No joy beamed in her eye.
A pensive look, and rather grieved,
Was followed by a sigh.
For she was not a "star pupil,"
But a pupil who was starved.
She's a member now of Year—teen
And she's working awful hard.

—E. W.

A STRANGE SIGHT met the eyes of the 8.15-ers on Thursday, January 27th. Large placards were hung here and there in the dressing room. It might be said in passing that it was afterwards discovered that these placards were attached to skates, on which were engraved such legends as 6, 7½, 10. Upon these placards were inscribed words like unto these: "Please take me home, I'm a poor orphan"; "These were found empty at the rink last night. Please fill them."

"..... skating.
The time came round
When we were found
Too late—'tis sad relating."

It is sad that we are unable to print the whole of this last evidence of rising poetical genius, even though offered at such bargain rates. Half of it was all that we could afford. Great

alarm was felt at the time of this occurrence, as it was feared that possibly overstudy had affected someone's brain. These fears have now somewhat subsided as no further developments have been observed. The most reasonable explanation offered so far, though it is not entirely satisfactory either, is that the numerous changes of temperature this winter have caused some mysterious element in the skates to become predominant, or some force, similar to magnetism, to overcome all usual laws of inertia, gravity, etc. This might also explain the mutual attraction of skates which causes them to collect themselves into piles behind the sofas or under the post office.

THE LECTURES on "Missions" given by Dr. Brown, Foreign Missionary Secretary, announced for Senior theologues, promised to be so interesting and comprehensive that the privilege of attending them was extended to others. It is said that, on the first day, Dr. Brown started to enter the room assigned to him for the lecture, paused, looked searchingly around, and seeing the front row of seats occupied by ladies of the University, retreated. Owing to some conflicting lectures the number of ladies attending has now diminished somewhat, but Dr. Brown still has a number attending steadily, and so accustomed to the fact has he become that he now feels not the least embarrassment at their presence. His lectures have exceeded their promise, and the ladies of the University feel grateful to the Dean for the privilege of attending them.

Athletics.

EDITOR: N. DAVIES, '14.

"For what I will, I will, and there an end."



THAT ATHLETICS are more than mere exercise is a well known fact. It is on the athletic field that wits are sharpened, the mind trained, the muscles taught momentary response to stimulus and in the successful team a spirit of self-sacrifice developed and a co-ordination of individuals brought about. These things give athletics a rank along educational lines in many ways equally as important as studies. Athletics, however, have further an influence on morals, and unless carefully guarded, this tends to be degrading. In many games there is a tendency to overlook actions directed against an opponent in a game, which under other conditions would not be tolerated. The player is apt to justify his methods, thinking all is fair in the game, so long as he has sufficient dexterity in breaking the rules to escape the watchful eye of the official. This is the wrong viewpoint. A rule is made to be obeyed, and wilful disobedience, whatever the end to be gained, is not, and cannot be, justifiable. It is the duty of everyone interested in clean athletics to seek by his influence to keep this taint out of all forms of sport. Let the game be played for its own sake, and if a victory cannot be gained by fair means, then surely it should not be gained at all.

HOCKEY.

EXHIBITION GAMES: Osgoode Hall, 8; McMaster, 4.—The first team met their first Waterloo in a forty-minute practice game with Osgoode Hall Senior O.H.A. team on Saturday, January 17th, when they were defeated by the above score. It was the first time this season to meet an outside team. Excuses after the game were general, but were made up for by promises for the return game. The opposing seven went in to win. The forwards got away on two and three-man rushes, which often resulted in shots from inside the defence, several of which Spencer was

unable to stop. The McMaster men showed a slight lack of condition and failed to back-check efficiently.

McMASTER, 6; OSGOOD, 4.—McMaster retaliated against Osgood in a return practice game on Wednesday, January 29th. Certain changes had been made on their line-up which gave Osgood every hope of winning easily, but from the first there was ample reason for a change of opinion. The McMaster men began an aggressive game and led to the finish. In the first ten minutes of play two goals were scored. Then the Osgood men got their first count on a nice combination rush. Throughout the game the puck was kept mostly in Osgood's territory and frequent, though often ineffectual, shots were rained in upon their goal-tender, who played a clever game. Back-checking and combination work were quite in evidence among the McMaster septet, but their shooting was weak and erratic. The defence played a splendid game, all of Osgood's scores being secured on shots from outside. Ballard in goal did efficient work, and the final score of 6 to 4 gave the players their promised revenge.

UXBRIDGE, 6; McMASTER, 2.—Even yet last year's Uxbridge trip is remembered, when our hockey team, in the finals with R. M. C., visited that town and brought home a defeat at the hands of the local Baptist Church hockey team. The excuses were general—small ice, soft ice, poor lights and so on. This year's invitation to a game was accepted without misgiving, and with a feeling of joy, for here was the chance to wipe out the taint of last year. The first game was played Monday night, January 23rd, at Uxbridge. Rev. Caleb Harris—one-time renowned trainer of the McMaster hockey team—met the team and their followers at the train, conducting them to the church, where an ample supper was provided, and later to the rink. The game began shortly after eight o'clock. The play from the first was fast and furious. The Uxbridge team amid the cheers of their supporters were the first to score, but McMaster soon evened up. Uxbridge placed another in the net before half-time, making the score 2-1. In the second period McMaster tried new tactics, shooting whenever they got the rubber. The only immediate result, however, was a five-minute delay—when the right wing player adroitly stopped one of Campbell's shots by interposing his cheek. In spite of every effort the Uxbridge team succeeded in getting in four to McMaster's one in the last period. Spencer in goal played a good game and stopped shots from all directions

and distances. Excuses are useless, and the best that can be said is that our team needs large ice and good lights, at least.

McMASTER, 12; UXBRIDGE, 6. The return game with Uxbridge was played Saturday morning, January 31st, at the Arena. The game began about 11.15. There was a fair representation from the Ladies' Student Body, but if the numbers were to be compared with the numbers of men present, there are many fellows who wouldn't want the comparison published. The team can only do its best work when its supporters are present. Come out to the games even if you don't play, and show your interest by your presence. The large ice surface gave the home team an advantage, but the play from the first was strenuous, and it was by no means a one-sided game. McMaster started the scoring, and Shannon, Campbell and Bryan had notched an aggregate of seven goals before Uxbridge got a score. Just before half-time the pace slackened somewhat and the visitors made two scores from scrimmages in front of the goal. Kellock and Davies adorned the penalty bench for two and one minutes respectively during the half. Both teams came back strong after half-time, Uxbridge putting on a new man at rover. The play, however, was more even than in the first period, McMaster securing five and Uxbridge four. About the middle of the half Kellock's eye was injured and he was replaced by Hay. The game was characterized by the long shots of the Uxbridge defence and the lone rushes of McMaster backs. At times there was a tendency to rough play, both teams giving and taking about equally. Ballard for McMaster filled the goal to advantage. C. S. Browne M.A., of Bowmanville, refereed. McMaster line-up in the various games has been:

Goal, Spencer or Ballard; point, Bryan; cover point, Campbell (capt.); forwards, Kellock, Shannon, Price, Davies; spare, Hay.

Uxbridge—Goal, Robinson; point, Gould; cover point, Long; forwards, Hurd, Johnson, Long, Prentice; spare, Crosby.

SCRUB HOCKEY LEAGUE.—Not without results have numerous hours for hockey practice been secured. A scrub league has been formed composed of four illustrious teams, Capitals, Tigers, Canadiens and Thistles. A schedule has been drawn up and the games will be played at Little Vic, weather permitting. The following account of the initial game is taken from the Scrub League Sporting Extra of Wednesday, January 21, with due acknowledgment to the editors:

"The Taming of the Tigers. Capitals, 4; Tigers, 2. With due pomp and splendour the Grand Opening of the new 'Me-Master's' Scrub Hockey League took place this afternoon. Every available seat in the Victoria Arena was occupied long before commencement of the play. At 4 o'clock sharp the gladiators made their appearance amidst deafening applause, and two minutes later the puck was faced by Mayor Hoekey. After one minute of play the Capitals secured their first goal, the ever-watchful Lepofsky getting the rubber on the rebound and beating Davies. Five minutes later the redoubtable Steckley lodged a hummer in the corner of the net. Not to be deterred, however, the Tigers seemed to take on a new lease of life, and 'Lug' Bates, who had been putting up a veritable wall of defence for the Tigers, secured the puck behind his own goal, electrified the audience with one of his cork-screw rushes and shot a low, fast one through the defence and under Gunton, who was carried off his feet (no one knows why). The uproar in the Tiger camp had not abated 'when up came Graham, of mighty fame, and steered for the Tiger Goal' (Coleridge). He penetrated the Tigers and with one of those bullet shots for which he is famous, drove one in that the opposing goalie never saw. The half-time score—Capitals 3, Tigers 1.

That little heart-to-heart talk which Capatin Parker gave his men in the dressing room at half-time seemed to inspire them with a new fighting spirit, and they set a pace which was fast and furious. Lepofsky made his second tally on a beautiful shot from the side. This put the game on ice and the joy-maddened supporters of the Capitals urged their favorites to make the game a walk-over. At this stage we regret to say the game became rough. The Art 'official' may be severely criticized for not benching some of the rougher element. 'Stan' Reeds proved to be 'Bad Joe Hall,' Parker also used several illegal methods, while Lepofsky proved to be the original axeman. In the dying moments of the game, Abe Hisey perforated the Capital defence with a picked shot which proved to be the last score of the game. When two minutes later time was called, pandemonium broke loose and the members of the victorious team were carried shoulder high off the ice."

The teams lined up as follows:

TIGERS.				CAPITALS.			
G. Davis	-	-	-	Goal	-	-	Gunton
Fell (twice)	-	-	-	Point	-	-	Graham (capt.)

Bates	-	-	-	Cover point	-	-	-	Art Clarke
"Jawn" Davis	-	-	-	Rover	-	-	-	Merritt
Parker (capt.)	-	-	-	Center	-	-	-	Freeman
Abe Hisey	-	-	-	Right	-	-	-	Lepofsky
Stan. Reeds	-	-	-	Left	-	-	-	Steckley
Referee—Campbell.								
Goal Umpires—Hay and Ballard.								

LADIES' HOCKEY.—As yet this stage of college athletic activity is in an embryonic condition, for at this date of writing only one practice has been held. Twelve of the ardent enthusiasts graced the rink on this occasion, and under the watchful care of the coaches they soon developed considerable dexterity in the gentle art of hockey. A business manager and two captains have been appointed. No doubt our next issue will contain an account of a game with Annesley, Queen's Hall or St. Hilda's.

RUGBY CAPTAIN AND MANAGER.—At a meeting of the Rugby Team on January 20th, R. L. Kellock, '15, was elected captain for next year, and J. L. Linton, '16, manager. Under the direction of these capable men the prospects look bright for next year's rugby team.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, B.A. '05.



WHAT becomes of the men and women who win scholarships at college? Do they do as well in the university of the world? Such were two questions propounded to the editor some weeks ago, together with a suggestion that an effort be made to find out what success prize winners at McMaster had had in their after life. The three chief scholarships of the past ten years at McMaster—for prior to 1901-2 there were no such incentives to hard study—have been the Crawford Scholarship, the A. C. Pratt Scholarship and the Governor-General's Medal.

The Crawford Scholarship is awarded to that student for the Baptist ministry, if worthy, who does the best work in the third and fourth years of his Arts course, and it is of the total value of \$150, payable in three annual installments of \$50 each, while the holder is pursuing full theological courses in McMaster University. It was established in 1902 by the family of the late Rev. John Crawford, D.D., formerly a theological professor in Toronto Baptist College.

Rev. A. L. Huddleston, M.A., B.D., was the first winner. Arthur, or as he was known to the students of his day, "Hoodles," has quite fulfilled the promise of his college days. He has been for some years pastor of the St. Catharines Baptist Church, and is considered the premier Baptist preacher of the Niagara peninsula. He has remained a keen student, and is in great demand as a preacher for special occasions. He has not by any means reached the limit of his capabilities. He has already held several important offices in the gift of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec.

In 1903 the scholarship was won by Mr. Douglas C. Macintosh, B.A., who has made one of the most marked successes of any McMaster alumnus. He is now Professor of Systematic Theology at Yale University, a position which ranks near the top in the American religious world, and he is winning golden opinions.

Rev. W. C. Pearce, B.A., B.Th. '06, was the 1904 man to annex the prize. After a pastorate in Ontario, "Billy" went

west, served as a home mission pastor and under an inter-denominational board as a teaching training secretary, and then returned to Colborne, Ont., where he is the pastor of a growing cause.

Rev. E. R. F. Fitch, B.A., B.D. '10, captured the honor in 1905. He has been a successful pastor in Toronto, Villa Nova and Waterford, being now located at the last named place. He has written a clever book on the early history of the Canadian Baptists, which is used as a text-book in the B. Y. P. U.'s of Canada. He has been missionary secretary of the Ontario and Quebec B. Y. P. U. for some years.

In 1906 the prize was taken by Rev. A. S. Woodburne, B.A., who afterwards went as a missionary to India, and is stationed at Narsapatama. Stuart is very highly thought of by his fellow-missionaries, and his work has given great satisfaction to the Foreign Mission Board.

Rev. Norman McNaughton, the 1907 winner, after a brief pastorate in Toronto, went to Yale University, where he did Ph.D. work under Prof. D. C. Macintosh, B.A. '03., in Systematic Theology. He has completed the work all but the final examination, and is now associate pastor of one of New Haven's largest Baptist churches.

The Scholarship in 1908 went to Norman Ware, B.A. Ph.D. Norman went to Chicago University, took a Doctor's degree in Sociology, and came back to Toronto, where he is director of the activities of the University Settlement, an institution which is doing splendid work among Toronto's poor.

Rev. E. E. Sayles, the '09 winner, after taking his B.Th. degree in 1912, assumed the pastorate of the Oshawa Baptist Church, where he is still.

Rev. F. W. Waters, B.A., B.Th., who got the 1910 award, is now pastor of the East Lorne Baptist Church, near Innerkip.

The winners in 1912 and 1913, R. A. L. Knight and William Ashmore, are pursuing their studies at McMaster.

This is a very satisfactory answer to the question, so far as the Crawford Scholarship is concerned. The Pratt and Governor-General's prize lists will be treated next month.

McMASTER MEN are certainly making names for themselves in Western Canada. You simply cannot stop them. Here is George W. Langdon, B.A. '02, not only becoming well-to-do as a real estate promoter, but actually putting his name on the map of Canada for all time to come. The village of Langtuth, to the

west of Lake Manitoba, owes its origin to George and his partner, a Mr. Ruth, the name being a combination of their patronymics. George has been boosting the district from the time three years ago when he built the first house in the locality, and now Langtuth is a thriving village, and so many settlers have been induced to take up land round about that it promises to be, according to the *Portage la Prairie Review*, the rival of Portage Plains as a wheat-growing centre. A big influx of German settlers is expected this spring. Three years ago it was all scrub land. Last year 75,000 bushels of wheat, oats, barley and flax were grown upon it. A railway has been built through the district, and George is beginning to see the realization of his dreams. He has verily made the desert to bloom and blossom as a rose.

REV. JOSHUA ROBERTS, Th. '91, of Tawas City, Michigan, met with the loss of his house by fire on December 28th. The contents went up in smoke, including his library. This will be a source of regret to his many McMaster friends. Mr. Roberts was pastor of the Second Baptist Church at Woodstock during the time many McMaster graduates were in attendance at the college there.

REV. H. A. PORTER, D.D., B.A. '94, and Mrs. Porter, Gaston Avenue Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas, were made the recipients, on Christmas Day, of a beautiful Cadillac coupe motor car. The *Times-Herald*, of Dallas, says: "This was a gift of some of Dr. Porter's congregation, and is very useful, as well as unique, being the first time that such a gift has been given to any pastor in the city by his church members."

MRS. ARTHUR THOMPSON (Bertha Gile, B.A. '00) is living in North Wales. After ten or twelve years spent in La Paz, Bolivia, she and her husband with their family of three sons and one little daughter have gone to make their home in the Old Land. They have bought Ystrad Hall, near the town of Denbigh, in North Wales, and have spent some time in renovating and refitting it with rare old bits of furniture. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have made many friends and are thoroughly enjoying their English home. But Mrs. Thompson, in making the new, does not forget the old friends. She is always interested in her dear old Alma Mater, begs for news of her college friends, and will always be glad to welcome them to her home in Wales. They have a splendid old castle, crumbling to decay, an old Abbey, and endless

interesting historical ruins within easy reach, to tempt the visitor. Indeed, the house owes its name to the remains of a Roman "strate" which crosses the paddock.

THOSE WHO ATTENDED the banquet of the McMaster Alumni at Edmonton, reported in this column last month, were: Dr. Whitney W. Lailey, B.A. '04, and Mrs. Lailey; Rev. A. M. MacDonald, B.A. '99, and Mrs. MacDonald; Mr. W. G. Carpenter, B.A. '05, and Mrs. Carpenter; Mr. C. A. Curtis, B.A. '08, and Mrs. Curtis; Mr. Morden H. Long, B.A. '05, and his mother, Mrs. Long; Mr. R. V. Howard, B.A. '12, and Mrs. Howard; Miss Ruby Clements, B.A. '11; Mr. C. A. Grant, K.C., B.A. '04; Mr. A. W. Wilson, B.A. '11; Rev. Samuel Sheldon, Th. '88; Mr. E. D. Campbell, B.A. '12; Mr. Roy Shields, B.A. '13; Hon. A. G. Rutherford, B.A. *ad eundem*, '94, LL.D. '07, and Mrs. Rutherford, and the following, who were either Woodstock College graduates or partial students at McMaster: E. C. Davis, Howard Ritchie, John Ritchie, Roy Hill, and H. A. McCormack. Each person round the festive board wore a badge of the old green and black surmounted by a bow of the new maroon and grey. Mr. Carpenter was toastmaster. Ex-Premier Rutherford, the guest of the evening, paid a tribute to McMaster as possessing the best all-round course in Arts given in the Dominion. Alex. Wilson, "Whit," Lailey and Morden Long were re-elected as the executive for the coming year.

AFTER WHAT the Edmonton *Journal* describes as a "school board wrangle until one o'clock in the morning," Mr. W. G. Carpenter, B.A. '05, was chosen as superintendent of the public school system of greater Edmonton at an initial salary of \$3,600 per year. He left the position of principal of the Victoria High School, Edmonton, to take the new position. Mr. Carpenter was endorsed by John Ross, chief superintendent of schools for the Province of Alberta, and by James Fyfe, provincial government inspector. A minority of the board made a strenuous fight against the appointment as "a political performance," and favored the selection of a Toronto University man, who is a brilliant scholar and author of many text books. One of those most strongly in favor of Mr. Carpenter was A. W. Mackenzie, himself a Toronto University graduate. The woman member of the board also supported him, saying he had been an A1 success since his arrival in Edmonton and had shown great ability in selecting teachers. It is interesting to note that she said that the

office was seeking the man, and not the man the office. When "Bill" read the report of that meeting it must have reminded him of an old-time class-meeting in McMaster, such as that which debated whether or not Class '05 should be allowed to display the Matthews Cup in '05's specially decorated room on Founder's Night. Those were stirring times. Every McMaster graduate who knows "Bill" is confident that he will more than make good in the new position. The editor hazards the prophecy that he will some day be head of the Province of Alberta's educational system. In the meantime we extend congratulations.

MISS JOSEPHINE LOUISE MURRAY, B.A. '12, gave a recital in the Forester's Hall, Toronto, on January 20th, and scored an artistic success. Miss Murray is possessed of a very sweet and true soprano voice, and the press criticisms were very complimentary. Her programme included songs in English, French and German and an aria from Verdi's "La Traviata." Her sister, Miss Gladys Helen Murray, B.A. '11, also took a prominent part in the programme, playing on the piano "The Ereking" by Schubert-Liszt, and selections from Chopin and Liszt.

HERE is a wedding notice that will interest every McMaster graduate, for who of the Board of Governors stands higher in the esteem of the alumni than Mr. Frank Sanderson, LL.D. '09? And his bride was greatly liked by all who knew her in her capacity of acting principal of Moulton College.

Sanderson—Thrall—On Wednesday, January 21st, 1914, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Stratford, in Montgomery, Alabama, by the Rev. Dr. Neilson, Charlotte Thrall, daughter of the late John Hamilton Thrall, M.D., of Woodstock, Ont., to Frank Sanderson, M.A., LL.D., of Toronto.

Heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy married life.

FORMER CHANCELLOR REV. O. C. S. WALLACE, M.A., D.D., LL.D. '09, of Westmount, Quebec, was elected President of the Montreal Baptist Ministerial Association for 1914. His old students are glad to learn of this honor conferred upon him, and of his success in his new field of work.

REV. A. C. PRIEST, B.A. '04, spent the month of February conducting missionary institutes in the Maritime Provinces.

REV. J. L. CAMPBELL, D.D. '07, has completed ten years of successful ministry at the First Baptist Church, Cambridge, Mass., 478 having been baptized by him during that time. The present membership is 1,087. He is a brother of Prof. P. S. Campbell of McMaster, and is just as full of evangelistic zeal.

THERE IS NO church in Toronto making greater progress in proportion to its size than Christie Street, of which Rev. Harry ("Hank") Nobles, B.A. '06, B.D. '10, is pastor. In the past three years this church has wiped out debts to the extent of \$2,500, as well as increasing "Hank's salary and their missionary giving.

DR. FRED. W. WESTON, B.A. '08, after a year in Caledonia, Minn., as surgeon in a hospital there, migrated to Western Canada last fall and bought out a good practice at McLeod, Alberta, where he is getting his feet in in great shape. At Christmas, Miss Vera Dean, of Guelph, went west, and they were married at Calgary, and now Freddie writes he has "the snuggest little home in all the Northwest."

W. B. WATERS, B.A. '08, who when he was a freshman jumped through a third storey window at McMaster, and shinned down a fire escape to avoid being initiated, is now a bartender in Calgary, Alberta. The firm name is Lathwell & Waters, and the address is 310-312 New Herald Block, Front street west. "Bill" is doing his best to "initiate" victims who fall into the clutches of the law, and the scale of "initiation" fees will be lowered for any McMaster man or woman who falls foul of the authorities in the hustling Alberta city.

REV. CALEB HARRIS, B.A., of Uxbridge, has been called to Dundas, to succeed Rev. James Grant, D.D.

REV. J. T. JONES, B.A. '99, pastor of the First Baptist Church, East Aurora, New York, was married at Springville, New York, on December 23rd, to Miss Katherine Clare Dresser.

ANOTHER GRADUATE for whom wedding bells recently rang is Miss Letha Kortum, of Class 1913, who was married on January 1st to Mr. William Ross of Watertown, Massachusetts.

THE SYMPATHY of their many college friends will be extended to Rev. E. A. Brownlee, B.A. '01, and Mrs. Brownlee (Edith

Henderson, once a partial student with Year '06), in the loss of their infant daughter, Norma Maurine. Edgar and his wife have been for the past few years laboring at Nanchiang, Ki, China, under the American Baptist Missionary Board.

REV. G. B. DAVIS, Th. *ad eundem*, has resigned the pastorate of Kincardine Baptist Church after five years' service, and Rev. Emerson Cameron, B.A. '03, B.Th. '06, has resigned from the Midland, Ontario, Baptist Church.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH at Dauphin, Manitoba, is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Rev. Fred. G. Poole, B.A. '12.

REV. A. R. PARK, Th. '98, has begun work as pastor of the Pape Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto.

REV. DR. CHARLES A. EATON, M.A. *ad eundem* '96, was a recent visitor to Toronto, preaching at the re-opening services of Walmer Road Baptist Church. He is the same sunny personality as ever, and his sermons have the same gripping power. His work as pastor of Madison Avenue Baptist Church in the City of New York, the ministerial graveyard of America, continues to grow in strength.

REV. T. J. HIND, B.A. '13, has the honor of being the first pastor to occupy the pulpit of the St. John's Road Baptist Church, Toronto, a fine new edifice, which was officially opened on January 11th. It succeeds Myrtle Avenue Baptist Church.

REV. JAMES GRANT, D.D. '10, of Dundas, Ontario, was tendered a banquet at the Tudor Inn, Hamilton, by the Baptist Ministerial Association on January 14th, when the following resolution was heartily passed, and has been forwarded by the secretary, Rev. H. F. Veals, B.A., for publication: "Having learned with very real regret, that owing to continued ill-health our president and beloved brother, the Rev. James Grant, D.D., for the past eight years and a half pastor of the Dundas Baptist Church, has found it wise to turn aside from the active duties of the pastorate; we, the members of the Baptist Minister's Association of Hamilton and suburbs, wish to take this occasion of expressing our deep sense of loss at his removal from amongst us, and our sincere appreciation of his splendid qualities as a Christian man,

as a brother and a minister of the Gospel of the grace of God. As a man he has shown himself at all times honorable, frank and true. Personally, we have found him kind, loving and sympathetic; his ripe experience and wise counsel being ever at the disposal of his brethren. As a minister of the Gospel he has been marked by ability, faithfulness, and loyalty to the truth. In the activities of his own church, in the work of the denomination, in all Christian and social service, he has ever given himself in devotion and self-sacrifice for the blessing of his fellows and for the establishment of the Kingdom of God in the world. We pray for him many years of continued happy service."

The veteran clergyman passed away during the second week of February, not being able to regain strength.

Dr. Grant had two sons, graduates of McMaster, "Jimmie," of '00, now at Earlscourt Baptist Church, Toronto, and Charlie, '02, a successful lawyer in Edmonton, and Miss Dorothy Grant, his daughter, is now a student at old "Mac."

Do not forget that the Editor needs *your* help in the making of this column. Anything of a news nature about yourself or any other McMasterite will be gratefully received. Address J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto.

Moulton College.

EDITOR: MISS RUTH FAIRBROTHER.



THE SECOND Regular Meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on Friday evening, January the twelfth, nineteen hundred and thirteen. The meeting took the form of a Fourth Year Evening, as all those who took part in the programme, with the exception of Miss Woodhouse, who gave us a violin solo, were Fourth Year students. There were three short scenes given, entitled, "How a Woman Keeps a Secret," a scene from "The Mill on the Floss," and "The Home Guard." The reading of the Heliconian paper afforded its usual interest.

THE THIRD REGULAR meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on the evening of Friday, January the thirtieth, nineteen hundred and fourteen, when the annual debate between the Third and Fourth Years was held. The subject was "Resolved, that Poetry Declines as Civilization Advances." The representatives of the Fourth Year, who upheld the affirmative, were Misses Kirkwood and Timmis, while those who spoke for the Third Year were Misses Fenton and Calvin. The judges decided in favor of the Fourth Year. During the evening Miss Guyatt sang "May-time" and the Heliconian paper was read.

ALL Moulton was excited recently over the news of Miss Thrall's engagement and marriage to Dr. Sanderson. To both friends we extend our best wishes and heartiest congratulations.

ON JANUARY 29TH, the annual Day of Prayer was observed. At ten-thirty the students and Faculty assembled in the chapel, where Mr. Cameron of Bloor Street Church gave one of his helpful talks, after which class meetings of the different Years were held. On the evening before Dr. Bates had spoken at the weekly prayer service.

MOULTON INDULGED in its annual sleigh drive on Friday evening, January 23rd. It was accompanied by the usual shouting, singing and snowballing and was enjoyed no less this year than in other years.

Woodstock College.

EDITOR: WM. E. HICKS.



ON the evening of January the twenty-second we listened, with considerable pleasure and no little profit, to the report given of the recent Kansas City Convention. Our representative, Mr. McKay, brought back to us much from the convention which will be very helpful and inspiring.

The poet has told us to "Welcome the coming—speed the departing guest," and Mr. A. I. Ogilvie may be assured that our best wishes follow him to Fort William where, we feel certain, he will fill with credit his new position as head of the Department of English and History in the Collegiate there. His robe of office falls on a worthy successor, F. E. Riethdorf, Ph. D., of Toronto, a graduate of Leipzig University. To him we extend our warmest welcome.

ATHLETICS.—The O.H.A. series, so far as our team is concerned, opened on January 8th at Sarnia, when after a somewhat uninteresting game our boys retired winners by 9 goals to 1.

The game with Ingersoll Juniors, played in the fine new arena at Woodstock, was one of the best O. H. A. games ever seen in the city. From start to finish it was interesting and exciting, and only in the last five minutes of extra time did the visitors wrench from us the honors of victory. The final score was 5 to 3.

On January 15th a return game with Sarnia was played at Woodstock. This was a rather disappointing display of hockey, the college boys having no difficulty in winning by 12 to 3.

Wednesday, January 21, saw us entertaining London's fast junior team. The game was good from start to finish. Unfortunately the wearers of the purple and old gold were outclassed and retired defeated by 13 to 5. The two remaining games, at London and Ingersoll, found the college boys weighed in the balances and found wanting, being defeated 16 to 6 and 14 to 5 respectively. The names of the team are as follows: Goal, R. Gordon; left defence, C. Warren; right defence, C. Sutherland; rover, G. Swortzman; centre, R. Wallace; right wing, W. Gray; left wing, C. Shields; spare, Whitside.

OUR star hockey player, Bob Armstrong of Fort William, is playing for Woodstock city juniors.

Here and There.

EDITOR: DAVID M. SULLIVAN, '14.

"As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please."

—Byron.



ON BOTH SIDES of the Atlantic, the decay and the rejuvenescence of the English language are in simultaneous progress. Year by year words are born, they have their brief run, they flourish for a time, and then disappear forever. The speech of Shakespeare is a mighty river of language which has its tide and its ebb; the current which brings down new ideas carries away those which have dribbled out of fashion. Every new word which has a new meaning of its own, enriches the language. Many words and phrases now found indispensable appeared originally as slang. Good slang is idiomatically expressive and has a narrow escape, sometimes, from being poetical. The distinctive test of good slang from bad, is that it has a real meaning. The expression, "barking up the wrong tree," is in this category because it turns a new facet of thought to the light. Among authors, perhaps no writer has given so many words to the language as Dickens—the famous sayings of Sam Weller, for instance, are a valuable contribution to the philology of slang. Bad slang has no meaning, it is simply a succession of sounds which, because they come trippingly from the tongue, impose on the ignorant imagination of the hearer. It owes its whole life to senseless repetition. The college girl is invariably "scared stiff," or "just crazy"; while among college men such terms as, "cold feet," "beat it," "stunt," and "dope," belong to the more recent imbecilities of talk. However used, slang is a sign of some mental weakness or defect, and the thoroughly accomplished man or woman, college-bred or otherwise, will achieve all the grace and lightness of good slang without having recourse to its use. For the serious consideration of fine themes, surely the most dignified and beautiful words of our beautiful language are none too good.

SEA FEVER.

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted
knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over."

—JOHN MASEFIELD, in *Current Literature*.

APPROPRIATE ARMS:—For Burglars: Rifles. For Horse-Breakers: Colts. For Revolutionists: Revolvers. For Moral Philosophers: Maxim Guns. For Dwarfs: Small Swords.—Ex.

BILL.

Mamma asks her little son Willie,
To do things that Willie thinks silly,
"You'll do it," says ma,
Or I'll call for papa."
Now I wonder if Willie will. Will he?

—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

UNPROMISING.—A retail dealer in leather goods, doing business in Baltimore, wrote to a firm in Southern Massachusetts, ordering a car-load of merchandise. The firm wired him: "Cannot ship your order until the last consignment is paid for." "Unable to wait so long," telegraphed the leather merchant, "cancel the order."—*Lippincott's*.

SMILES FROM "THE VARSITY."

Isn't it funny that on a railroad it's the freight and not the steam that makes the cargo?

Hereules: "I hear the dog star has rabies." Orion: "Yes, it's a pretty Sirius affair."

Is MIKE HOWE on this train?" asked a man, approaching the conductor. "I don't know anything about your cow," said the conductor. "This is a passenger train."

POETS WITH POWER.

"Twinkle, twinkle! little star," the poet said, and lo!
Way up above the earth so far, the stars a-twinkling go.

"Roll on, thou deep blue ocean, roll!" another's voice was heard,
And ocean rolls obedient to his mandatory word.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the third one gave command,
And every winter now we hear it blow to beat the band.

"Thou too, sail on, O ship of State," a poet once did sing,
And ever since the ship of State's been doing that same thing.

"Arise, fair sun," long, long ago another poet said,
And every morn the sun gets up and shoos the moon to bed.

"Turn backward in thy flight, O Time," another cried. Alack!
Old Time paid not the slightest heed, but hoofed it down the track.

—*Ex.*

ABERRATIONS.

Employer: "Mike, where's your luggage?" Mike: "Lost, sor." Employer: "How did it happen?" Mike: "The cork came out, sor."

Willie: "Say pa, you ought to see the men across the street raise a house on jacks." Pa (absently): "Impossible, Willie. You can open on jacks, but a man is a fool to try and raise on them—er—I mean it must have been quite a sight."—*Queen's Journal*.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING (By Dr. Frank Crane): Motives make acts; but it is just as true that acts make motives; only their creative efficiency is subtler. There are two kinds of people—the strong and the weak, the capable and the incapable. The difference between them is this only: that the strong change their motives, likes, and passions at will, through patience and practise, while the weak are impotent to resist the inward desires that produce deeds. There is no art in the world so important as the art of killing one longing and creating another in oneself. The secret is simple, and as old as philosophy. It is that by repeating an action one can gradually induce a desire to repeat it, and by refusing a desire one can eliminate it. To believe that and to practise this is the key to any sort of human greatness. Do you want courage? Act as if you were brave, though you quake with fear. Do you want calm and poise? Imitate what you wish, despite inward flutterings. At last the stubborn spirit falls into step with the willed performance. Do you want will-power, concentration, optimism? Imagine how a person would act who

possesses these qualities, and do as you think he would do; and under the incessant drill the wished-for impulses will grow. Learn this law of reflex action. Character makes conduct, everybody knows. Only the spiritual aristocracy knows that conduct also makes character.—*Cosmopolitan*.

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your Sunday clothes to wear—
That's Preparation.

And then upon the cars to ride,
A mile or two to walk beside—
That's Transportation.

And then before the door to smile,
And think you'll stay a nice long while—
That's Expectation.

And then to find her not at home—
That's Thunderation!

—*Ex.*

The following poem is from T. C. D. (Dublin, Ireland).

MY LADY'S EYES.

I saw my lady laugh, and from her eyes
Such radiance shone as filled my breast with fire,
And set my inmost being all athrill
With warm desire;
So gleamed a moment laughter-parted lips
And laughing eyes.
I saw my lady weep, and in her eyes
Through tear-drops gleamed such soft and tender light,
As seemed a glimpse of heavenly grace vouchsafed
To mortal sight:
Such beauty dwelt in sorrow-stricken lips
And tear-dewed eyes.

WE GRATEFULLY acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *Acadia Athinacum*; *Acta Victoriana*; *Albertus*; *Allisonia*; *Argosy*; *Baylor Literary*; *Camosun*; *College Index*; *Collegian*; *Manhattan Quarterly*; *Mercerian*; *Mitre*; *Notre Dame Scholastic*; *Philomathean Monthly*; *Presbyterian Publications*; *Queen's Journal*; *Queen's Journal Supplement*; *St. John's College Magazine*; *Trinity University Review*; *Trinity University Year Book*; *University of Ottawa Review*; *Varsity*; *Viatorian*; *Wycliffe Magazine*.

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“THE BENEFACTOR.”*

BY LEO TOLSTOI.



HERE was once a worthy man whose greatest desire was to do good to his fellows. He therefore considered the manner in which he could attain this end without hurting anybody's feelings, and yet at the same time, that every one could profit by his kindness. He knew that in bestowing alms personally it is impossible to know who ought to receive more, and who less, and further, as it is equally impossible to help all, those who received nothing would complain that they were neglected. The following was the plan the philanthropist determined to adopt."

"He decided to build a sort of hostel, in a locality where many people passed, and in this building he supplied everything to give them pleasure: spacious chambers, good stoves, baskets full of bread, cupboards well furnished, larders heaped up with abundance of provisions of every sort. There were beds, clothes, and shoes, in a word, all that a man could desire. The goods there provided were more than sufficient for a hundred persons, and the philanthropic founder of the establishment thought that people would tarry there for a space and take what they needed. That after having partaken of food and drink, they would depart

*[Among the unedited documents of Leo Tolstoi, the Russian sage, was found this parable or moral fable. It appeared in Russian, and later in Italian, in "Il Giornata Italiano," from which second version this translation was made.—Editor.]

bearing away whatever was necessary for them. He planned to renew the supplies from time to time as they were gradually exhausted. When the scheme had been organized, the benefactor withdrew to see what would happen."

"People then began to enter the inn, worthy folk who ate, who drank, and passed a night or two; some spent three days. Some, on the other hand, laid in a supply of clothing and straightway went their way. Each time anything was removed the benevolent proprietor replaced the article, so that newcomers could make use of the same benefit. This occurred for quite a time, as long as conscientious and peaceable folk resorted to the inn. The benefactor, restoring whatever was lacking from time to time, was pleased with his special benevolence."

"But one day there came to the inn certain bellicose, bold, and wicked fellows who sat down immediately to dine and began to quarrel because each wanted all there was for himself. From insults they passed to blows, and began to snatch from each other whatever they had severally taken, and finally set to destroying all that remained in order that no one else should enjoy it. Thus there was nothing left for any who should come after them."

"When they had made an end of sacking and pillaging they began to suffer from hunger and cold; then they spoke in injurious terms of the person who had so poorly provided for guests. 'Why had he not employed watchmen and guards?' 'Why had he let rascals in?' Each individual, making an exception of himself, evidently accused the others of wickedness. These people lived here two or three days in this fashion, then famishing and numb with cold, went off full of rage and cursing the founder of the hostel."

"Men act in a similar way here in this world. They ruin their own lives and those of others, but never think of laying the blame upon themselves. Not seeing that his own life is culpable, each accuses the other. Others lay the blame upon God, accusing Him of badly ordering the world. Others find fault with the world, which in their opinion is organized and formed by itself."

“Men, on the contrary, ought to consider that the world has not come into existence by its own efforts, but that God, their benefactor, has prepared it for their good. If men did not ruin their own lives, they might enjoy supreme felicity.”

A BRUISED REED.

(Prize Story—Undergraduate Competition.)



HE mothers of St. Paul's could not understand why the Rev. Hugh Stevenson never married. It could not be a matter of salary, for he was almost the highest paid preacher in the city; and surely St. Paul's boasted the wealthiest and prettiest girls in a score of churches. Thus from year to year questions were asked, sometimes persistently and sometimes intermittently, but always in vain.

For the fifth autumn the gifted pastor returned to his beautiful apartments, alone. Before he had gone on his extended holiday, necessitated by ill-health, there had been rumors, confident rumors, that he was to take this opportunity to go on his wedding tour. Each paper was eagerly scanned for the announcement, but three months sped by and left the mystery still unsolved.

This gossip may have advertised the bachelor pastor, but his eloquence and magnetic personality were sufficient to account for the large congregation which crowded St. Paul's the Sunday evening after his return. As the door behind the pulpit opened and the preacher stepped to his chair, a hush passed over the congregation. The people noted with pleasure that the rose upon his cheek was more brilliant than before. A kindly smile lit up his face, and the strain under which he had seemed to labor formerly was gone. As his deep brown eyes searched the pews and met the glances of friends, the smile on his lips gradually deepened and his dark eyes flashed piercingly.

But suddenly his wandering gaze became fixed. A tall, wretched woman, bearing mingled marks of culture and disgrace, had just entered the gallery. Some, whose attention for the moment was not fixed on the pulpit, drew in their garments for fear of defilement, whilst others tried harder than ever to spread themselves over two seats. But their fears were quite vain, for the horrid creature sank into the chair nearest the entrance.

The preacher saw it all and understood. The next moment his head dropped mechanically into his half raised hand, and the myriad gazing faces faded from his eyes. Wafted by the enchanting strains of the mighty organ, his imagination swept backwards over the passing years, and the cruel vision which had haunted him night and day for almost a decade, and from which his summer's rest had freed him for a while, now swam before his eyes.

He saw once more the fair, young Margaret, stately, and pure as the heavens above. He remembered their first meeting. It was many summers ago, by the lake shore, in his little country parish. The last rays of the sunset's afterglow were streaming through her hair, weaving a halo of gold and crimson about her fair face. For one brief moment he lived again the days of his early romantic passion and his struggle against that passion.

That he had loved her, he could not doubt, but the one great barrier was her father's wealth, which constantly made him feel the insufficiency of the small stipend which he then received. It was his very love for her which made him struggle daily against his love. Her life had been amongst the most delicate luxuries of a wealthy home. Even her summer residence, Ruheheim, which was situated in his parish, was itself almost a mansion. Here the pastor was entertained often, and Margaret's merry, impulsive buoyancy brought gladness into many a blue Monday.

Her temperament was essentially different from that of the young preacher. She was romantic and impulsive,—a dashing, enchanting spirit; he was reserved and calmly dignified,—a preacher! nevertheless a man. The high aims and noble am-

bitions which were his she did not share, but on one point, at least, their interests met. Both were athletic. Together they canoed and swam and golfed just as much as the keen censorship of a country congregation could well permit.

But persistently through the hours of deepest pleasure ran the thought of the chasm which separated him from the heiress. This was a gulf which Stevenson felt he could not, dare not, cross. It did not occur to him, nor could he persuade himself, that Margaret might be as happy amid comforts much humbler than those of her present environment. Moreover, the opposition of her father, who came out from the city to spend his holidays and week-ends, soon became very pronounced.

But this interference only fired the girl's passions into truer flame. Like a caged bird she now longed for release from an existence which for years had been growing more monotonous. If her own mother had lived it might have been otherwise, but her father's second marriage and the coming of another mistress had somehow fired her often to open rebellion. And now her sense of freedom was further trampled on by this attempt to thwart her holy love. The very danger of losing her inheritance only drove her to extremes.

"It is love," she exclaimed passionately to her father one night when he seemed unduly domineering, "it is *love*, not *wealth*, I want."

Had Stevenson but realized this, the whole course might have been different. Instead, he still strove to crush in his own heart the passion which, though stifled, would not die. Even as he struggled, his affections grew, and it soon became clear that if he were to overcome his love he could not maintain even a slight friendship with the girl.

An excuse for his withdrawal was afforded, at this time, by the arrival in the village of a dashing young man with a large red runabout. The stranger soon made the acquaintance of the heiress of Ruheheim, and at once decided to extend his visit in the place. From the first the preacher felt suspicious of the newcomer, and strongly mistrusted him. But this, he feared,

might be due to jealousy; so when Margaret once spoke lightly of her new admirer, Stevenson graciously hastened to defend his rival. He believed, moreover, that the young man possessed means more on a par with those to which the girl had been accustomed, and felt that the time had now come when he should forfeit his friendship. Almost immediately his attitude toward her became cold and reserved in the extreme. The girl's sensitive nature was quick to feel the change. She responded accordingly.

In his brief pulpit reverie the preacher recollected distinctly the sharp, nervous knock which shook his door one night soon after this. The hour was past midnight, but he had not yet retired; he was fighting once again the old, painful battle.

"Some poor soul in sorrow, as I am," muttered Stevenson. "I must forget my grief till he is comforted."

As he turned the key the door sprang open and a dark form pushed in out of the night. It was Margaret's father. He had come in search of his daughter. She had been missed by the maids since morning, but nothing had been thought of it till the father had arrived from the city late in the evening.

The news cut Stevenson keenly; half-heartedly he rallied to the search. Inquiries were made on all sides with little real success. Some held that the girl had taken her own life; but the fact that she had removed all her jewelry was against this theory. The most plausible explanation was that she had eloped with the young suitor who had recently made his presence so conspicuous in the village.

The very thought of this so disgusted and enraged the father that for some time he completely relinquished the quest, and sought to cover over and forget the whole affair. But, somehow, the child is bound to the parent heart by cords that can never be broken. Soon the search began again,—the search of a broken-hearted father for the child he could not forget,—but it continued long months in vain.

The pealing of the deep-toned bells in the tower of St. Paul's

died away, but the quivering strains of Handel's prelude still lingered in the remote recesses of the dome as the mighty organ thundered the opening symphonies of the evening doxology. With the change of music and the sudden movement, the preacher, startled, raised his head, as though from prayer, and cast a nervous glance about him. Long years, it seemed, had passed during his reverie; but dreams never last longer than a second.

As Stevenson glided toward the pulpit during the singing his eyes met those of the weird form near the gallery entrance. In the flash he thought of the first time their glances had met. But, oh, how changed she was! The bloom had faded from the rose and the autumn of its life had come. In that glance the preacher read the story the prodigal years had written on her face, and he longed to speak some words which might arouse in her her nobler self again.

That Sunday evening the pastor of St. Paul's forgot the cultured pews and preached, as he thought, only to the broken life that trembled near the door. His message was: "*A bruised reed shall He not break.*" The sermon was simple in the extreme, but the voice of the preacher trembled with the eloquence of tears as he strove to reclaim the prodigal. Even as he pleaded, the faded face seemed to recover somewhat of its lost beauty and chords which were broken began to vibrate once more.

The sermon ended, and the closing strains of "Come, ye disconsolate—

"Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the straying
Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure,
Joy of the desolate, tenderly saying
Earth has no sorrow My Grace cannot cure,"

died away, and the crowded congregation bowed to receive the benediction. The whole service had been for the sake of a poor, spurned daughter of Eve, and the preacher determined to meet her at the door. He closed his eyes to pronounce the benediction; when he opened them again she was gone. Whilst all eyes were closed she had stolen silently out into the darkness and the night.

Far, far above her she saw the pure, unviolated heavens and felt that even as far beyond her was the innocent life that once was hers. As she wandered lonely through the crowded streets, unnoticed, save for her guilt, the awful thought of the unalterable past drove her almost to despair. The curtain, she realized, had forever fallen upon her wayward years, and, try as she might, she could never recast the acts and scenes of yesterday. Then, why not play the farce to a finish? What else could be hoped for? Home, friends, everything she had lost by her fall. The old, awful life seemed the only refuge for her now.

The subtleness of the temptation shook her strangely. At any other time she might have yielded, but the preaching of her only true love had aroused her half-deadened sense of shame. She bit her lip until the blood came, and the nails sank into her pale palms as she resisted. Heroically she turned her face forever from her old life, though there seemed no other door open to her.

It was more than an hour after this that a forlorn form passed from the emptying streets to the dark river that flowed through the outskirts of the city. In her despairing melancholy this seemed the only alternative. She summoned all her courage, and determined once more upon her fate. As she hurried madly through the marshes a bruised reed snapped beneath her foot. Suddenly she paused:

“A bruised reed shall He not break.”

She sighed slowly, and the church scene with all its associations swam before her eyes. The awful conflict was renewed. It seemed to her that her life was not merely bruised, but broken, yet something in the sermon bade her hope.

She was turning away from the dark stream when a sudden cry from the water startled her. Part way up the river a boy and girl had been thrown from their canoe. They had been visiting friends who camped up the stream and had lingered long awaiting the moonlight for the return paddle. In their haste a bad stroke had been taken, the paddler thrown forward and the

canoe capsized. Frantic with fright, the girl had seized her companion in such a way that he could not swim and was sinking.

Forgetting her sorrow, the lonely witness hastened along the shore and plunged into the water. In the moment of desperate need her old art came back, and she swam swiftly to the drowning couple. But so firm was the clutch of the frightened girl that it seemed they would perish in spite of all efforts. As the rescuer strove to separate the two the death-like grip fastened like an octopus upon her. Then suddenly a sharp blow above the temple unlocked the hold and the unconscious head fell back into the water. The girl's rescue was easily affected now, but the man, half unconscious from the struggle, had floated a short distance down the stream. Here the water weeds were thick and tangly and the swimming very difficult. Long and strenuous was the fight for shore. Again and again the man would have given up in despair had it not been for the unknown companion who struggled with him and encouraged him. As they neared the land the man took fresh courage. Struggling vigorously, he made the shore by his own efforts and fell exhausted.

But the heroine had become hopelessly entangled in the slimy, snake-like reeds which flourished near the edge. And now that both had been saved, and her work finished, strength and courage failed her. Yet life had never seemed sweeter than at that moment. A cry for help which might have aroused the exhausted man on the shore was upon her lips, but she determined to endanger no other life. She summoned all her powers for one last struggle, but in vain. In a moment the brave face sank beneath the broken reeds and the choking lungs filled with the cool stream.

By the time the two on the shore had recovered and the unknown body been removed from the water, quite a few had gathered to the scene. The identification of the heroine was made the next morning by the Rev. Hugh Stevenson, who immediately wired the parents. Tenderly the broken-hearted father received again his sinful, heroic daughter, and her remains were removed to his summer home. Thus after years of wayward wandering

the prodigal daughter rested once more in her favorite Ruheheim.

In the funeral arrangements the Rev. Hugh Stevenson was to assist; he could not have trusted himself to assume full charge.

Never had the little village witnessed so great a throng of mourners as that which gathered on the afternoon of Margaret's burial. One by one they quietly passed into the large parlor where the remains lay, surrounded by numerous relatives and friends. The strained silence here, broken only by an occasional sob, deepened as the tall, graceful form of the Rev. Stevenson glided slowly into the room. As he reached the casket he drew back the cover to take a last glimpse of the face, now beautiful in death as in youth. For the moment he seemed to forget that all eyes, especially those of his former parishioners, were upon him. Bending over, he tenderly pressed his first kiss upon the lips he had loved so long. When he looked about him again, every eye was dimmed with tears.

J. D. MORRISON, '14.

GLIMPSES OF THE LAND OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

“Mountain islets pointed and peaked,
Where waves on a diamond shingle dash,
And cataract brooks to the ocean run,
And fairily-delicate palaces shine,
Mixed with myrtle and clad with vine.”



It is said that, centuries ago, a spirit, flying over the expanses of the Western Pacific, accidentally dipped his spear into the water. Where the shining drops fell from the tip of his spear, there immediately appeared the four large islands and myriads of smaller ones which comprise the Empire of Japan.

To rule over this island kingdom, Amaterasu, goddess of the sun, sent her grandson, Jimmu Tenno, who was the first historic Emperor of Japan. All his successors, including the present Mikado, have descended from this semi-divinity, and therefore are adored as the Sons of Heaven. And these illustrious rulers have, from time immemorial, held the chrysanthemum as their national emblem.

The scenery of Japan is exceedingly beautiful in its infinite variety. Against rugged shores, the restless billows ever toss and dash, only to splash back again into the rolling surf. Posted over the country like sentinels, the mountains in their grandeur tower upward till they pierce the clouds with their snowy summits. Here and there a volcano belches forth steam and dust from its hidden cauldron. Rushing hither and thither, short but tumultuous rivers tumble onward to the great deep whence they came. Quiet valleys dotted with the tiny huts of the rice-farmers, and a few tranquil lakes nestle down among the hills. And over all bends the great dome of heaven with vivid colors which rival those of the far-famed Italian skies.

The vegetation of the country is most luxuriant. Large tracts of land are still heavily clad with gloomy forests where the cedar, yew, mulberry, camphor-tree, magnolia, boxwood, holly, and one

hundred and fifty varieties of evergreens flourish. Far up on the mountain sides hang unbroken forests of pine, which wave majestically above the swaying rice in the valleys. In the plains the plants of the temperate zone thrive in close proximity to the bamboo, palm, and banana—representatives of the tropics. Flowers of brilliant hues and odd shapes run riot everywhere. The huge chrysanthemum and peony, the delicate wistaria and azalea, the far-famed lotus and iris, all mingle in rich profusion, inviting the stranger to become intimately acquainted with Japan, their homeland.

The Japanese as a whole are an intelligent people, eager and quick to learn. Though exceedingly patriotic, they are not so conservative as their Chinese neighbors, for they readily adopt European fashions and imitate European customs. Affability is one of the most striking features in the national character. Of course, in common with all mankind, the Japanese are not without their vices and failings, prominent among which are licentiousness, inconstancy and improvidence.

Neither of the two prevailing religions, Shintoism and Buddhism, provides the people with a moral code, and general degradation is the natural result. Nor does either of the two endeavor to explain the future state of the soul, and although philosophers set forth their teachings regarding Death, yet the mourner is still bereft of all comfort. Listen to the grief-stricken cry of a mother whose child is dying,—

“The Mountain of Death is lonely and drear,
And the dusk of its shadow the bravest might fear;
How then, little daughter, my winsome wee child,
Wilt thou through its pathways grope, gloomy and wild?”

And the following lines, translated from a Japanese dirge, suggest little hope after death:—

“The cold winds beat
With hurrying feet
On a lonely grave,
While they sob and rave
As they would check my roaming:
Who lieth so low
Where chill winds blow?”

Only the owlet makes reply
From the ancient pine boughs, grim and high,
Like a ghost in the autumn gloaming."

City life affords more pleasant pictures for the imagination. Among prominent trading centres, Tokio, the capital of modern Japan, may be regarded as a typical city of the Empire. It is situated on a vast plain about midway between the northern and southern limits of the largest island of Japan. In the heart of the city stands the Castle of Yedo, formerly a feudal stronghold, but now a picturesque park whose beautiful wooded grounds cover many square miles. Outside of the double moat surrounding the Castle of Yedo lies Tokio proper. Conspicuous among the low open buildings which line most of the narrow streets, there are now banks, offices of newspapers and steamship companies, colleges for the study of medicine, military tactics, engineering, agriculture, science,—in fact, almost every branch of knowledge studied in the West may be learned in Tokio. A striking evidence of Japan's progress is the Tokio Public Library, which building was once the ancient Confucian University of Yedo. On slight eminences throughout the city rise many quaint pagodas in the midst of sacred groves.

In the main streets, people of the Orient and the Occident mingle freely. Coolies trudge along with their heavy burdens, merry black-eyed children dodge in and out among the ever-changing throng, jinrikisha men skilfully avoid collisions with European carriages. The bright clothes and gaily-decorated parasols and fans of the women combine to form a medley of color. The shops all open to the street reveal the proprietors comfortably seated within on the floor.

Japan is in a state of transition. All modern conveniences are being so rapidly introduced that travelling through this empire has very few disagreeable features, but affords many unexpected pleasures. The natural grandeur of the country, the picturesque buildings of the city, and the quaint people themselves induce the tourist to come and visit the "Land of the Chrysanthemum."

ALICE E. GREGORY, '16.



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Editorial Notes.

BY THE EAGER refusal of the Women's Student Body to accept the design of pin approved by the men as a University emblem, the great question is left unsettled for another year, unless—and we think it doubtful—some compromise be effected. The women have made very plain their scorn of masculine simplicity, and it is equally certain that the men will never consent to adorn their bosoms with filigree and seed pearls. The only solution left, so far as we can see, is to have two authorized emblems—one of the men's choosing, and one of the women's. You pay your money and you take your choice.

But really this whole matter of a pin is too trivial to be taken seriously. Most of us would doubtless prefer to spend our money to more purpose, anyway. Certainly the discussion would not have been re-opened in THE MONTHLY had it not been felt that

the episode possessed illustrative value, that, apart from its intrinsic importance, it involved principles and revealed tendencies of grave importance to the student life of McMaster.

McMaster is a co-educational college, and has always taken pride in the fact. Here the women are admitted to equal privileges with the men in the various activities of student life to an extent that is not found in any other institution of which we have knowledge. Even the Athletic Society, hampered as it is for lack of accommodations of its own, has not ignored the existence of women at McMaster. In short, the women have always had an amount of consideration which their comparatively small number has, perhaps, hardly warranted. They, on their part, have entered into the life of the college so heartily that they have made themselves indispensable, and have won a position of influence to which, numerically, they are not entitled. All this has meant a very rich, full life for the college, and the most satisfactory relationships between the two sections of the student body.

During the present year, however, there has been a tendency on the part of some of the members of one section to assume an attitude towards the other section which threatens, if not checked, to mar permanently the hitherto happy relationship between the men's and the women's student bodies. It is with the hope that a little plain speaking may clear the air and prevent further recrimination, that we venture to point out the conditions on which this relationship must exist if we are to avoid factious unpleasantness.

Out of more than two hundred and fifty students at McMaster, only about forty, or less than one-sixth of the number, are women. True, there are a certain number of the men—theologues and others—who take no part in the life of the college outside of the lecture-room, and who have no interest in the various student activities; while the women, without exception, throw themselves nobly into every breach that offers. Still, allowing generously for masculine defections, when the active-service roll is called, the women cannot number much more than one-fifth of the total.

With this fact in mind, was it unreasonable for the men to expect that their proposal for a pin (we allude to this episode for the last time), passed by them with only three dissenting votes, should at least have met with polite consideration at the hands of the ladies? Nothing was farther from their thoughts than to dictate to the minority, as has been shown by the prompt abandonment—wise or otherwise—of the proposed action. But the unceremonious reception accorded the proposition cannot but suggest an attitude, on the part of at least a few of the co-eds, somewhat removed from that “sweet reasonableness” which should mark the person of culture, whether man or woman.

We do not believe, however, that the offenders in this case are really lacking in this desirable characteristic. We believe that this—shall we call it “militant”—attitude, which has shown itself lately in more ways than one, is due rather to a not unnatural obliquity of vision with regard to their status in the body politic. They ask for equal rights for women, and forget that women are, after all, only individuals. They forget that as long as they are in a minority they cannot have equal rights as a group of women opposed to a group of men, even though their equality as individuals be fully recognized. The men of McMaster have no desire to treat their women fellow-students “like puppy-dogs”; they are willing that the women should share equally with them in every privilege that McMaster affords; but it is unreasonable to suppose that the ideals and the ideas—however true and right—of forty women should at all times dominate the wills and govern the actions of more than a hundred and fifty men.

We would not have the women fettered in the expression of their views; but it is for them to see to it that that expression is marked by a temper befitting a sane democracy, in which it is recognized that minorities must submit with a good grace, if the peace of Rome is to be preserved. Only thus can the women of McMaster retain that position of esteem and influence which they have won for themselves—a position, as we have said, which is not numerically their due.

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: RALPH E. FREEMAN. '14.

"But leave the wise to wrangle, and with me
The quarrel of the universe let be:
And in some corner of the hubbub croucht
Make game of that which makes as much of thee."
—Omar Khayyam.



READERS of THE MONTHLY will notice in this number several editorial dissertations on some aspects of the "woman problem," and may suspect that something sensational underlies it all. And this being so, it is but natural that the curious should look to this department for enlightenment. But nothing shall be written here that will in any way reveal what lies beneath.

The character or sphere of woman, whether within the college or without, we refuse to discuss. Even though there has been considerable talk around our halls, even though the "Varsity" has wrestled with the question, and other college journals throughout the land have expressed their opinions, we yet feel justified in remaining silent. In fact, the only solution of the problem is to say nothing about it. If people would only come to see what a power there is in silence, many of the knotty problems of our day would be completely solved. When delicate questions present themselves to us, the last thing we should do is to talk about them. First think, then act; this is our whole duty in regard to questions that concern relations between the men and women of our University. "Be safe and silent." This is a good maxim, and upon this we base our attitude toward this problem and our action in omitting all reference to it. Some may think we are not justified in passing by such an important question. But there are always persons to criticize, and we rest content in the courage of our silence.

AN OLD LATIN classical writer, Plautus by name, on hearing that the Women's Student Body had disapproved of the pin we

had chosen, wrote the following lines to commemorate the event:

Multa sunt mulierum vitia, sed hoc e multis maximum,
Cum sibi nimis placeant, nimisque operam dant ut placeant viris.

THERE APPEARS IN many of our contemporary college journals considerable discussion concerning what may be delicately termed the reception of the Freshmen.

“Upper classes have discussed it,
Students’ councils ruled thereon,
Timid chaps have always cussed it,
Still we find it going on.”

The members of Year '17 will pardon reference to a matter so vivid in their memories. But recent events have convinced us that our manner of performing this duty has been crude and unsatisfactory from several standpoints. We would therefore take the liberty of recommending to those who have charge of the function next year, that a change be made in the course of the proceedings. Instead of the somewhat absurd attempts of the last few years, could not an organized and sane method of welcoming Freshmen be adopted? In this way the purpose of such performances could be achieved and as much, and even more, entertainment derived therefrom. Far be it from our mind to suggest details, but there are many harmless and humorous devices that could be employed and more reasonable hours that could be chosen. This plan would meet the need and remove the objections of scathing critics and theologues. The Freshmen could then enter into it with as much delight as the others. In fact, the affair would be so enjoyable that in all probability there would be competition among Freshmen to room in the building during their first year.

THE FRESHMEN are again articulate. As yet their yell sounds somewhat weird, but no doubt in time we shall become acclimatized. We have been unable to obtain an exact version of it, for each of the three members of Year '17 who were approached on the subject gave a different rendering. To English speaking ears it has a peculiar sound.

THEOLOGUE: Do you know, I've found out that after all the cannibal is really a vegetarian. Higher Critic: Why? Theologue: I Peter, I-24.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

And it came to pass in the days of George, King of the Britons, there arose in the city of Macmastus a certain priest of the house of Levi named Morrisonum.

And in the time of Merritimadon, ruler of the city, this priest was great and honorable in the sight of all the people of the city.

Thus, in the fullness of time, Morrisonum was appointed chief of the poets, musicians, and scribes, who played and sang before the people of the city on the days appointed for feast and rejoicing.

And the same priest caused a great banquet to be proclaimed to all the people of the city, and published it throughout the length and breadth of the streets, and wrote it upon the doors and corner-stones thereof, and sounded it upon the house-tops, and wheresoever the people assembled together.

And he appointed tax-gatherers to go through the length and breadth of the city, and gather money, yea, gold and silver, from the people.

Moreover, he gathered bakers, and servants to serve at the banquet, and silver vessels for the use thereof, and meat and wine a goodly store.

So it came to pass on the twenty-seventh day of the second month that the people gathered themselves together unto the feast: and every man brought with him a woman unto the feast.

Now there were few women within the city. Some went therefore to the cities round about and gathered women unto the feast.

And when the people were gathered together they filled the great banqueting-hall that is within the city.

So the people ate and drank, and the musicians played upon the harp and the psaltery, the viol and the sackbut. And they made merry.

Now when the people had eaten of the meat, and drunk of the wine, and were filled, Morrisonum, the priest, arose and called upon the people to honor the name of the king, even the great king who dwelt beyond the sea.

And the people were glad, and honored the king with a great noise and with the drinking of wine; for he was a good king, and his people loved him.

Then a certain elder of the city arose, even a ruler of the city, and a wise man.

And he was beloved of the people, for he was a gentle man.

And the elder was of great age and hoary.

And he spake of the honor, and glory, and hopes of the city, even the city of Macmastus, and cheered the people. And all the people were pleased with the words of the elder.

Now there was within the land of the great king a people called the Fransonites, a people who spake a strange tongue.

Their country also was very fertile, and they had many children,—yea, even as the sands on the sea-shore.

And there dwelt in their midst a mighty prophet, even Bourasson, whose fame had gone to the East and the West, and to the North and the South.

Now Morrisonum had sent a messenger unto Bourasson, prophet of the Fransonites, saying, "Come unto us and make merry with our people."

And he came to the banquet.

So Bourasson spake to the people of Macmastus with mighty words.

He spake of the great king beyond the seas, of the king's lands in the four corners of the earth, and even of his own people, the Fransonites.

And he was a fiery man.

And the people's hearts warmed to the Fransonites, and to Bourasson, their prophet.

Now the people being wearied with the much speaking, and sore with the long sitting, stood up and drank of the wine.

Thereafter came forth a maiden, even a skilled musician, and played upon the viol.

And she was beautiful to look upon, and very fair.

Yet another maiden sang to the sound of the harp; verily a song of love, as the song of Solomon.

Then, behold, a woman of the company arose and spake for the women of the people.

Now there was at this time a stir and commotion among the women, a running to and fro in the land, a going up and down; for the women desired to be rulers in the city and to speak in the council of the elders.

So this woman spake, and demanded that the voice of the women be heard in the council, and their wisdom among the elders.

Then were the young men astonished, and the old men grumbled in their beards, and shook their heads, and said, "They should stay with the grinding and the water-pots."

But the people looked on the face of the woman (for it was fair), and then were they merry and laughed for joy.

And some of the citizens spake unto the people, also the elders from the cities round about.

Now all these words having been spoken; and the cups, and the flagons, and the wine-jars being all empty, the people departed, each to his own house.

Nor was the gate of the city closed on that night.

[This singular record was discovered recently by one of our learned reporters among the archives of a great and ancient city. It was thought desirable to translate it into modern English, although the rendering detracts from its significance and charm. —Ed.]

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the McMaster Literary Society was held on February 27th. A gay company of youth and beauty gathered around the tables. After the dinner Mr. James D. Morrison ('14), President of the Society, announced the toast to the King. Canada and the Empire was proposed by F. L. Fowke, Esq., and was responded to by M. Henri Bourassa. The former spoke of our debt of service to our country and the larger unity of the Empire. Mr. Bourassa, with his pleasing Gallic grace, put forth a plea for Canada's nationhood. His ideal of empire is too well known to require explanation. We honor him for the straightforward statement of his position and for the able way in which he defended it. W. L. McKinnon ('06) toasted "Alma Mater," which was responded to by Dr. Ten Broeke in a characteristically profound and philosophic manner. The health of "The Ladies" was drunk after a witty little speech from David M. Sullivan ('14), and the audience was sufficiently awake to catch most of the humor of his remarks. Miss Mary Fowler, Second Vice-President, with a quiet eloquence and forceful persuasiveness, replied on behalf of the ladies. Early next morning R. E. Freeman ('14) proposed the toast to "Canadian Colleges," to which Mr. J. E. Anderson ('11), of Osgoode Hall responded. Mention should be made of the splendid violin solos rendered by Miss Eileen Ferguson and the beautiful vocal solo of Miss Nellye Gill.

MR. ARTHUR HAWKES, editor of "*The Canadian*," and leader of the "Canada First" party, addressed the Literary Society on February 6th on "The High Cost of Partisanship." The wasting of taxes in the construction of unprofitable public works and in the appointment of incompetent favorites to lucrative positions, and a low political tone are two of the prices paid for party

government. For what progress in political intelligence can be expected when laws are passed by a Cabinet and the people hoodwinked by a mere form of parliamentary deliberation? The press holds the remedy. Let it lay aside its party bias and stand for plain truth and pitiless publicity. The address was preceded by a pleasing instrumental by Roy McGregor, and an amusing trio in which Miss B. S. Farmer, Miss R. Fowler and Miss McLaurin represented three crows. Mr. Morrison occupied the chair.

MRS. FLORA DENISON, President of the Canada Woman Suffrage Association, addressed the Lit. on February 13th. Mrs. Denison, in opening, referred to the pristine felicity of the matriarchal age. There is no reason to doubt the general belief that Christianity has given to woman the enjoyment of unprecedented privileges. Medieval injustices called forth the heroism that canonized Margaret of Scotland. Eternal gratitude is due Dr. Emily Stowe, in that she first opened college doors for women. The goal will be reached only when the last barrier to the last profession has been removed. Politics, the pulpit, international labor unions, etc., these are women's future sphere. During the evening K. H. Kingdon gave a piano solo, and Misses Gregory and Stillwell an instrumental duet.

First Student: "That was a typical woman's lecture last night." Second Student: "Why?" First Student: "Because."

THAT THE ORATORICAL CONTEST of February 20th maintained McMaster's reputation for oratory won in previous years, was the judgment of the audience that filled Castle Memorial Hall. The orators of the different Years and the subjects chosen were as follows: '14, W. K. Anderson—"Immortal Rome"; '15, P. K. Hambly—"A Dream of the Eighties"; '16, P. P. Ziemann—"Greatness"; '17, F. H. Field—"The Drama of the Deep." The judges for the occasion were Mr. J. A. Paterson, K.C., Rev. W. T. Graham, D.D., and Prof. R. W. Smith, Ph.D. After a lengthy deliberation by the judges, Dr. Graham announced that P. P. Ziemann had won the Ryrie gold watch fob. He congratulated all the speakers on the excellence of their material and delivery. The prize was presented to the victorious contestant by Mr. W. S. Wallace, B.A., Honorary President of the Debating Union. A piano solo by K. H. Kingdon, a vocal solo by Miss Stella Lamb and a reading by Miss Reta Rogers added to the

enjoyment of the evening. Mr. J. Long, Vice-President of the Debating Union, occupied the chair.

AT THE INTER-FACULTY oratorical contest held on March 4th in Convocation Hall, Mr. Ziemann represented McMaster. It was not surprising to most of us that our orator should carry off the victory. This is the first time McMaster has been represented in this contest, and the beginning augurs well for future laurels. THE MONTHLY extends its congratulations to Mr. Ziemann upon winning the gold medal. A winner in McMaster is a winner anywhere.

JUNIORS.—The Juniors, having emerged from the January exams., some in the elation of success, more in the recklessness of despair, determined to pass February in nights of pleasure and days of ease. The beginning was made by holding a skating party. This finished, a social evening given by Miss M. Cline at the home of Mr. J. Firstbrook was eagerly looked forward to. Immediately the insight of the Year scientists began to foresee a party to be given by their Honorary President—Dr. Smith. This duly took place February 24. The beginning of March was the time set for resuming studies. Now the members of Year '15, with truly leonine voracity, are endeavoring to assuage the pangs of a protracted intellectual famine with whatsoever husks they may devour.

THE CALL OF THE HEATHEN WORLD is constantly being sounded in our halls. Dr. Swemer addressed us at chapel service on Monday, February 16th. He brings the cry from the Moslems, "Islam is dying! Whither shall we turn?" The Mohammedan world is at a crisis political, social and religious. The doors are open for the pioneer to pierce into the heart of Islam and proclaim the message of regeneration. The political collapse of Moslem power in Morocco, Tripoli, Persia and Turkey, the impact of the West through trade, literature and education, and the decaying forces at work at the very foundations of Moslem faith present a wonderful and unparalleled opportunity. Dr. Swemer is rich in interesting references to his life and work in Arabia. He is an eminent missionary author, as well as editor of the "*Moslem World*." He speaks with authority, and this is what he says: "The present situation is an imperative call for specially trained workers in every mission area and for men and women with the spirit of the pioneer, to enter the unoccupied fields and become the good seed of God for future harvest."

On February 23rd we heard Miss McLaurin, of India. We were interested in her account of the work among the women and children of the Indian villages,—how eager they are to receive the gospel of love!

THE MONTHLY extends its sympathy to William Bremner, whose brother, Congressman Bremner, recently died at Washington. The wonderful operation for cancer which resulted so sadly was watched with breathless concern by the whole nation. Bill has gone down to finish his brother's work in connection with Congress and as editor of a paper. As to whether or when he will come back, we have not learned.



James Bartlett Smith.

JAMES BARTLETT SMITH.—The voice of one of our friends is silent, and McMaster mourns the loss of J. B. Smith. His death was so sudden and unexpected that for a time we were too paralyzed to grasp the full significance of the news. He figured prominently in our life around the hall, and now that he has gone we miss the sight of a sober, yet kindly, face and the sound of a voice that is still. Though he has passed, the memory of

him will linger long with us, and around his name will cling the recollection of a sincere, kind-hearted, noble man.

Few of the details of his early life are known to us. After leaving the high school at Perth, he entered a lawyer's office. Then he went to Woodstock, but left for the West before matriculation. In Dakota he taught school for some time, returning finally to take up the task of librarian at his old town. Since his conversion at an early age, Mr. Smith had zealously engaged in religious work. His parents were Plymouth Brethren, and it is an indication of a sincere and thoughtful mind that through his own interpretation of the Scriptures he became a Baptist. In the autumn of 1911 he came to McMaster. On his summer fields at Houghton and Courtwright, and while he dwelt amongst us here, he did by deed and word show himself to be a true, courageous Christian.

The fact that he was older than the most of us, on entering McMaster, must have made it rather hard for him. But he always returned with a smile and a noble resolve to try again. We cannot look back upon his courage without the feeling that he attained life's true success, which is to labor. "For me to live is Christ." These words, spoken a few days before his death, sum up the majesty of the life he lived, and signify the glory of that immortal life that lies beyond. Though his forty years in the wilderness have ended, we cannot think but that he lives. His spirit will not die. Something of the nobleness and truth that lived in the gentle heart of J. B. Smith will in our natures be carried down along the corridor of time, and in them will live.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MARY FOWLER, '14.

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young (wo)man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—
pictures.



YOU have seen the student leave the Hall with that steely "do or die" look in "his-er" eye—by the way, when *will* those most useful words, invented by a woman, too, come into general use? Surely they can come none too soon. You are not acquainted with them? Then by all means do meet them now. Nom. he-er.

Gen. his-er.

Acc. him-er.

They are indefinite personal pronouns, third person, singular. The possessive adjective has the same form as the genitive case of the pronoun. How simplified life will become when, upon being introduced to the new baby, you can sweetly murmur, "Bless his-er little heart"—most useful words, even if all that is left of "her" is the "-er" tacked on to "he," "his" and "him."

But the student with the steely look—and he-er is not one, but many—his-er number is limited only by the capacity of the University. If you follow him-er as he-er leaves, you will invariably find that the goal is the photographer's—for it is Spring. He-er enters.

Then his-er cheek is pale, and troubled is his-er brow so fair,
And his-er thoughts all wrapt around, such a little thing as hair.

Perhaps he-er is on the Literary Executive, or possibly only THE MONTHLY Board. It makes no difference; forth to the photographers he-er must go—for it is Spring. Mayhap it is but a Senior going for his-er graduation photos; mayhap, the steely eye is turned toward the Biology laboratory. Oh, tell it not—the horrors those walks enclose. Wherever, whenever, whoever it be, the ordeal is inevitable—for it is Spring—and the operation is always the same.

And he-er says, Oh, dear photographer, Oh, speak the truth to me,
Hands and hair and gown and all, are they fit for all to see?
With a smile the operator to the south his-er head has bent;

Has stowed away his-er dainty feet, fixed his-er hands and is content,
And soon on his-er pallid cheek and forehead come a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red, flushing in the northern night.
And his-er spirit leaps within him-er, and he-er looks him-er toward the door,
Snap has gone the shutter quick, and the agony is o'er.

But, Oh! it is not these pictures that last, be they hung upon the walls of the University, or upon the walls of our homes. These are but passing; soon, in one little little year, they will be old--and old-fashioned. It is the pictures of life that endure. "The days come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing," says Emerson. Aye, but they bring pictures, and these they do not carry away with them. These are ours, to keep always if we will—to keep whether we will or no. And the Spring days come most heavily laden, laden with pictures of trees with the breeze in their branches, of waves running murmuring shoreward before a little wind, of bird songs, of soft stirrings of little nested things in tall young grasses—pictures of the future, pictures full of promise. Yes, but pictures of the past as well—of personalities, of friendly intercourse, of work accomplished, or left undone, of life in all its branches. And in her miraculous way she gathers up these pictures, some new, some left by others before her, and she brightens a spot here, effaces a crudeness there, until before our mental vision is displayed a gallery of charming portraits of our life together, with all jarring notes removed, all misunderstandings erased, yet with contrasts striking enough for each to but heighten the effect of the other.

LA GALIERE DE FEVRIER.

Of all the galleries in the *Musee de la Vie*, that which is attracting the most attention at the present time is the *Galerie de Fevrier*. It is but one of the many galleries of the Museum, where hang side by side the finest masterpieces of the most famous painters in the world, and the most modest attempts of the humblest wielder of the brush. Yet this has a special attraction just now. As one enters it, it would seem at first glance as though those in charge had chosen the pictures haphazard, and without the careful classification that marks the rest of the museum. Yet such is not the case. Upon glancing around it is borne in upon one that this section has been set apart as typical of one thing, the college girl and her activities.

Perhaps the first picture to catch the eye is a large one not far from the door. It is framed with a heavy golden frame, yet one no longer sees this nor any other external thing, as she gazes upon

the painting. The scene represented is a large, cheerful, home-like room, with buff tinted walls and comfortable furnishings of green. The walls are adorned with the pictures of the heroes and heroines of the past, and in a special place of honor, with a handsome bulletin board. In the centre is a large table covered with books and magazines. The whole wears a very inviting appearance. Grouped at one end are a number of girls seated in easy chairs; but instead of the laughter and animation, which might be expected in such a place, the faces are quiet and serious. All eyes are fixed on the central figure who stands beside the table, and who is evidently speaking. Her subject seems to be one which appeals both to herself and to her listeners, if one may judge from the eager attention given. As one looks, it is almost possible to imagine that one hears the words from her lips “. . . and for these conditions in South America the Roman Catholic Church assumes the responsibility when, without apology, it claims the country as its own.”

In the companion picture which hangs close beside this one, the same girls are to be seen, but in a different setting. Here they sit more sedately, and in a more orderly fashion, in a small hall which is evidently the chapel of the University; for there is the raised platform with the reading desk, and the long line of chairs in which the faculty daily take their seat. These are for the present deserted, as is the whole platform, for the presiding officer has taken her position at a small table just in front of the first row of seats. She is standing as if she had just risen to make the closing remarks, and her eyes are turned toward a somewhat older woman, whose sweet dignity proclaims her one who holds a place of importance and authority—she might be, perchance, the dean of some neighboring college. Clearly she has been the speaker to whom the girls have been listening, and the glow of her message still lingers on the faces in the long row of seats. It is necessary only to look at the faces to know that she has brought inspiration; has given the girls a glimpse of the possibilities of the life that lies before them, of the opportunities which they are soon to meet when, as graduates, they leave the sheltering walls of their Alma Mater, and best of all, has given them courage to go forward and meet these fairly and honestly.

Close by hangs a picture which makes one rub her eyes. She could well believe she were back in the 17th century, or at least in the days of “Cranford.” There is dainty Miss Mattie. It could be none other. There, too, is stately Miss Pole, deaf Mrs. Forrester, Mrs. Barker, the milliner, and that other must be

Martha. Occupying the very centre of the picture is Mrs. Jamieson fast asleep. Probably Carlo and his empty saucer are hidden behind her voluminous skirts. True, upon close inspection these ladies all bear a striking resemblance to a number of our Sophiettes—but fancy must read the likeness where it is not. A most pleasing picture this makes, one of the most attractive in the gallery.

As we pass on, a somewhat enigmatical picture, which the catalogue tells us is called "The Future," presents itself to our view. The artist has centred the light on a Juniorette. She is seated at a table, and before her lies an open book. Her eyes are not, however, fixed on this, though her finger keeps her place. She is gazing with a rapt expression toward four other girls who have been poring over a thick volume in which the printing appears to be arranged in vertical columns, and in which figures seem to predominate. Evidently the four have found something of interest therein, and the artist has caught them even as the lips of one frame the words "In a picture gallery." At first glance one fails to see the little Freshette over in the corner—yet there she is, and even this minor detail of the picture serves to rivet the attention of the visitor on the central figure, for astonishment, incredulity and even alarm, are written broadly across her face. The artist has given no clue to the explanation. We pass on to the next.

In an alcove is a group of pictures. The background is the same in each, the lofty pillars of Castle Memorial Hall. The first of these is of the well-known figures, Misses Benner and Draper. They have found their way to the piano, and so vivid is the portrayal that one can hear in imagination the very strains of the lively music which falls from their fingers. The second picture is of a tall, stately girl. Lips, eyes and hands are all apparently moving simultaneously. A tale is being told. Would that we could hear it, for the eager, fascinated expression on the faces upturned to hers bespeak great interest and amusement. Next to this is hung a single portrait. 'Tis the wise Seniorette, Miss Margaret Hair, grasping a document of apparently deep import, on the front of which these words appear, "Current Events." The next picture of the group is a parliamentary scene. This is skilfully arranged so that by pressing a button an electric current is switched on, and action takes place before our very eyes. It is a moving picture in the true sense of the term. The speakers on both sides of the house, though presided over by a most dignified chairman of affairs, appear to have lost all sense

of politeness and decorum, several jumping to their feet at precisely the same instant. To judge by the expression on the faces of both speakers and hearers they are employing in their speech, terms which, to say the least, are not often found in ordinary conversation. Bottles and newspapers also are conspicuously pressed into service, and as we watch, the session breaks up. Then in shining letters appear, to our astonishment, these words, "The bill for the protection of the women students of McMaster has passed by a large majority."

A charming little picture forms a decided contrast to this. It bears the legend "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." It is a luncheon scene. At the head of the table in the place of honor is Mrs. McLay; at her right and left are Miss Edith Pratt and Miss Irene Stillwell, while at the foot of the table is the Vice-President of Year '14, Miss Ada Found. The rest of the staid and dignified Senioresses occupy various places around the well-laden table—that difficult thing has evidently been accomplished, all the Senioresses together at one time in one place. The faces of the group are animated, and the attitudes proclaim quiet but deep enjoyment.

Perhaps the picture that shows most promise for the future is one which hangs as yet quite by itself, though others are nearly completed and soon they, too, will be given a place on this wall. The group in this is larger than in any of the other paintings. The meeting just over has evidently been one of great interest. Speechmaking is now being indulged in and the central figure is that of Miss Evelyn Davis. Satisfaction is written large on the countenances of the attentive girls. "Head Girl" is the title given to this picture, and it scarcely needs the little piles of oblong papers on a bench in the rear to tell us that election returns have just been received.

Just as we were leaving the gallery our eyes were caught by three little snap-shots which had in some way found their way into this place. A man, evidently the usher, is standing before a class-room door. Within is faintly shown a Freshman lecture in progress. In his hand the usher holds a letter, upon which is inscribed the name, "Miss —." Alas! the rest is blotted. He must have moved just as the camera clicked.

Evidently taken near the same spot is another "shot." This time more of the interior of the room is shown. It is plainly to be seen that the class is a Sophomore one. Yet in the middle of the floor stands a Freshette and close behind a Freshie. The Freshette has half turned, as though to withdraw. What must

inevitably have happened a moment later we shudder to think. The next one we view has an entirely different setting. It shows a blustery winter day. Two tall young ladies are just reaching the protecting wall of the Varsity Stadium—but what could have happened? A short distance behind them is a smaller person standing in the middle of the sidewalk. There she stands as though chilled with fright, though the most prominent thing about her is her hatless head. Follow her gaze, and another girl is seen. She is rushing recklessly through the drifts of snow, while just ahead of her is a headless hat. The story is completely told. The camera caught them in the very act.

Athletics.

EDITOR: N. DAVIES, '14.

“Earth's noblest thing, a Woman perfected.”



URING the year various topics have been dealt with in this department. The place of Athletics in college life has been eulogized, the charges of professionalism in college sports considered, the effect of Athletics on morals and a history of McMaster hockey discussed. All these have had their place, but an important topic has been left untouched, i.e., the place of Woman in Athletics. Has she a place? or has she not? An affirmative answer involves the question, Where?—while a negative reply would arouse a storm of protest. In such a case discretion and silence might be the better part of valor and speech.

But it must be admitted that there is a place for woman in Athletics. Physical exercise is as necessary to her as to man. Until recent years, however, her activities have been devoted to gymnasium work and lighter forms of exercise, such as fancy work, croquet, and tennis. Skating, snowshoeing, basketball and swimming were gradually included as proper for woman. By degrees as woman has advanced in other lines she has invaded more and more the field of Athletics, hitherto unknown to her. At the present time in Ladies' Colleges the various outdoor sports are engaged in by the students. In co-educational institutions

the change has been less rapid. Hockey seems to offer the greatest allurements, and now "ladies hockey teams" have ceased to be considered novel. During the past season this spirit burst its bonds in McMaster, giving rise to the first organized attempt on the part of the Women's Student Body to indulge in any form of athletic activity. While so far their hockey has been confined to practice games among the McMaster co-eds., no doubt next year further progress will be made and games arranged with outside teams. "A place for everything, and everything in its place" is a true and tried motto, and just as surely there is a place for Woman in Athletics, and Athletics should have a place in the life of every woman.

HOCKEY.

"Come, listen to my tale of woe."

THE HOCKEY CHAPTER for this month prompts some such sentiment as the above in the Editor. A review of our hockey successes for the season could scarcely have any other effect. While the players have exerted themselves to their utmost and practiced consistently throughout the season, there has not been developed that "something" which is necessary in the winning team. In all games McMaster men show their worth, but too often the report reads, "McMaster played well, but weakened in the final period." Just why our teams lack this staying power is the vital question. Is it lack of training and coaching? or may it be just possible that our teams are outclassed by the other teams of the series in which they enter? It is a reasonable question and worthy of consideration in connection with our Rugby and Hockey teams, whether we should not seek to enter a league where there would be more games to play and greater chance of producing winning teams.

VARSITY, 8; McMASTER, 2.—The first game of the Inter-collegiate series was played at the Arena Thursday afternoon, February 5th, when the Varsity squad proved too strong for the McMaster seven, and aspirations to get into the finals with Royal Military College vanished. During the first half neither team had much advantage. The play was quick and vigorous, but the good defensive work of both teams resulted in a score of only two to one at half-time. Varsity came back strong and played a decidedly more aggressive game in the second period, scoring six to McMaster's one. Roughness was in evidence on both sides throughout the game, but McMaster men paid all the penalties. Bryan and Shannon scored for McMaster.

VARSITY, 6; McMASTER, 3.—The second game, played Saturday, February 7th, at the Arena, was rather more even than the score indicates. Hay replaced Davies, who was unable to play. The McMaster men were determined to win if possible, and forced the play in the first half. Varsity occasionally got away on combination rushes and penetrated the McMaster defence. The half time score of two all gave neither side the advantage and the result was doubtful till within a few moments of full time. In the final period Varsity scored first, then Shannon on a nice combination retaliated, evening up the score. The score remained thus till five minutes before full time, when Varsity notched three in quick succession. Roughness was less noticeable than in the former game. Shannon and Kellock were responsible for the successful shots. Line-up: Goal, Spencer; point, Bryan; cover point, Campbell (capt.); rover, Kellock; forwards, Shannon, Price, Davies, Hay.

EXHIBITION GAMES: Victoria, 4; McMaster, 2.—In a game on Saturday, February 14th, at the Arena, McMaster met defeat at the hands of the Victoria septet. McMaster forced the play and opened the scoring, but failed to hold the pace set. Within ten minutes Campbell and Bryan had a score each to their credit. The opposing seven then found new life and for the rest of the time played an aggressive and successful game. There was not much combination play on either team, though both sides had plenty of shots. The McMaster forwards seemed unable to get away either in combination or successful individual rushes. The superior condition of the Victoria men was responsible for the final result.

Brampton, 7; McMaster, 3.—On Monday, February 16th, McMaster played the team of the Baptist Young Men's Class of Brampton. Price was unable to play and was replaced by Fawthrop. The Brampton team, reinforced by two players from Toronto, led the play during the first half, making the half-time score of four to one. McMaster, in the second half, came back strong and scored two goals while Brampton was getting one. The speed of the Brampton forwards finally told, however, and just before full time they secured two more. Combination and team work was largely responsible for this victory, while weak shooting kept down the McMaster score. The play was more even than the score would indicate, and the game throughout was good, clean hockey, though plenty of good hard checking was indulged in. The McMaster line-up was the same as in the second Varsity game, with the exception mentioned above.

INTER-YEAR GAMES.—For the last two years there have been no Inter-Year hockey games, but this year's Executive have sought to make up for that loss by declaring for this season a double schedule, in which every Year meets the several other Years in return games. This makes a total of six games for each team to play. Six-man hockey is the rule in games played at Little Vic., and seven-man at the Arena. To date seven games have been played, the accounts of which follow:

The Inter-Year season was officially opened at Little Vic Rink on Monday, February 23rd, when the Seniors met the Juniors. The Seniors started the scoring, but allowed the Juniors to continue and finish it. During the second half three Senior players broke their sticks, which rendered their presence on the ice somewhat ineffective. The final score of six to one gave the Juniors a decided victory.

The Sophomores and the Freshmen met the following night at Little Vic to settle their differences. A well contested, though one-sided, game in which Fawthrop and Orth were best for the Freshmen, and Chisholm for the Sophs, resulted in a final score of six to one for the Freshmen.

The next game between the Juniors and the Sophomores resulted in a score of nine-nothing for the Juniors. The Sophs did their best, but proved to be no match for the speed and clever play of their opponents.

The tilt which the Seniors had with the Freshmen at the Arena on Thursday, February 26th, resulted in a tie of two all. The Seniors were weakened by the absence of Shannon, and also of Graham, who was forced to retire with an injured shoulder. The Freshmen played an aggressive game, and at times had the Seniors worried.

On Saturday, February 28th, the Juniors treated the Sophomores to their second score Marathon, to the tune of fifteen-nothing. Campbell and Kellock proved to have voracious appetites for scores, the former securing seven and the latter six.

The Juniors met the Freshmen in their first encounter at Little Vic on Monday, March 2nd. The first year aspirants put up a good stiff argument, but failed to find rebuttals for all those which the opposing seven brought up. The final score was nine, four, for the Juniors.

The second meeting between the Juniors and the Freshmen took place on Wednesday, March 4th, at Little Vic. It was the most interesting game for the onlookers which has been played this year. Warm weather makes soft ice—so all the players

firmly believe—and one cannot skate on soft ice, he must run and jump. The Freshmen proved their prowess in this line of field sports and had scored two goals before the Juniors found that their skates were too sharp. After half-time the results were more even. Hay, after a splendid thirty yards of hurdling, shot one in past the watchful Davis, securing the Juniors' lone goal. The Freshmen soon retaliated with a long shot which slid in past the defence and the careful net guardian. Each man, it is reported, became acquainted with the ice on at least six occasions, while at times even Referee Price refused to remain on his feet. The Freshmen seemed afraid they were playing overtime, and one member of the team, in protesting, remarked rather pointedly, "We are not out here to furnish a burlesque for you fellows." Whatever the feelings of the players, the game was a decided success from the spectators' point of view. The final score was three to one in favor of the Freshmen.

SCRUB LEAGUE.—This phase of hockey activity proved a splendid success. There were twelve games played in the series, and considerable interest was aroused over the contests. The worthy captains of the various teams sought diligently for players, and much new material was unearthed and tried out. All regular first team players were barred from playing, making the teams fairly evenly matched. The series was won by the Capitals after a succession of sensational victories, and only one defeat. The relative standings of the teams and the line-up of the "Capitals" follows:

	Won.	Lost.	To play.	Goals for.	Goals Agst.
Capitals.	5	1	0	23	13
Canadiens.	3	2	1	18	16
Thistles.	2	4	0	23	28
Tigers.	1	4	1	15	22

LINE-UP.—Capitals, League Champions: Goal, Mitchener (Gunton); point, Clarke; cover point, Graham (capt.); rover, Merritt; forwards, Lepofsky, Freeman, Steckley, MacGregor.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP.—Fencing and basketball have been back numbers this year, but we are glad that McMaster has not ceased to be represented in contests at the Central Y.M.C.A. In the international swimming meet, held in the Central Y.M.C.A. Saturday evening, February 7th, between Buffalo and Toronto, C. V. Farmer won the championship in the fifty yards event and gained third place in the two hundred yards. Congratulations Carl.

THE WARM SUN, the fresh breezes and the twitterings of the birds all indicate that spring is coming—is here. With its arrival our thoughts turn to baseball, tennis and other summer sports. Last spring's Inter-Year baseball series was a splendid success, created much interest and provided recreation. All are unanimous in their desire to have a similar series this year. Could not a suitable tennis court also be secured and a tennis tournament be one of the closing athletic events of this college year?

AT LADIES' HOCKEY PRACTICE.—Smiling Juniorette: Oh! why did he *ring* the whistle?

Our Graduates.

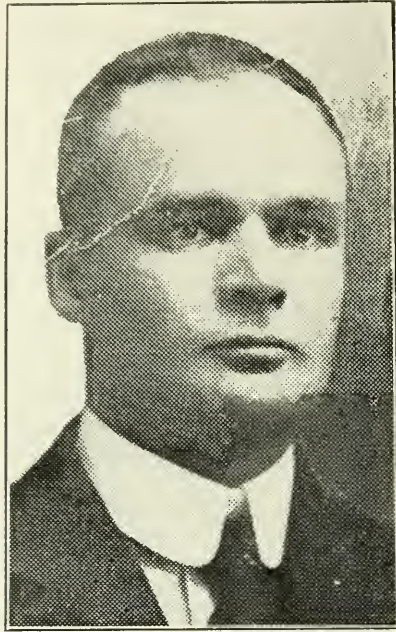
EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, B.A., '05.



THE question as to what becomes of scholarship men when they leave college halls, was partially dealt with in last month's column, and a promise was made that the after record of the winners of the A. C. Pratt Scholarship and the Governor-General's Medal would be given in this issue. It is hardly to be expected that the results will be quite as good as those of the Crawford Scholarship, inasmuch as these prizes are awarded to men who led in general proficiency in the Freshmen and Sophomore years, while the Crawford men are chosen on their work in the third and fourth years, when they are more mature and the professors have had more opportunity to judge as to their all-round capabilities. Again, the Crawford Scholarship had three years start on the A. C. Pratt Scholarship, it being first awarded to a graduate the same year that a Freshman first won the latter prize. The point is that the Crawford men have been three years longer out in the world than the Pratt men, and six years more than the Governor-General's Medal winners, and have had that much longer time in which to "make good."

The A. C. Pratt Scholarship was established in 1902 by Mr. A. C. Pratt, of Toronto, now member of the Ontario Legislature for the constituency of Haldimand. It is awarded to that student of the first year in Arts who has the highest rank in the required

subjects of the first year, and is of the annual value of \$50. McMaster University owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Pratt, who is not a Baptist, but a Methodist, and upon whom we have no claim whatever, for having maintained this scholarship during a period of twelve years. Mr. Pratt, at the time he founded it, was manager of the King-Richardson Publishing Company, and among the hundreds of students who helped finance their college courses by selling "Portraits and Principles," "Our Elder



*Mr. A. C. Pratt, M.P.P., the donor of the
Pratt Scholarship.*

Brother," "The Cottage Physician," "The Successful Stockman," "The Century Book of Facts," and other books were a number of McMaster men. The splendid records they made as salesmen, and their sturdy self-reliance and unswerving integrity made a deep impression upon Mr. Pratt, and after consulting with Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace as to the best way in which

he could show his appreciation, he instituted the Pratt Scholarship. Among the men who made the best records in his service were Rev. T. E. Meldrum, '02; Rev. J. B. Patterson, '96; J. H. Cameron, '97; Rev. W. E. Bowyer, '02; G. W. Langdon, '02, and Rev. G. E. Tomkinson, '05. "Tommy" Meldrum was the daddy of 'em all, and his long suit—pardon the non-clerical expression—was "Portraits and Principles." It was Mr. Pratt's plan to offer to each student who sold a certain number of books a scholarship large enough to pay his college fees the following year, in addition to his regular commissions. Several of those mentioned above were regular scholarship winners. Although politics take a great deal of his time now, Mr. Pratt has retained his publishing connection, and this year he is reviving the old scholarship prize plan. His firm is now known as the Frontier Press.

It is understood that this is the last year in which Mr. Pratt intends giving the prize. As the first recipient of it, the editor of this department takes this opportunity to thank Mr. Pratt for his generosity, not only personally, but on behalf of the whole graduate body of the University. He has been one of the best friends McMaster has ever had, and his interest in our welfare has been valued all the more because of the fact above mentioned that we have no denominational or other claim upon him. We have been glad to see his success in political life, and if the good wishes of such an almost unanimous body of Liberals as we McMaster graduates are, counts for anything with Sir James Whitney, it will not be long before Mr. Pratt is a Cabinet Minister.

The first winner of the Scholarship in 1902 was J. H. Cranston of Class '05. At graduation he joined the staff of the *Toronto Daily Star* as a "cub" reporter, later became private secretary to Mr. J. E. Atkinson, the president and managing director of the *Star*, and after passing through various other stages, became the assistant managing editor, and is in charge of the *Toronto Star Weekly*, the edition of the *Star* that corresponds to the Sunday edition of the big American dailies, except that it is sold only on Saturday night. The *Star Weekly*, which is a five-cent paper, has grown from a circulation of 12,000 to 35,000 in four years' time. Mr. Cranston has also been secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Press Association and is now treasurer of that organization, which comprises practically all the progressive Canadian newspapers from coast to coast. So much for the editor's autobiography.

Henry B. Moyle, B.A. '06,, better known as "Harry," was

the second winner. After leaving McMaster, "Harry" went to the University of Toronto College of Medicine, graduated as an M.D., and is now a house doctor at the Western Hospital, Toronto.

Robert Herbert Roberts, B.A. '07, M.A. '08, after graduation, took a brilliant course at Calgary Normal College, taught for a while in the Edmonton Collegiate, and is now, as a member of the Calgary Normal College staff, teaching would-be teachers how to pound mathematics into unwilling heads.

The winner in 1905 was C. A. Curtis. He is located in Edmonton South, Alberta, where he is teaching Physics and Chemistry in the Collegiate Institute.

Arthur Frederic Smith, B.A. '09, is teaching English and history in the Galt, Ont., Collegiate Institute. He won the scholarship in 1906.

The victor of 1907 was Karl Clark, B.A. '10, who, after graduation, won a fellowship in chemistry in the University of Illinois. He is now doing his second year's work there, and occupies the position of graduate assistant in chemistry. He is a credit to his Alma Mater.

Joseph Earl Howes, B.A. '11, the 1908 winner, was at last reports a law student in Vancouver. The very promising career of Lee Wilson Smith, the 1909 Scholarship man, was cut short by his untimely death. Fred D. Weir, B.A. '13, the 1910 victor, attended Calgary Normal College after graduation, and is now teaching Latin and Greek in the Calgary Collegiate Institute. The 1911 prize-taker, K. H. Kingdon, and P. K. Hambley and F. W. Kemp, who won the prizes in 1912 and 1913, are pursuing their courses at McMaster, and are in the fourth, third and second years respectively.

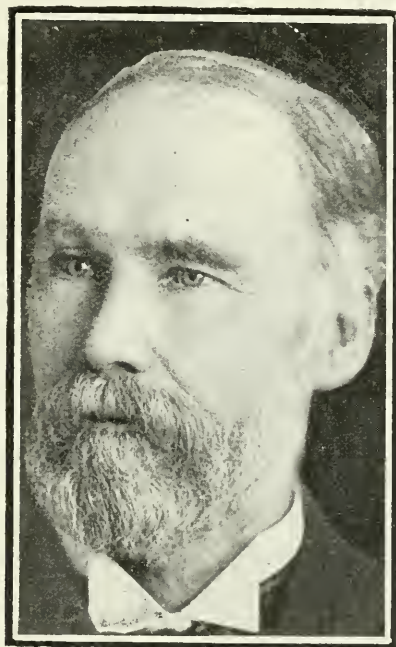
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SILVER MEDAL is awarded to the student who obtains the highest rank of the second year in Arts. It was first given in 1906, and was captured by Morden Heaton Long, B.A. '08, who was, a year after graduation, which he spent teaching in British Columbia, chosen as McMaster's first Rhodes Scholar. At Oxford University, Morden did three years' work in history, getting his Oxford B.A. with second-class honors, standing near the head of that division. "Firsts" are very rare at Oxford. After coming back to Canada, he taught for a while in Vulcan, Alberta. Last fall he was appointed history master in Edmonton Collegiate Institute, and has been doing good work.

A. F. Smith, B.A. '09, was the second winner. His subsequent

record was dealt with in the Pratt Scholarship list, as was also that of W. L. Blackadar, who got the medal in 1908, and K. H. Kingdon, to whom it was awarded in 1912. The recent history of F. W. Waters, the 1909 medallist, was told in last month's column in connection with the Crawford Scholarship.

A lady student was victorious in 1910, in the person of Miss A. B. Turner. She is teaching Latin and Greek to the youth of Madoc, Ontario. Another fair "Co-ed." was the 1913 medallist, Miss A. M. Matthews. She is continuing her studies at McMaster.

Graydon M. Goodfellow, B.A. '13, won the medal in 1911. On graduation he went into partnership with his father, C. A. Goodfellow, publisher of the Whitby (Ont.) *Gazette and Chronicle*.



*The late Sir George Ross, LL.D., an Honorary Graduate
of McMaster University.*

ONE OF THE best political friends McMaster University ever had passed away on Saturday, March 7th, in the person of Sir

George W. Ross, Liberal leader in the Dominion Senate, and former Premier and Minister of Education in Ontario. Sir George was an honorary alumnus of McMaster, the degree of LL.D. having been conferred upon him in 1902. It was during his regime as Minister of Education that McMaster got its charter, and he often expressed himself as delighted that he had been wise enough to insist upon the charter being granted, for there was plenty of opposition to it at the time. The subsequent growth of the University and the place that it is filling in our national life, were always a source of gratification to him.

THERE IS A TRUE STORY being told about Rev. Judson McIntosh, B.A. '00, which is too good to keep out of print. "Jud" is assistant to Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A. '06, at Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto. When "Bill" was away one Sunday evening recently, Rev. Prof. Trotter of McMaster occupied the pulpit, and as professors of homiletics, like most other people, do not always practice what they preach (in this instance, "brevity"), he talked for about 58 minutes. When he got through, "Jud," all unconscious of the bull he was about to perpetrate, said, "After such a sermon as that, what can be more appropriate than that we should sing No. 224, 'Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?'" What Dr. Trotter said to "Jud" afterwards is not recorded.

MRS. A. G. HOWARD, B.A. '01, who was Miss Olive Clemens when she graduated, is now living at Luseland, Saskatchewan, where her husband is a general merchant. Mrs. Howard's first husband, Mr. J. S. Barrick, died several years ago. She was married to Mr. Howard on July 1, 1912, and has a fine baby boy.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON, B.A. '09, after graduating in medicine, has taken up practice at Naramata, B.C., where he is a doctor in a railway hospital. His brother, J. O., is a lawyer there.

MISS MINNIE CURRIE, B.A. '13, has graduated from Calgary Normal College and is teaching at Taver, Alta.

REV. JAMES G. CALDER, *ad eundem* Theology, died in Detroit, Michigan, on February 19. Mr. Calder was a Woodstock College theological graduate, and during his active pastorate occupied a number of Ontario pulpits. He was 78 years of age.

A WEEK'S EVANGELISTIC SERVICES were conducted at Brandon College and in the Brandon Baptist Church, the last week of February, by Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A. '06. Reports from Dr. H. P. Whidden, B.Th. '94, the College president, and Rev. W. E. "Bert" Matthews, B.A. '94, pastor of the church, are to the effect that the results were greater than had been hoped for. A great many students and townspeople professed conversion, and the religious life of the city is on a higher spiritual plane. The Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, of which Mr. Cameron is pastor, is steadily going ahead, the membership having reached 1,003, the highest point in its history. Congregations have grown so large that they cannot be accommodated, and it has been determined to build a new and much larger church almost immediately. "Bill" has not lost any of the passion for souls which characterized him in his college days when he was leader of the McMaster Evangelistic Band, and his Sunday evening services are followed up by after meetings, where definite appeals are made and opportunities given for the unconverted to make the great decision. As many as eighteen responded one evening recently. On Monday evening he is always in his office at the church to meet inquirers. He has an energetic and faithful assistant in Rev. Judson McIntosh of Century Class.

OF THE SEVERAL McMaster men who are preaching in Hamilton and vicinity, none is doing better work than Rev. W. B. Tighe, B.A. '99, B.Th. '13, of Wentworth Street Church. The annual report of the church showed a marked improvement along every line, and practical appreciation was shown by increasing "Billy's" salary.

EVERY McMMASTER GRADUATE has some personal friends among the Baptist missionaries in India. Those who knew Rev. Ralph E. Smith, B.A. '00, B.Th. '03, will be interested to learn that the Telegu Baptist Christians in the four districts of the Madras Presidency, where he and other missionaries are working, have made sufficient progress in church organization to form a convention, which is known as the Northern Circars Baptist Convention. The officers of the Convention are nearly all Telegus. Ralph is on the executive committee. The James Street Church, Hamilton, has decided to pay the full salary of Mr. Smith, and have him for their own missionary.

REV. JOHN N. MCLEAN, B.A. '03, who is Superintendent of Home Missions for Manitoba Baptists, and editor of the *Western*

Outlook, the organ of the denomination in Western Canada, was one of the outstanding figures at the recent Convention of the Baptist Union of Western Canada. Rev. W. P. Reekie, Superintendent of the Baptist Convention of Saskatchewan, was also to the forefront.

REV. L. S. HAYERSTOCK, B.A. '10, B.Th. '13, was ordained to the Baptist pastorate at St. George, Ontario, on February 24th. He has been preaching there about four months.

A BOYS' AND GIRLS' WORSHIP LEAGUE has been established by Rev. H. H. Bingham, B.A. '04, in the Talbot Street Church, London. It has a membership of 128, with an average attendance of 75. "Bert" has adopted the five-minute sermon to children, a plan which a number of other McMaster men are using very successfully.

J. B. MCARTHUR, B.A. '05, had the honor of being chosen to referee the most important hockey match of the year in Ontario, the final game for the Senior O.H.A. Championship, between St. Michael's and the Toronto Rugby and Athletic Club. It was a bitterly fought contest, T. R. and A. C. winning by 3 to 2. "J. B." did splendid work, giving satisfaction to both sides.

REV. S. E. GRIGG, B.A. '00, Social and Moral Reform Secretary of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, was chosen as Secretary-Treasurer of the Social Service Congress of Canada, which met at Ottawa in February. "Sam" was chairman of the Committee on Political Purity, and was spokesman of the delegation which presented the suggestions of the Congress to Premier R. L. Borden and his colleagues.

REV. T. E. MELDRUM, B.A. '02, has resigned as pastor of the Ailsa Craig and Denfield, Ont., Churches, the resignation to take effect not later than May 1st.

DOVERCOURT ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH, Toronto, has assumed entire responsibility for the salary of Rev. R. C. Bensen, B.A. '06, who is a missionary at Veyyuru, Kistna district, India. Roy and his wife, who was Miss Anita Waters, B.A. '07, and their baby girl, Margaret, are looking forward to their visit home on furlough in 1915. The following paragraph from one of Roy's recent letters throws an interesting sidelight on the work of a

missionary: "A goodly share of this quarter's time has been spent in court cases. The Kammas of a village in the KishKindhapalem church made a false charge of "rioting" against thirty-five of our KishKindhapalem village Christians. Knowing the charge to be entirely false, I believed it my duty to personally help them in their case. After a thorough investigation and trial, the case was thrown out of the courts and the Christians were liberated. Two other wedding cases, in which some of our Christians were incriminated, occupied many days of my time. The year closes with 179 baptisms, a substantial increase over 1912."

REV. R. R. DODGE, B.A. '12, of Salford, has received and accepted a call to become pastor of Central Church, Chatham, and begins his new duties on Sunday, March 22nd.

REV. HUGH MCDIARMID, B.A. '02, of Stanley Avenue Church, Hamilton, will have the deep sympathy of his old college friends in the death of his little son, aged six years.

MORE THAN HIS share of misfortune has recently come the way of Rev. W. E. Norton, Eng. '91, DD. '07, Superintendent of Home Missions of the Ontario and Quebec Baptists. Not many months ago he was operated upon for appendicitis, and again at the end of February he had to go under the surgeon's knife for an even more serious operation. At the time of writing there was every prospect that his rugged constitution would again pull him through.

A McMASTER MAN who is forging his way to the front in journalism is Samuel Roy Weaver, B.A. '10. After a post-graduate course in economics and sociology in Chicago University, Mr. Weaver joined the staff of the *Toronto News* as a reporter. He was appointed city editor some three months ago, and is reported to be making good on the job.

THE ASSISTANCE of every graduate and undergraduate, to say nothing of professors, is needed to make this department of THE MONTHLY a success. If you know anything of interest about a McMaster man or woman, and there is surely something about yourself and your work that would be read with pleasure by your old college friends, please write it down and mail it to the editor, J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto. Or if you prefer to do so, write to his wife (Eva Wilkins, '07). That will do just as well.

Here and There.

EDITOR: DAVID M. SULLIVAN, '14.

"With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair."

—*Tennyson, THE PRINCESS.*



PARIS smiled for an hour or two in the year 1801 when the ironical satirist Sylvain Maréchal promulgated his plan for a "Law Prohibiting the Alphabet to Women." He maintained that Ruth and Naomi could not read, that the Spartan women did not know the alphabet, nor the Amazons, nor Penelope, nor Joan of Arc, nor the daughters of Charlemagne, nor the three hundred and sixty-five wives of Mohammed. The brilliant Frenchman has touched the root of the matter. Ought women to learn the alphabet? Concede this little fulcrum and Archimedeia will move the world before she has done with it; it becomes merely a question of time. Shall we say with the Oriental proverbialist, "Every book of knowledge is implanted by nature in the heart of woman," and so make this compliment a substitute for the alphabet? The obstacle to education of woman has been a fear of impairing her delicacy, or of destroying her domesticity, or of confounding the distinction between the sexes. But surely incontrovertible experience has shown that no university course can draw the stars from their spheres, nor yet crush the eternal womanly out of women. Florence Nightingale trained hard for ten years to prepare herself for her profession. She did not merely carry to the Crimea a woman's heart as her stock in trade, but she knew the alphabet of her profession from alpha to omega. Learned psychologists are now discussing the Co. in education; they are expounding the important reasons why the young should be segregated during the process of education. Some years ago a number of serious-minded educators were discussing the old, but ever new, problems of co-education. One member meditatively said, "If we could only find out what the women themselves think about it now—those that have been graduated at co-educational colleges and are now married and in their own homes! Will they send their children—their boys and girls—to co-educational institutions?" Resort was made to

the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. Over a thousand alumnae were given an opportunity to express an opinion. These were graduates of the eleven institutions of highest rank in the United States that grant degrees to men and women, and of the four great colleges for women only, namely, Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Wellesley. The answers were overwhelmingly in favor of co-education. The intellectual, social and moral advantages of educating men and women together were established. Investigation covering nine hundred cases showed that the health of college women had the advantage over that of working girls, and also over that of women in the average walks of life. The test question as to whether alumnae will send their children to co-educational institutions was thus particularly and affirmatively answered. The present form of co-education is admittedly not ideal—but the principle is, and every generation of college-bred women brings the ideal nearer fruition.

THE ALL-MOTHER.
FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

In the arid and desolate places of life
She opens fresh fountains of feeling;
She comforts the spirit o'er-wearied with strife;
For the hurt of the heart she has healing.

She looks on our sorrows with calm that is kind,
(What recks she of failure or illness?)
And gives, with a smile, to the care-burdened mind
The relief of her beauty and stillness.

She sings 'mid the tempest, she wings the storm's flight,
(There's nothing can life from Life sever!)
To guide the lost wanderer safe through the night,
She keeps a lamp burning forever.

—Lippincott's.

AT THE RESTAURANT.—“You are the manager here, eh? Well, years ago I dined here, and, being unable to pay my bill, you kicked me out.” “Very sorry, sare, but business, you know—er——” “Oh, that's all right, old chap—but—might I trouble you again?”—*The Tatler*.

THE HIGH HILLS.
MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT.

God has lent the wind to you,
Swept the great, sweet mind of you
Keen and clean and splendid as the morn on peaks agleam.
Peace of sunny hidden hollows
Down whose slope the long light follows,
And the hush is musical with dripping mountain stream.

God has lent his coolness, too;
 Wet green woods and bramble-dew;
 Scent of quivering aspen leaves still joyous from rain;
 Ah, if one were burned with sorrow,
 Sleep would come until to-morrow
 From a dream of cool, fine hands to bless with peace the pain.

Morn among the high white hills,
 Evening where the forest thrills,
 Magical with moonlight, the scented ambient hush;
 Things like these are part of you,
 Soul and mind and heart of you;
 Winds and storms and sunny days and sparkling, dawn-wet brush.
 —*Scribner's.*

PORTER: "Shall I brush you off, sir?" Traveler: "No, I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

He put his arm around her waist,
 And placed upon her lips a kiss,
 "I've sipped," he said, "from many a cup,
 But never from a mug like this."

—*Acadia Athenaeum.*

SAY, there is a small matter which some of our subscribers have seemingly lighted. It is positively necessary that we have some in our business. Please do not forget that your subscription has been due since the first of October. If you have not yet paid, please do so soon.—*College Index.*

FAITH.

BY ANTOINETTE DECOURSEY PATTERSON.

I cannot feel that Heaven is very far—
 So bravely still your love shines back to me;
 As does the light from yonder distant star.
 Although its form no mortal eye may see.
 —*Sunset Magazine.*

STUDENT publications have been received, representative of the following schools: Queen's University; Toronto University; Mount Allison Ladies' College; Victoria High School; Trinity University; St. John's College; University of New Brunswick; University of Ottawa; University of Saskatchewan; University of Alberta; Victoria University; United College, Winnipeg; Acadia University; Trinity College, Dublin; University of Notre Dame; Kalamazoo College; St. Viator College; St. Mary's College; Mercer University; Bridgewater College; Baylor University; University of Virginia; Bessie Tift College; University of Bishop's College, Quebec; Dalhousie University.

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THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.*

Like one enchanted, waiting in dark tower
The "fated fairy prince" to break the spell,
A sheath-hid bud, all day did darkly dwell.
No morning breeze had kissed it into flower,
Nor had it freedom found through sun or shower;
World-hidden as a nun in cloistered cell.
Vainly the bold bee strove its sweets to tell,—
A star in daylight veiled, it bode its hour.
At evening's dusk a mist-pearled moonbeam came;
By love-light wakened, swift the flower soul thrilled,
Slipt its dream robe, shone forth in life fulfilled!
Folding snow petals back from heart of flame,
In sweet amaze it perfumed all the air,
To find itself so blest, the world so fair.

MISS E. P. WELLS, '94.

*[Reprinted from THE MCMASTER MONTHLY, Vol. I., Feb., 1892.]

MISS ELIZA P. WELLS—A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE.*



TO write an article for a journal of the literary excellence of *THE McMASTER MONTHLY* seems a formidable task and one which my unskilled pen might well decline; yet while my judgment prompts me, on the ground of inability, to refuse the request to write a sketch of Miss Wells, my heart urges me to comply on the score of friendship. It seems fitting too that some word of appreciation should come from this scene of her labor. We "Acadians" claim a large interest in Miss Wells. Her father was a graduate of Acadia, a member of the famous class of 1860. Her mother, a daughter of Rev. John Chase, lived for some years in Wolfville and taught in the school which immediately preceded Grand Pre Seminary, the precursor of Acadia Seminary; and in the last-named institution Miss Wells was herself for three years the efficient vice-principal.

Miss Wells had the advantages of scholarly environment in her early home. She was born in Woodstock, Ontario, and studied in the Canadian Literary Institute—now Woodstock College—in which her father was Professor of Classics and later principal. Readers of *THE McMASTER MONTHLY* will scarcely need to be reminded of the eminent ability and literary taste of Dr. Wells, who was in the later years of his life so favorably known as editor of *The Canadian Baptist*. Earlier work in journalism was undertaken in the west whither the

*[The subject of this sketch, as many our readers know, was one of the two women who graduated from McMaster with the first class in Arts. She was also one of the earliest and most valued contributors to *The Monthly*. It is therefore with deep satisfaction that we print this tribute to her memory. As her death occurred nearly a year ago, the sketch may seem somewhat belated; but circumstances over which we had no control delayed its publication. The management wishes to extend its thanks, and the thanks of its readers, to Mrs. Grant—who, as a former principal of Moulton College, needs no introduction to McMaster friends—for having undertaken this "labor of love."—The Editor.]

family removed after leaving Woodstock. Here Miss Wells began at an early age her career as a school teacher, and from her lively descriptions of her experiences in the little school near Moose Jaw we may infer that the pioneer schoolma'am's path was not strewn with flowers. Some years later Miss Wells accepted a position in Mount Allison Ladies' College, where she taught stenography for two years. In 1894 she completed the course for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in McMaster



Miss Eliza P. Wells.

University, with the first class graduated in arts from that institution. The following year she taught in Sabrevois College, a French-Canadian mission school in Montreal, and in the autumn of 1895 joined the teaching staff of Moulton College, Toronto, having charge of the department of English. After two years in this excellent school she was appointed teacher of English, Psychology and Logic in Mrs. Hazen's School, Pelham Manor, New York, a position which she held for ten years. In September, 1907, Miss Wells came to Wolfville as vice-principal of Acadia Seminary, where, in addition

to the many exacting duties of lady principal in a large boarding school, she had charge of the department of English Language and Literature. After three years of faithful work here she was obliged to resign her position on account of failing health. The remaining three years of her life she spent with different members of her "most devoted family" in Baltimore, New York, and Oak Park, Illinois. She died in New York at the home of her brother, Mr. Frank Wells, June 28th, 1913.

"Hence on a new quest starts an eager spirit—
No dread, no doubt, unhesitating forth
With asking eyes."

It is an easy matter to set down the outward facts of most lives; to depict the mind, the spirit, is a far more difficult undertaking, yet to most of us that is the part of greater interest. "I don't care much for facts," Miss Wells used to say, "it is people that interest me," and the study of personality and the delineation of character in literature and in life were of much more account to her than the most exciting episodes. In the space allotted to me I can but touch upon a few points in the more intimate study of a character which I came more and more to love and admire during three years of companionship in school life.

As a student Miss Wells distinguished herself in her chosen line of work, English Literature and Composition. One of her classmates has said: "It was indeed a great pleasure and privilege to be closely associated with her when our class was studying Wordsworth and Tennyson under the able leadership of the late Dr. Rand. Miss Wells' criticisms were always so apt and far-reaching that they gave zest to each lecture. It was delightful to listen to her reading of the poets. Dr. Rand enjoyed with her classmates her keen wit and ready appreciation of all that was admirable in literary art." Miss Wells' love of study and her determination to make herself proficient in her chosen subjects prompted her to take advantage of every opportunity for special work. One summer she spent in Switzerland for the purpose in part of improving her

French; during the long vacation of 1903 she took a university extension course in English at Oxford. She took English courses for several summers at Harvard; in fact, as one of her family has said, every summer she studied something somewhere so as to be the better prepared for the following year's work. Even after her health began to fail she was planning courses of post-graduate study at Columbia and Johns Hopkins with a view to pursuing advanced work in one or the other of those universities.

As a teacher Miss Wells brought into full exercise her finely disciplined powers. An associate teacher in Moulton says of her: "She was able to call forth the best from her pupils, and especially was she successful in training them to express themselves in good literary form." A fellow-teacher in Mrs. Hazen's School wrote of her: "She was a most successful teacher. She not only aroused interest in the subjects she taught but through the freshness and vivacity she put into her work she appealed to the best that was in her girls and aroused their enthusiasm and ambition. In her intercourse with the girls who came under her especial care outside the classroom she was greatly beloved. Her quick sympathy, keen understanding of a girl's viewpoint, her sense of humor and gracious tact made her a most lovable friend to them."

To her work at Acadia Seminary Miss Wells brought an alert and well-trained mind broadened by travel and social advantages, excellent administrative ability, a wide experience in teaching and in boarding-school life and a ready sympathy with the student. The following words of one of her Acadia girls show how she impressed her pupils: "She was a wonderful teacher. Her methods were original and unique and she made her lessons so intensely interesting that it was always a matter of regret to us when her lecture hour was over. She was kind and sympathetic, and always ready to help anyone who went to her. I never had a friend whom I loved and admired as I did Miss Wells, nor one who did so much for me in every way." Dr. DeWolfe, principal of Acadia Seminary,

expressing his high appreciation of Miss Wells' character and work in *The Maritime Baptist* of July 16, 1913, wrote: "To know her intimately was to believe in truth, beauty and goodness. She left an indelible impress for good upon the minds of very many of our girls who are now at work making homes in the world; and by all she was respected, admired and honored for her sterling worth. Acadia was and is the richer for her life among us."

Into the enjoyments of outdoor life Miss Wells entered with keen zest. The walks and drives in this picturesque Evangeline country held a great charm for her. She loved the woods and the birds and the flowers, the open road and the open sky. "Let us have tea under the trees," she used to say during a cool June which we spent together, "even if we have to wear our winter coats." Her last outdoor summer, that of 1912, was spent with her sister and a few intimate friends in her brother Arthur's summer home at Walloon Lake, Michigan, where she rejoiced in "The wonderful air in the old pine forest."

Although the beauties of nature and the spell of its silent places met a quick response in her, she was no recluse. She made friends readily and was a welcome visitor in many homes. She was the life of the faculty, her fellow-teachers say, in Moulton and Pelham Manor, and many a cheering hour did Acadia Seminary teachers enjoy in her pleasant sitting-room. Like most strong characters, Miss Wells had her likes and dislikes, scorn of what she felt was low and mean, indignation at sight of wilful perversity or neglect of duty.

In her religious views she was liberal and unprejudiced, but in spirit devout and sincere, observant of her obligations and loyal to her church connections. She was a very regular attendant at public worship, and rarely missed the Sunday meeting of the school Y.W.C.A. in which she always took part helpfully. I shall not soon forget the vivid account she once gave in her luminous English of the life and work of Mary Reed and the strong appeal made by the inspiring lessons she drew for us from the life of that devoted woman.

Miss Wells seemed a stranger to fear. She was brave in the face of physical danger, dauntless in meeting a difficult situation. The intense bodily pain which she suffered during the last years of her life and her amazing courage in facing it called out the deepest sympathy and the warmest admiration of her friends. "Truly I often think this illness has brought me such treasures of love and friendship," she wrote, "that I should feel it to be a blessing in disguise." One of her nearest friends speaks for us all when she says: "She was the bravest woman I ever knew. No words can express my admiration for her and my thankfulness to have had her for a friend."

Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, N. S.

A. M. D. GRANT.

A TRIP TO OLD VIRGINIA.



IN February last McMaster University was represented for the first time at a meeting of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars, the writer of the present article being sent by the Board of Governors to the annual convention of the association which was held in Richmond, Virginia. The association is a comparatively young one, having been in existence only about six years, but it numbers among its members some of the strongest registrars on the continent, and its deliberations are of great interest to the six hundred registrars in the United States and Canada. Attendance at the Richmond meeting was the object of the writer's trip, but other features are to form the subject of this article.

The last week in February was a stormy one, and the blizzards reached far down into the United States, so that a visit to the "Sunny South" was not what one might have expected. Washington weather, however, was ideal for one day of our stay there, and gave an opportunity to see a few of the many

attractions of that beautiful city. The capital is not like any other city; it is not a manufacturing centre, nor a commercial metropolis, and from the moment one alights from the train in the magnificent new station one is impressed with the idea that in some way this is an exhibition city. Impressive statues and stately buildings greet one's eye on all sides. The Capitol is the centre of the city and in many ways is the centre of attraction. Here sit the two Houses of Congress, and here the President promulgates his policies. For the past year, since the beginning of President Wilson's regime, the legislative machinery has been running "full steam ahead." One of the reporters of the Senate told me that the staff had been working at top speed almost continuously for twelve months, and the work had been so strenuous that some of their operators had been so worn out that they could not sit up to a typewriter. From the remarks of my informant it seems quite evident that the President is the great force behind all these activities, and the government of that great Republic seems to be much more a one-man system than anything with which we are acquainted in British institutions.

The congressional library is a feast for the eyes as well as for the mind. In beauty of color, refinement of form, and richness of symbolic meaning, the decorations of this building are superb, and would well repay several days of study. The whole is conceived and executed as a fitting temple of knowledge, in which to store the treasures of the intellect. In some of the public corridors are displayed most interesting historical documents; here we see the proclamation of the governor of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, calling for volunteers to join the expedition setting out to attack Louisburg in 1745; there we see a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, with John Hancock's name writ large "so that all the world can read"; and here we have President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation of the slaves. Under the central dome of the building is the reading room, which is not connected directly with the stack rooms, but books are sent for by pneumatic tube, and are received by an automatic conveyor service.

A few of the many other attractions of Washington were visited, such as the National Museum, with its fine collection of prehistoric animal remains and other scientific and industrial collections and ethnological exhibits; the Coreoran Art Gallery; the White House; and the Washington Monument, that wonderful structure fifty feet square at the base and five hundred and fifty-five feet five and one-fifth inches high, with only a door at the bottom and a few windows at the top—"the highest one-story house ever built."

"On to Richmond" was the slogan of the northern armies fifty years ago, and all too soon the same watchword called us away from Washington. Richmond and Washington are only three hours apart by train; and yet half a century ago these two cities were the capitals of two rival federations engaged in a life-and-death struggle for the mastery. In Richmond one seems to live in the days of the Confederacy. Here is St. Paul's Church, and they point out the pew occupied by General Lee, the idol of the south; and there is the very pew where sat President Jefferson Davis on that fateful Sunday morning when he received word that Grant had broken through his lines, which message resulted in the evacuation of Richmond that afternoon. On one of the fine streets of Richmond is an imposing monument recently erected to Jefferson Davis, and as one reads the inscriptions one feels a great admiration for those heroes who "for four long years fought an unflinching battle against overwhelming odds." In conversation with some friends I expressed the idea that it is a mistake to keep alive the memories of the war, as is zealously done by the newspapers which publish long accounts of what happened "fifty years ago to-day," thus reviving the old animosities. I found, however, that many have another view of the matter, and believe that the more the stories are retold and the more there is known of the bravery and self-sacrifice of those bitter days, the more will the North and South grow in mutual respect, and so will the bond of unity in the nation be cemented.

Richmond lives not only in the days of the Confederacy, for

its history goes back to the early settlement of the "Dominion of Virginia" in the early part of the 17th century, and landmarks of colonial and revolutionary times are by no means lacking. On a hill overlooking what is now the business part of the city stands old St. John's Church in which Patrick Henry made his famous speech stirring up revolutionary spirit with those famous words, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Many places of historic significance were visited, being like the attractions of the circus "too numerous to mention." My readers, however, will doubtless be interested in a short account of some of the educational institutions. First in order of antiquity comes the College of William and Mary, which is located at Williamsburg, a few miles down the James River from Richmond. This college was projected in 1617, but was delayed by an Indian massacre and it was not until 1693 that it was chartered by the Crown. It is the only American college which received its coat of arms from the College of Heralds. It was the first college to have a full faculty of professors (in 1729) and the first to adopt the lecture system (1758) as distinct from the system of lesson recitations. Among other things in which this college claims to have been a pioneer is in the establishment of the honor system of student government in 1779. William and Mary has been the Alma Mater of many famous men, among them at least three presidents of the United States, and the son of one of them, President Tyler, is now president of the College. The college building, which was originally constructed in 1693, is the only building in America designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It has been burned three times, but each time has been rebuilt on the original walls. It was used as a barracks by various armies during the Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Civil War. Among early sources of revenue of the college we are told of the "Pirates' Fund," being a share of the booty of certain renowned pirates, given in exchange for the influence of Dr. Blair, first president of the College, in securing their pardon. The College is modernized

to a large extent, and does work leading to the B.A., M.A., and B.S. degrees, as well as being the State Training College for teachers.

The University of Virginia is not so old as William and Mary, being founded in 1820 by Thomas Jefferson. In his later years Jefferson devoted all his energies to the University, and he left instructions that his epitaph should mention only three items of his career, these being that he was "author of the Declaration of American Independence, and the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and father of the University of Virginia." He was more anxious to be remembered as father of a University than as President of the United States. The University is located at Charlottesville, Jefferson's old home, in the northwestern part of the state, among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The buildings are laid out about a large quadrangle, the ends of this space being closed with the larger buildings of instruction and administration, while down each side runs a continuous row of professors' houses and students' dormitories, connected with a colonade. Each student's room opens on the colonade, for Jefferson was such a believer in freedom that he insisted that each student should have direct access from his dormitory to the outside world. Outside the quadrangle the same plan of dormitories is followed in two rows called "the ranges," which face outward from the campus. In one of these ranges is a room occupied by Edgar Allan Poe when he was a student, and this room is preserved as a historic shrine. Some of our party were admitted, and they report that the raven still is sitting just above the chamber door. They did not observe closely enough to be able to solve our old problem of how the lamp was placed so that "the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor."

There are nine hundred students at the University of Virginia, about half of whom come from outside the state. Native Virginians are relieved of all tuition fees, so that the only important elements of expense to such a student are his board and room, and it is estimated that an economical student

can spend a year at the University for about \$175. The institution is not co-educational, but there is talk of establishing a co-ordinate college for women. The honor system of self-government among students has been in vogue for seventy years. At examinations the student's written pledge of honor that he has neither given nor received aid is accepted without question, as is his simple word on other occasions. Violation of the examination pledge has been of exceedingly rare occurrence, and we are told that in every case the culprit has been quietly but promptly eliminated without interference on the part of the officers of the University. The elective system has been in operation since the founding of the University. As Thomas Jefferson once wrote: "Our institution will proceed on the principle of doing all the good it can without consulting its own pride or ambition; of letting everyone come and listen to whatever he thinks may improve the condition of his mind."

There is a beautiful athletic stadium in connection with the University, the cement grand stand having been just recently completed. The field is not owned by the University but by the Athletic Association and the Alumni, who have full control and management of it. The day we visited it a gang of men were busy shovelling the snow off the diamond, preparing for a northern ball team who were coming down to train.

Richmond College is the Baptist institution of Virginia. It is at present located in the heart of the city, but new buildings on the outskirts are approaching completion and they expect to move into new quarters next fall. In size of student body and in several other respects Richmond College resembles McMaster, and it is interesting to see a sister institution taking a forward step similar to that contemplated for own University in the near future. Richmond has been fortunate in securing an ideal site of over two hundred acres about four miles from the city. A small lake divides the grounds, and the Women's College will be on one side and the men's buildings on the other. Virginia Baptists are enthusiastic and courageous and have entered heartily into this great project which they are now carrying out to a happy conclusion.

A visit to Hampton Institute was the feature of our last day in the south. This school was founded by General Armstrong in 1868 for the benefit of the thousands of homeless, helpless, starving negroes who after the war were left utterly unfit to obtain labor to earn their bread. Realizing that these men and women must be given a chance to become industrious, honest citizens, General Armstrong started a small school with two teachers and fifteen students, and from that beginning has developed the present institution of 1,400 students, 200 instructors, 136 buildings, and an instruction farm of 600 acres. For some years the Institute has been open to Indians as well as negroes. It is not a government school nor a denominational school, but a private enterprise dependent largely on voluntary contributions for its support. It has sent out over eight thousand young men and women as teachers, farmers and skilled tradesmen, among the most famous of the graduates being Booker T. Washington, who founded Tuskegee Institute on similar lines. Our visit at the Institute was very short, but we had time to enjoy two or three special features. We had a lunch prepared by the students, and presumably the oysters were from the great oyster beds of Hampton Roads; we heard the negro choir render "My Old Kentucky Home," and other melodies, in their inimitable way; we heard Major Meton, one of the negro graduates, give an address on Hampton and its work, that was a masterpiece of English and of intense eloquence; and we visited the trade schools, where we saw the students learning all manner of trades in a most practical way. The domestic science, agriculture, and other departments, we did not have time to visit.

Ex-President Taft has said: "Hampton is the solution of the negro problem." It is working with an earnest purpose and in a spirit of helpfulness and unselfishness, which is beautifully expressed in a memorandum written shortly before his death by its founder:

"I hope there will be enough friends to see that the work of the school shall continue. Unless some shall make sacrifice

for it, it cannot go on. A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, the happiest use of one's self and one's resources—the best investment of time, strength and means. He who makes no sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God."

E. J. BENGOUGH, '03.

RAILROADING.



BY many the term railroading is associated with the occupation of a man engaged as engineer, fireman, brakeman or conductor on a completed railroad. Others may include the staff of operators and clerks. But comparatively few consider, on first thought, the whole army of men engaged in the construction of our modern railroads. Few people, when seated in the luxurious plush seats of the first-class coach, or enjoying the greater comfort of the chair car, realize the enormous cost, both in lives and money, which has made such service possible. Railroading in its fullest meaning includes all labor in connection with the construction and maintenance of a road. Those railroaders with whom we come in contact seem perhaps to hold enviable positions with large salary envelopes attached, but on glancing behind the scenes we find others engaged in less pleasant and less remunerative operations.

The first step in the actual process of construction is known as "location." Location parties consist of several engineers, their assistants, and in newer parts of the country, native guides. Several trips through the territory are often necessary, some of them being six months or more in duration and covering hundreds of miles by canoe and portage. After location, a second party must cover the ground taking the levels. The data obtained

are charted on a scroll and form the basis of calculation in making estimates for excavation and grading contracts. The road is now ready for the contractor. Usually a large section, sometimes several hundred miles in length, is contracted for by one company and the various parts re-let to sub-contractors.

The excavation contractor is the first to begin actual work. He makes rock cuts and gradings, finally leaving an even road-bed ready for the ties. Building trestles is the business of the second type of sub-contractor. The old method of dumping from the end of an embankment to fill in across creeks and gullies has long been abandoned, the modern way being to build temporary trestles, on which the ties and rails are laid, and then fill in from above when the general ballasting is in progress. As an auxiliary in such work there is the timber contractor, who must hunt for timber in the surrounding woods, cut and deliver it where needed. Finally, there is the sub-contractor who does the concrete work, building culverts, ballast walls, abutments and pedestals. He is usually last to leave the road, and his camps are always behind the end of steel, since a great loss would result if all his machinery, lumber, gravel and cement had to be taken in past the end of steel on wagons or sleighs. These sub-contractors often re-let small sections of their work to "jobbers," groups of men who work together on small jobs at contract prices. This practice is most common in excavation, Finlanders and Swedes being most usually engaged in the work. They seem to despise the receipt of wages as below their dignity, but readily accept jobbers' contracts. Small fortunes are often made on tricky jobs, but sometimes the reverse occurs. Having failed to allow for difficulties, the men may find, after two or three months of hard labor, that they have scarcely made expenses. Service's tales of hardship followed by fortune or disappointment are not alone applicable to the Yukon; they are the common experience of all frontier toilers.

Track-laying and ballasting follow, and are usually done by the original company. Track-laying is rather a rapid process, it being no uncommon thing for a gang, when in good running

order, to lay a mile a day. Track-lifting is done with the ballasting. The ballast train unloads along the track line. Then the lift gang, often numbering over a hundred men, come with crow-bars, shovels and jack-screws to straighten and raise the track to the proper level. This process may have to be repeated several times before the road is finally completed.

The men live in the camps of the companies for whom they work. The ballast pits, where the track-laying and track-lifting gangs stay, may be taken, with some exceptions, as typical of all railroad camps. These pits occur every fifteen or twenty miles over the road where ballasting is in operation and are the headquarters for all employees of the company in the neighborhood. A camp is a village in itself. There are three types of buildings, the office, the cookery and the sleep-camp. Usually there are several of the latter, varying in size from a twelve by fifteen foot shack to a large tent or building with accommodation for thirty or forty men. The men who board at the cookery enjoy a fairly acceptable existence except, perhaps, when too frequent acquaintance with the bottle on the part of the cook results in bad bread or other poor handiwork of that knight of the white cap and apron. These occasions are but passing vexations and the optimist can easily overlook them. The men who endure the greatest hardship, and judged by our standards do not live but merely exist, are the foreigners who endeavor to board themselves. Before and after work they can be found huddled in groups of two or three about a pot of boiling macaroni. Italian bread, as impervious as sailor's biscuits, Italian bologna, of which there are but two varieties, one black and the other white, and macaroni, form the diet of the stalwart son of Italy. The first two he has always with him and the third he can produce whenever it is possible to build a fire at meal time. These men have families in the old land and forego such luxuries as camp cooking in order to save a larger portion of their wages.

The camps are often many miles from civilization. Papers and magazines are most welcome. Separated from friends and home, these men labor, barred from all gratification of the desires

and tastes of earlier life. Yet they often show on exemplary optimism in times of trouble and difficulty. The idea of living only for the day, however, often leads them to sacrifice their judgment and yield to degrading excesses. There are occupations far more pleasant than railroad construction, but these men must live, and the building of railroads requires their labor, yet in thinking of railroads and in counting their cost one should surely give a moment's consideration to the thousands of men committed to this wandering, homeless life.

NORMAN DAVIES, '14.

A SUBTERRANEAN EXPLORATION.



THE northern part of the County of Bruce is noted for its abundance of limestone rock, and, like all limestone countries, contains many curious rock formations. Those who admire nature in her secluded state may spend many pleasant hours, as did the writer, visiting the "Flower-pots," natural arches, and numerous picturesque caves.

The exploration of one of these caves proved a very interesting afternoon's amusement. I had heard rumors of a cave which opened on "Grandpa Hopkins' " lot, but had been able to obtain little information concerning it. Owing to the over-abundance of rock on most of the farms in the region, few residents care to devote much time to idle exploration. It is safe to say that this cave had not been visited for twenty years at least; in fact few people knew of its existence. After considerable manoeuvring in the supposed locality, we found, at the end of a dried-up water hole, a small opening in the rocks, which we thought a likely entrance to an underground cave. I volunteered to be first man in, and, using a rope for safety, began my descent. Thoughts of snakes, bears and other small animals challenged my nerve, and as I slid over the wet rocks and breathed the cold air from the

darkness below, I began to wish that someone else had taken the lead. Soon, however, I had cause for real fear. As my head was about to disappear from daylight, the rocks at my back began to loosen owing to the play of running water and the weight of my body. I yelled to my companions to heave on the rope, and while I steadied the rocks with my hands they pulled me past in



A "Flower-Pot"—Bruce Peninsula.

safety. Then as the rocks bounded into the darkness we knew we had adventurous work before us.

Eight feet down the opening widened into a small room with rubbish at one end of the chamber; but half an hour showed no outlet. Then with less zeal we began to shovel away the mass of debris which had been washed in by the water directly under the entrance. This time we had better success. Here we found a small hole approximately two feet by one, and into this descended one of my companions with a lantern. In a twinkling he and the lantern had disappeared, and the only knowledge we had of his existence was the noise of his jolly laugh as we heard it echo

and re-echo through what sounded like many galleries. Grasping the rope in haste, I followed—horrors what a feeling! cold wet rocks pinned me as in a living tomb. Frantically I clung to the jutting niches, circular pockets and many fantastic shapes. Here the three of us set to work with little inconvenience to remove the rope as it slipped past my cheek. Soon my feet touched the under rock, then bending I slid feet foremost along a narrow tunnel which soon opened into a large cave.

This room was large and continued for many yards. The air was cold, so cold that we saw the warm breath escape from our nostrils. Beneath our feet was crystal sand with the marks of a coursing stream still upon it; here and there were pools of clear water. The walls and ceiling of this apparent stream-bed were extremely irregular; huge and seemingly endless cracks of all imaginable shapes darted off at many angles; pockets, shelves and jutting rocks all helped to form the arched enclosure. At times it was necessary to crawl through icy water and a peculiar brick-red, paste-like clay which appeared in small deposits. Thus, like primitive creatures, we splashed on all fours, sometimes wriggling flat along the white sand under an arch lower than the rest, only to emerge into a roomy chamber and drink in the cool air.

We explored this stream-bed both ways, but could not determine how far it extended. One branching gallery, however, we found, which extended at right angles to the stream-bed, gradually declining past great boulders and ending with a large natural well. A raft was prepared, and this well, which was of considerable extent, was explored. Disappointment awaited us, for we found that the walls gradually converged after fifty feet or more, abruptly stopping our passage.

In a way we were disappointed, for we had thought that here in an undisturbed place we should observe the stalactites and stalagmites in their natural positions. We took with us some of the sand from the stream-bed, peculiar black pebbles, a piece of the rocks and a ball of the brick-red clay; then having left our initials and date of entrance we ascended.

ARTHUR H. RICHARDSON, '15.

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No. 7

Editorial Notes.

WITH THIS, the last regular issue of THE MONTHLY for the present college year, the work of the retiring management is practically completed. We have labored, we trust not in vain, to make THE MONTHLY a success. We are confident that the incoming management will preserve the best traditions of the past. The following are the appointments to the Board for the session 1914-15: Managing Editor, J. D. Morrison, B.A. ('14); "Around the Hall," W. A. Kenyon, '15; Women's Department, Miss Alma Matthews, '15; "Here and There," Jenkin Davies, B.A. ('14); "Athletics," R. L. Kellock, '15; "Our Graduates," J. H. Cranston, B.A. ('05); Consulting Editors, Prof. McLay and Prof. Matthews; Business Manager, G. E. Ramage, '15; Advertising department, P. P. Ziemann, '16; Subscription Department, C. J. Baker, '17; Reporters—Miss Alice Gregory, '16; Miss

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WE WOULD draw the attention of all readers of our last month's editorial to a resolution passed by the Women's Student Body, and printed in the Women's Department of this number. It makes plain the fact—which we never doubted—that the general sentiment of the W. S. B. is in perfect accord with the principles put forward by us. We are sure that it will be accepted by all at its face value and put an end to any misunderstandings which may still exist.

EVER SINCE we were Freshmen ourselves we have been seeking some sure mark by which to recognize the genus. We think we have found it. The Freshman has been called "verdant," but somehow that hardly seems to apply after the first few months have taught him the laws and customs of the new society in which he finds himself. As his "freshness" wears off, however, a new disease appears in its place. He falls a victim to "political mania." Class-meetings become a passion. Interest in study wanes. The eternal destinies of humanity hang in the balance when he speaks or votes. He becomes the noble apostle of civic righteousness. He is prepared to sacrifice happiness, friendship, class pride, everything, rather than submit to what he considers the crooked machinations of corrupt politicians. All of which is exceedingly amusing to a disinterested onlooker.

The action of the present Freshman class with regard to its elections has, however, its serious, as well as its humorous aspect. It has raised a disturbing question with regard to the conduct of elections at McMaster. Are the returns of scrutineers to be accepted as final, or are we to be faced with the possibility of every close election being contested by a disgruntled minority? There can be only one answer to this question. And for good

and sufficient reason. Public elections may be protested with propriety, because the case is tried before a judge who has no direct or personal interest in the result. But at McMaster the judges must of necessity be interested persons; voters, candidates, and scrutineers themselves, must all be involved; and the outcome can be nothing but bitterness, and recrimination. We believe that those responsible for the present unfortunate situation have long since seen the unwisdom of their action, whether ethically justifiable or not; and we believe that the sound judgment of the University is behind us in laying down this principle: *The judgment and honor of scrutineers must not be called in question at McMaster.*

College News.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: RALPH E. FREEMAN.

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ, moves on."



THE WINNING VOICES of the spring call us to our summer homes and the editor moves uneasily in the editorial chair. Although he has been instructed that this, his last feeble effort, must be brief, he craves the pardon of long suffering readers while he touches for the first and last time upon the all-important subject of examinations. This is the time of year when we truly realize that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. We have heard the saying that some people are born miserable, some have misery thrust upon them, and some are students in the spring time. A student writing in the "T.C.D." complained that in these days of equality and fraternity, it seems very unjust that men who have been accidentally gifted with more brains than their comrades, should be allowed to take the top places in all the exams. Perhaps a scheme might be adopted of handicapping the unfairly gifted by weighting their examination marks with

minus quantities. Or perhaps a union could be formed among the students to limit the working hours of the star performers. Surely the bones of those old Jesuits, who are said to have first hit upon the examination idea, will stir and writhe in horrible discomfiture at the imprecations of tired-eyed, despairing students.

THIS PAST COLLEGE year has been a successful one as far as the various societies and student organizations are concerned. But still there is a vacant spot upon our walls where used to hang, in days of old, the Kerr Debating Shield. But let us not despair! There yet remains in McMaster's heart a plentiful supply of fighting spirit, and they who graduate and leave these ivied halls bequeath in sorrow, yet with confidence, the sacred trust of its victorious recapture. Throughout the year we have missed our Chancellor, but are glad to know that he has improved in health and strength, and that he will soon again be with us.

THE EDITOR of this department here acknowledges the willing and efficient service rendered by the various reporters. To Mr. W. A. Kenyon, '15, who has been chosen as his successor, we extend our heartiest wishes for a successful year. His undoubted merits warrant the prophecy that under him the department will increase in efficiency and interest.

THE FINAL INTER-YEAR DEBATE was held on March 13th, and resulted in the Sophomores winning from the Freshmen the inter-year trophy. This was, perhaps, the best debate of the year. Messrs. Cole and Lang of the second year upheld the affirmative side of the subject: "Resolved, that the exemption clause of the Panama Canal Act should be deleted." They endeavored to show that exemption would mean a sacrificing of international honor and a breach of national law, and would be, moreover, an unwise financial and economic policy. Their arguments were ably, but unsuccessfully, refuted by Messrs. Minister and Foster of the First Year. The cup, which was donated by the class of '09, was presented to the victors by Mr. Thos. Wearing of that year. During the evening Mr. Turnbull rendered a vocal solo and Miss Gregory an instrumental solo.

THE PRIZES for debating donated by Prof. Glen Campbell were awarded to Messrs. F. W. Kemp, '16, and E. G. Dale, '14. THE MONTHLY extends its congratulations. The Saturday after-

noon debates do not receive the attention they deserve. Why is it that these golden opportunities for training in the art of public speaking are ignored? There is room for great improvement in this most important department of our college life.

THE THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY came out of the region of metaphysics for a little while on the 11th of March. The immediate occasion being Dr. Keirstead's review of Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup." The Doctor was in his element as he opened up the strength and weakness of the author's style and position. His detailed criticism will help us to read more accurately and sympathetically in the future. We have a suspicion that a review of a real live novel by a living author has possibilities that have not been fully appreciated. Let the good work go on, Theology.

NIP AND TUCK.—Jolly tars one hundred strong secured shore leave from Admiral Merritt, on the night of March 19th, and in the capacious dining hall of McMaster made merry till daylight. Captain Trembert, himself three sheets in the wind, suspended all rules of discipline temporarily, and the crew gave themselves up unrestrainedly to revelry and song. After double rations had been served and unlimited grog (a la lemonade), hornpipes and reels were indulged in by the reeling stokers, while weather-beaten airs were emanating from the careening barrel organs. Discharged old salts in the persons of F. A. McGregor and T. Wearing, and able seamen such as Morrison, Philpott, Freeman and Trotter enlivened the proceedings by side-splitting stories. Rear-Admiral Sam Clark, M.P.P., and sky pilot W. F. Wilson, D.D., convulsed the company by hilarious yarns. The lusty notes of "Hoi yoi, Hoi yoi" were wafted over the waters early next morning as the gallant crew embarked on their cruise to unknown ports, guided by the premonitory light of professorial stars.

SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.—The last three meetings of the Club were of great interest. On March 11th Mr. Hezzlewood presented to us "The Motor Bus Solution of the Toronto Traffic Problem." On the 18th Mr. Jackson, of Toronto University, gave us an exceedingly interesting address on "Unemployment." He suggested the initial steps to be taken in order to forestall the terrible effects of the recurring financial and industrial depressions. On the 20th the first annual dinner of the Club was

held in the dining hall. Dr. Brittain was the chief speaker, responding to the toast to "Public Service" proposed by R. E. Freeman. Dr. Brittain outlined the work of the Toronto Municipal Improvement Association, of which he is the director, and gave us some idea of the work done in the Training College at New York. He hoped that in time the Economics Department of the University would co-operate with the Association in the important and now neglected task of definitely training men for public service. Mr. J. E. Knott, President of the Club, toasted the King. Then the toast to Alma Mater, proposed by S. R. Weaver, '10, was responded to by Prof. McLay. Mr. R. C. Steckley proposed the toast to the Political Economy and History Departments, and responses were given by Messrs. W. S. Wallace and W. J. A. Donald. On Wednesday, April the 1st, the following officers were elected for next year: Hon. President, W. J. A. Donald, B.A.; President, R. L. Kellock; Vice-President, A. J. Lister; Secretary-Treasurer, W. D. Price.

STUDENT BODY ELECTIONS, held on March 30th, resulted in the choice of the following officers for the year 1914-15: President, R. M. Fraser, '13; 1st Vice-President, Geo. Ramage, '15; 2nd Vice-President, J. Davis, '14; Secretary-Treasurer, R. McGregor, '16.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION: Honorary President, Dr. Smith; President, G. M. Philpott, '15; Vice-President, A. Hay, '15; Secretary, D. Price, '16; Treasurer, A. W. Chisholm, '16; Business Manager, E. A. Smith, '15.

Y.M.C.A.: President, R. M. Hartley, '13; Vice-President, J. Linton, '16; Recording Secretary, A. C. Riley, '15; Corresponding Secretary, E. C. Gosnell, Theo.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND: Honorary President, Rev. Dr. J. G. Brown; President, A. Haddow, '13; Vice-President, Miss L. Hooker, '17; Secretary-Treasurer, T. G. Buck, '16; Extension Secretary, P. P. Ziemann, '16; Representatives to the City Union, A. Haddow and Miss L. Hooker.

YEAR FIFTEEN: Honorary President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President, R. L. Kellock; Vice-President, Miss A. M. Matthews; Secretary-Treasurer, W. A. Kenyon; Orator, A. H. Richardson; Historian, Miss A. M. Turner; Representatives: Literary Society, I. S. Reeds; Y.M.C.A., A. C. Riley; Athletic Association, A. Hay; Debating Union, J. H. C. Graham; Student Body, P. K. Hambly; Captains: Rugby, A. Burridge; Hockey,

R. M. Ballard; Baseball, A. L. Stillwell; Track, C. V. Farmer; Soccer, W. A. Kenyon.

YEAR SIXTEEN: Honorary President, Professor Dawes; President, E. Bates; Vice-President, Miss M. Stillwell; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Mallory; Historian, R. McGregor; Orator, F. Kemp; Representatives: Literary Society, Miss L. McLaurin; Y.M.C.A., J. E. McCauley; Debating Union, R. Lang; Student Body, S. Cole; Captains: Soccer, E. Bates; Hockey, W. Mallory; Rugby, A. W. Chisholm.

YEAR SEVENTEEN: Elections seem to have given the Freshmen considerable trouble. Not that they were disturbed by the usual impolite molestation of the Sophomores. It was much more serious than that. Possibly it was their unpreparedness for the ballot, possibly insufficient mathematical instruction, or inability to mark the ballot properly. Nobody seems to know just what the trouble was, but trouble there was.

FIRST JUNIOR (finding two fellow-Juniors hidden under their beds and the lights out): What are you guys doing there?

Two: Hush! There's a fellow round the halls selling bonds.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS MARY FOWLER, '14.

"Now there was at this time a stir and commotion . . . a running to and fro in the land, a going up and down."—Ancient MSS.



HOW NEAR AKIN is our life to the life of the ancients. Those words, written so many years ago, might have been penned yesterday, so true to life are they to-day. As the term draws its last hurried breaths, there is a stray lecture here to be copied, one last rush to the library to finish the belated essay, or to complete some prescribed reading. And how true of the mind's action, too. Down into psychology it goes, back presently to sociology, to French, to mathematics, to the thousand and one things which the thought-full examiners require—or might possibly require.

Yet soon "the gate of the city" will be closed, for some to open again in the fall. To these we wish, in passing, a pleasur-

able, profitable, purposeful summer, and a return in the fall with energy and enthusiasm for another year's work and play.

But to some, these gates are never again to open. Never again, probably, will they be of the *inner* life of McMaster. Yet her spirit will continue to live within them, and no better heritage could she give them, as they enter other cities whose gates will open. Life's preparation, for them, is drawing to a close, and sterner realities must be faced—and timorous or brave, who would not press forward toward the highest? May the best and highest and truest success attend each in her own special position in life.

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION, passed by the Women's Student Body, has been received by this department:

"Whereas, the attitude of the Women's Student Body toward the University pin has, in some ways, been misunderstood, and its recent action in regard to it been misinterpreted, and whereas, in a recent number of *THE MONTHLY* an editorial appeared which might lead to a misconception on the part of those not knowing the facts, in regard to the aim, spirit and ideals of the W. S. B. of McMaster:

Therefore, be it resolved, that the W. S. B. do hereby put themselves on record concerning those things upon which misunderstanding has arisen.

1. The W. S. B. wishes to disclaim any "militant" spirit, and to voice its opposition to such tactics.

2. The women of the University have maintained, still maintain, and will ever continue to maintain, that in matters affecting the women as well as the men of the University, the women should have a voice.

3. The W. S. B. has never asked, nor desired, to have the deciding vote on matters pertaining to the whole student body. The W. S. B. has never asked nor desired that on such matters the vote be taken by student bodies, and thereby forty women's votes made equal to two hundred men's votes. Its position is that either the two student bodies should meet and vote together, or that some provision be made, whereby the votes taken separately by the two student bodies, for and against any motion, be pooled, and that a woman's vote count the same as a man's—*no more, no less.*

4. The women of McMaster believe in majority rule, fair play, and courteous treatment. If in the recent action in regard to the University pin there was the slightest reason to doubt this, we

regret it, and hereby offer our apology. But we maintain that there is no discourtesy in having an opinion of one's own, even though that opinion does not coincide with that held by others. We deny that majority rule, fair play and courteous treatment preclude the right of the minority to have and to express its opinion by word and by ballot. And furthermore,

5. The women of the University believe that—whether they want “seed pearls and filigree” which they most decidedly do not), or something better than “the least objectionable”; whether the men's student body and the women's study body agree or disagree on any one matter—both the men and the women of the University are “big” enough and broad enough to allow the other body its opinion, and that thus “the most satisfactory relationships between the two sections of the student body” will continue to exist.

NEWS RECORD.

MARCH 6TH.—Since the majority of the members of the Y. W.C.A. seemed to be in a woeful state of ignorance as to the destination of the various monies collected for the Y.W. work, and as to what this work which is being done outside our own college walls, actually consists in, Miss Saunders came to enlighten us upon these subjects. Miss Saunders is national secretary. She spoke of the work carried on in so many different countries—Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Japan—of the need found everywhere, and of the measure in which the Y.W.C.A. is able to meet this need. After Miss Saunders had finished speaking, the girls were given an opportunity of meeting her, and asking questions about the society.

MARCH 13TH.—To the Seniorettes fell the lot of giving the last of the Year programmes. This afternoon it took the form of character portrayals. To the initiated it was a wonderfully illuminating illustration of seven ways of meeting an emergency. The uninitiated, however, saw before them on the platform such well-known people as the sweet, coy maiden and the amorous country lad “coming through the rye”—the “sport,” the “plugger,” the “housekeeper,” the “ever-late,” and the various other types it takes to make up a university, while from the ages came King Alfred and Queen Elizabeth. “Current Events” was given by Miss Nellie McIntosh, and musical numbers were supplied by Miss Nellie Macintosh, and musical numbers were supplied the meeting Mrs. G. H. Campbell gave the critic's report, and

also stated that the prize of a "Bun Feed" for the best programme had been won by the Sophettes.

THE LADIES of the third and fourth years spent a delightful evening at the home of the Dean in Arts and Mrs. McLay. There they met the forgetful school boy, the perplexed lisper, and "Number 59," who was supposed to be dead, but had simply changed his patronage to a more up-to-date establishment. Both menus, too, were greatly enjoyed; the uniqueness of the mental one, captivated all. The prize for the evening was in the form of a book, and that for the ladies was won by Miss Alberta Udy.

MARCH 17TH.—"I'm the only girl in the University who hasn't an invitation for to-night." But it was only belated, and arrived before noon. The Freshettes made their way that evening to Rosedale, to the home of Miss Elsie Wilkins, the Sophettes to Mrs. Marshall's home, where Miss Ruth Macklem and Miss Helen Marshall were hostesses. The Juniores enjoyed themselves with one of their former classmates, Miss Jean Vining, while the Senior girls had a trip around the world. If, arriving at a piece of rope, they did not recognize Manila, and if a boy with his father's coat on, failed to impress them as Toulon and Toulouse, it must have been because they were too deeply engaged in conversation. The stay at London, however, impressed all, and hearty was the vote of thanks to Dr. Smith for the evening's pleasure.

MARCH 19TH.—New forms of "teas" are ever being introduced. The very latest is now served during the History lecture from 8.15-9.15.

MARCH 20TH.—The poster for the open meeting of the W.L.S. has become an annual "feast for the eyes," and this year's prepared us for the evening's entertainment. "The Taming of the Shrew" was chosen this year, and under the capable direction of Mrs. Fenton-Arntton, proved of absorbing interest. Petruchio, as presented by Marjorie Trotter, was a typical gentleman of the middle ages, lordly and somewhat over-bearing, yet altogether such an one as would win the heart of the headstrong and wilful Katherine. A most self-willed, obstinate, loveable "Kate" was impersonated by Marion Grimshaw.

As the audience met in real life, one after the other, the various characters, whom they had known so long by hearsay,

they felt a doubled interest in the writer of this play, and in their hearts, thanked the ladies who had contributed so much to their pleasure. The other characters were: Lucentio, Evelyn Davis; Tranio, Alice Gregory; Baptista, Ruth Macklem; Gremio, Miriam Cline; Hortensio, Hazel Macdonald; Bianca, Isobel Fairbairn; Biondello, Frances Lepofsky; Grumio, Evelyn Smith; Page, Mayne Gill; Curtis, Aletha Hooker; Nathaniel, Evelyn Davis; Philip, Ada Fomnd; Nicholas, Alice Gregory; Pedant, Ada Fomnd; Tailor, Margaret Hare; Vincentrio, Christine Farmer; Widow, Margaret Hare; Musician, Ruth Fowler. The W.L.S. is to be congratulated on the success of the evening, and the President, Miss Nellie Mackintosh, can rest assured that her "cake" was not "dough."



The Players—"Taming of the Shrew"

MARCH 24TH.—Student (translating): "'Embrace Henriette for me,' said the young man to Weiss, who passionately loved his sister." Prof.: "Haven't you the wrong man attached to her?"

Student: "What's the difference?" Prof.: "That is like the the ad. that appeared in the country newspaper—Wanted, a young man that can milk a cow that can sing in the choir."

MARCH 27TH.—Friday afternoon was a time of many meetings in rapid succession. At four o'clock the much-maligned Women's Student Body met in the chapel, but not for the pur-

pose of discussing plans for war, as it was thought better to follow the Christian principle set forth in Matthew 5:44. The real purpose of the meeting was to bid farewell to the retiring president, Miss Bessie Farmer, and to shift the burden of responsibility to the shoulders of the new president, Miss Evelyn Davis. In this case Elijah's robe did not seem to be a very good fit for the youthful Elisha.

Immediately at the close of this meeting the company was transformed into a Y. W. C. A. meeting. After Mrs. Trotter had been unanimously elected honorary president, Miss Margaret Hare welcomed to the office which she has filled so capably, the new president, Miss Isobel Fairbairn, with the following assistants: Vice-president, Miss Alice Gregory; secretary, Miss Aletha Hooker; pianist, Miss Christine Farmer.

Another rapid change caused the same group to become the Women's Literary Society, with elections going on for the sake of variation. As a result, the following executive was put in charge of next year's work: President, Miss Muriel Draper; vice-president, Miss Ruth Macklem; secretary, Miss Elsie Wilkins; pianist, Miss Mayme Gill. Miss Nellie Macintosh then yielded the last official gown from Year '14.

The speeches during the entire proceedings might be divided into two classes, those given from a sense of duty by the retiring and incoming officers, and those given to express the hearty appreciation of the work done by the girls of Year '14. When the last speech had ended, all gathered about the little group of Seniors, and thoughts turned to the good times together, while everyone sang Auld Lang Syne. A strange mist seemed to gather in more than one pair of eyes, but perhaps it was only the mist in one's own that made it seem so. At any rate, any tragic outbursts which may have threatened were prevented by the odor of coffee, the sight of sandwiches, and the rattle of dishes in the Ladies' Room. From the proudly beaming faces of the Sophettes one might read that they were the guests of honor. For once they were exempt from a "Bun Feed Levy," owing to the superior talent displayed by them in the Literary Society. Possibly this was their reason for eating even more than usual, but at last the hungriest jaw became motionless, and some form of exercise was found necessary to ward off a state of stupor.

With more or less assistance, chiefly more, various celebrities mounted on window sills, or other elevated positions, for the purpose of giving speeches, recitations, solos, choruses and yells. At last the terrible cry arose that only enough time remained to

wash the dishes, before the evening meeting. The final burst of enthusiasm spent itself in every known yell, ending with "Thy Praises McMaster," and the meaningless yet meaningfull "Rah! Rah! Rah! Ski-u-mah." No one who heard that yell and read the spirit behind it, could truthfully say that McMaster girls have not the interests of the *whole* college in their hearts.

MARCH 31ST.—Two representatives from the W. L. S. attended the open meeting of St. Hilda's Literary Society, at which was presented "She Stoops to Conquer." The custom of interchanging representatives at the open meetings of the Literary Societies of the various colleges has now become fixed, and is one of the bonds that unites us all.

The tale is told. It remains only to thank all those who have helped to make this department what it has been this year, all those who have contributed to make it of greater or lesser worth, the poets, the official and unofficial reporters, the board of advisers—and, let me add, the readers. To our successor, Miss Alma Matthews, we leave that which has grown dear to us. It will perhaps require a little of her thought, sometimes perhaps be a little troublesome, yet the pleasure will overshadow all else. The gods have been kind to decree that we should be too busy to dwell on the parting—yet we could leave our department in no better hands.

Athletics.

EDITOR: N. DAVIES, '14.

"There's no time like the Spring,
When life's alive in everything."



THE round of college athletic activity is nearly completed for another year. The football battles of last fall and the hockey contests of the winter lose their interest and remain only as memories amid the soft, balmy breezes of spring. Some now seek exercise in an endeavor to apply the laws of dynamics to the baseball, others prefer to study their effects as applied to tennis, while still others find exhilaration in the activities of gymnasium work.

During the past year we, as a University, have excelled in one branch of Athletics and won the Soccer Championship. The

games with Woodstock College were another feature of the year's activity and one which it might be well to follow in coming years. With the close of the college year come changes in many things and positions are vacated, to be filled by others. It is with a sigh of relief that we write this last chapter for this college year and then lay down the quill to await our successor, to whom we extend best wishes in all the pleasures and vexations connected with the department.

HOCKEY.

Though every effort was made this year to have the inter-year games played off, the championship remains unawarded. This state of affairs is due to two things, the fact that the Seniors won their second game with the Juniors, making necessary at least four more games, and owing to the lateness of the season there was no ice on which to play these games. Two games were played on Thursday afternoon, March 7th, at the Arena, each lasting a half hour.

The first game, between the Sophs and the Freshmen, was well contested and both teams worked very hard throughout. The Freshmen, however, played the most effectively, and secured two goals. The Sophs found Davis, in goal for the Freshmen, invulnerable, and the final score was 2-0.

The next game, between the Seniors and Juniors, was to decide whether the championship was to go to the Juniors or not. Had they won, the series would have been completed so far as the award was concerned, but the Seniors had the better of the argument and won the game by 1-0. The play throughout was forced by the Seniors, who, however, seemed to have lost ability to score against Ballard, even from a few feet out. The Juniors at times rushed the puck but failed to score against Spencer, in goal for the Seniors.

The men playing in inter-year games were as follows:

Seniors.—Goal, Spencer (Capt.); point, Hisey; cover point, Graham; forwards, Steckley, Shannon, Davies, Freeman, Davis.
Juniors.—Goal, Ballard; point, Bryan; coverpoint, Campbell; forwards, Kellock (Capt.), Hawkings, Smith, Hay.
Sophomores.—Goal, Gunton, (Bates) point; Chisholm (Capt.), cover point, McLarty; forwards, Price, Laing, Mallory, Parker.

Freshmen.—Goal, Davis; point, Whan; cover point, Massé; forwards, Fawthrop, Orth, Baker, Lepofsky (Capt.).

On Field Day the discus event was not contested. Monday,

March 30th, the event was thrown off at Jesse Ketchum field. R. D. Campbell, '15, won first place and set a new record, of one hundred and one feet and nine inches; G. M. Philpott was second, and H. H. Graham third. This gave Campbell twenty-seven points, and he has won the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal again this year.

ATHLETIC ELECTIONS.—Amid the usual furore of election time, the voting on the candidates for next year's Athletic executive took place in the chapel, Friday, March 27th, at 1.15. The president and business manager were elected by acclamation, while some of the other offices were closely contested. Speeches were given by the president and business manager elect, while waiting for election returns. The final results placed the following in the various offices for the coming year: Honorary president, Prof. R. W. Smith, Ph.D.; president, G. M. Philpott, '15; vice-president, J. A. M. Hay, '15; secretary, W. D. Price, '16; treasurer, A. W. Chisholm, '16; business manager, E. A. Smith, '15.

R. M. BALLARD, '15, was elected to the position of first Soccer captain at a meeting of the team held March 3rd.

McMASTER ATHLETIC BANQUET.—On Tuesday evening, March 31st, the dining hall was filled by a motley crowd of students, heavy-limbed and bony-limbed, baseball fiends and book-worms, athletes and theologues. Let the Theological Society take a leaf from the Athletic notebook. If they aspire to draw the crowd, let them only advertise free meals for all, and the crowd will be there, sinners and saints, Arts men and Christians.

After the sumptuous feast had culminated, the president rose in all his majesty to propose the toast to King George V. Abe is a man of few words, and the toast was speedily disposed of. W. B. Clarke rendered a solo with great gusto, and, in response to cries for more, frantically endeavored to describe in further song such an elusive phantom as Love.

The toast to Athletics was proposed by Mr. A. Haddow. He discoursed on very many topics, ranging from early Celtic sports to real estate booms. Ever and anon, however, he returned to the precincts of McMaster in a vain endeavor to find the whereabouts of the University athletics field. By special request of the aged who were present, Mr. W. B. Clarke sang his famous solo, "The Veteran." Dr. R. Wilson Smith replied to the toast with many funny stories and a little serious advice on the dan-

gers of athletics with a story thrown in for the special benefit of the editor and others concerned in the "pin episode," to use the technical term.

Professor McLay presented the McNaught Cup and the Chancellor's Medal. In a short speech, he, too, managed to ring in the "pin episode," and also advocated a Fives Court in the University back yard. The speaker made sympathetic reference to our absent Chancellor. Mr. R. D. Campbell then made his maiden voyage for the evening to the head table, and received the spoils. This is the second time Bobby has carried off these trophies.

The Association Medals were presented to Messrs. Graham and McKissock by Mr. E. J. Bengough. The winners of the Matthews Cup this year were Year '15. Mr. Matthews was in reminiscent mood and made a belated confession concerning his woeful misuse of a certain Fyfe Day. He seemed very anxious for Dr. Smith to take up boxing, but did not offer to keep the doctor company in the pugilistic dance. On behalf of Year '15, Mr. Gordon M. Philpott, mightily towering above all, gracefully received the cup.

The teams were toasted in response to a very practical speech by Mr. R. L. Kellock, who hinted incidentally that next year he would refuse to play hockey on any rink but the Arena. The Athletic executive for next year will please note this. Mr. Norman Davies, in his reply to the toast, suggested the acquisition of a paid professional coach for next year's Rugby team.

The new Year '13 Cup was presented for the first time by Mr. B. V. McCrimmon to the tune of a brace of law stories. Year '15 were the winners.

Professor McNairn presented the emblems and badges. Our worthy Geological professor was much puzzled to know whether Alec. Haddow was Irish or English, in spite of his Highland burr-r-ing accent. The audience were highly entertained with Mr. McNairn's kilt stories, and happy to find one Scotchman with some sense of humor. Mr. R. D. Campbell wore out a pair of shoes as he again and again retraced his steps to the prize table. Mr. H. Graham and Mr. W. E. McKissock also took considerable exercise during the evening, while Mr. R. L. Kellock's left arm lengthened three inches with continual stretching for badges.

The performance closed at an early hour with the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

J. D.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, B.A., '05.

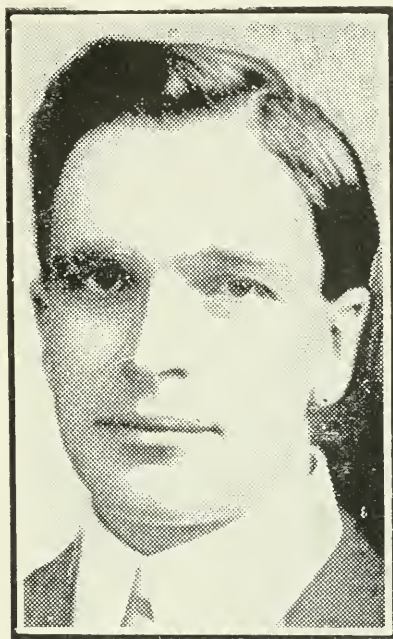


McMASTER men are steadily coming to the front in the theological world. When Yale University a few years ago wanted a professor of systematic theology, Dr. Douglas C. Macintosh, B.A., '03, one of the cleverest and keenest students who ever passed through old "Mac," was chosen. Rochester Theological Seminary, probably the most richly endowed Baptist college in the world, some two years ago, in its effort to build up the strongest faculty on the continent, wooed and won Professor George Cross, B.A., B.Th. '94, Ph.D. (Chicago) away from Newton Theological Seminary, where he had gone after leaving McMaster in 1905. He is now reckoned one of the leading men in systematic theology in America. Rev. Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, the dean of the seminary, can hardly be called a McMaster man, although he is a graduate of Woodstock College in the days before Toronto Baptist College, McMaster's immediate ancestor, was in existence.

Now Rochester has just taken another of our brilliant graduates. Rev. Dr. Ernest W. Parsons, B.A. '99, M.A. '03, B.D. '02, has just been appointed professor of Biblical languages. Dr. Parsons, after graduating from McMaster with his B.Th. in 1901, became pastor of the First Baptist Church at Port Arthur, where he remained for seven years. Resigning, he went to Chicago University to do post-graduate work in Semitic languages. He got his degree of Doctor of Philosophy *summa cum laude* in 1912, a brilliant performance, only twice before equalled by a Divinity School student in Chicago University's history. By reason of his scholarship, he became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He lectured at Brandon College, Manitoba, from January to May, 1913, and has this year been professor of Biblical languages at the Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, California. Congratulations, "Ernie," upon your latest achievement.

ANOTHER splendid appointment just secured by a McMaster man is that to the Chair of Chemistry at Throop University, Pasadena, California, by Dr. Stuart J. Bates, B.A. '07, M.A. '09, who is just completing his post-graduate work at the University of Illinois. Throop University is a very wealthy, though not

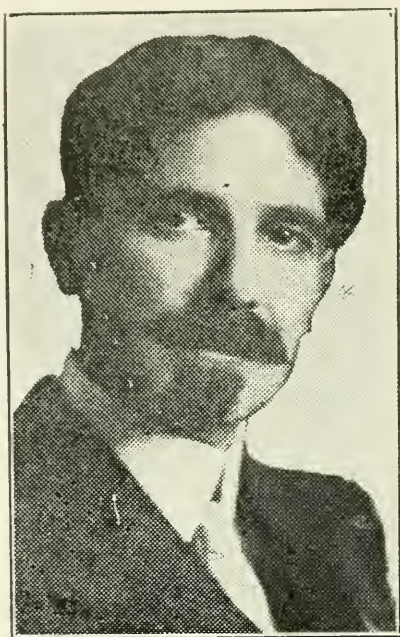
a very large, institution, and is devoting a great deal of attention to research work, at which Stuart has been making a name for himself. Prof. Noyes, of the University of Illinois, told one of the other McMaster men now doing post-graduate work there that Stuart's thesis for his Ph.D. was the finest piece of work ever done in Chemistry at Illinois. Dr. Bates begins his professorship in the fall.



Professor Ernest W. Parsons, M.A. Ph.D.

MR. HAROLD H. MCGREGOR, B.A. '10, who will get his Ph.D. in Chemistry at the University of Illinois this spring, has been appointed as associate professor of Chemistry at the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio. He will also lecture in the Medical School. Karl Clark, B.A. '10, M.A. '12, has done excellent work at Illinois this year, and will probably get a full fellowship next year as a reward.

MR. WALLACE PATTEN COHOE, B.A. '96, M.A. '98, since leaving the Professorship of Chemistry at McMaster, has been engaged in the work of industrial chemistry. More recently he has been devoting his attention to investigation along special lines. One piece of work consisted in the conversion of ordinary sawdust into glucose by means of a special treatment with acids. The glucose produced in this way may be fermented and thus converted into alcohol. Mr. Cohoe's process, which has been



Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, M.A.

protected by patents in many countries, differs from other existing methods in increase of yield, rapidity of action, and ability to save by-products. Mr. Cohoe has for the past year and a half been working in conjunction with the William Davies Company on a problem suggested to him by Mr. E. Carey Fox, B.A., '06, general manager of that concern. Fox suggested that there should be an aseptic, hygienic substitute for the ordinary intes-

tinal sausage casing. Work was begun, and it was found that a tube of cellulose would in many cases answer the purpose. Using a known series of reactions, pure bleached sulphite wood pulp is rendered soluble. In solution a dark brown jelly-like substance is obtained. This is formed into a tube by mechanical means and hardened. The hardened tube is then so treated as to finally leave it in the form of a transparent colorless casing. After severe tests, first in the plant of the William Davies Company, and later in other packing houses, the new material has been well received in so far as large casings such as used for bologna are concerned. The manufacture of the casings for small sausages is a problem which has yet to be attacked systematically. Work is about to begin in that direction. The discovery is a revolutionary one and will probably make both Cohoe and Fox rich men, as they have patented the process all over the world. "Professor" Cohoe, for he will always bear that title to those who studied under him at McMaster, has also won other distinctions. He was, in 1912-13, chairman of the Canadian Section of the Society of Chemical Industry of London, England.

MISS ANNIE J. GRIERSON, B.A., is this year teaching at Rosebery, B.C.

A VERY successful elocutionary recital was given on Saturday evening, April 4th, in the Conservatory of Music Hall by Miss Etta M. Pugsley, B.A. '10, A.T.C.M. Miss Pugsley's programme combined a distinct literary flavor with entertaining qualities. The chief number was Browning's "Saul."

MISS EDNA BATCHELOR, B.A. '11, is teaching Mathematics and English in St. Mildred's Ladies' College, Walmer Road, Toronto.

MISS EVELYN KELLOCK, B.A. '11, is this year responsible for the English and History departments of the Essex, Ontario, High School.

REV. JAMES J. REEVE, B.A. '94, B.Th. '96, who was for a number of years a professor in the Southwestern Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas, has been doing post-graduate work during the past year at Chicago University in church history.

REV. W. HARRIS WALLACE, Eng. '97, has left the ministry for the time being, and is in the real estate business in Toronto with Oliver Masten, investment broker.

MR. SAMUEL McMULLAN, B.A. '10, M.A. '12, is lecturing in cost accounting and efficiency methods in the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas..

REV. P. G. MODE, B.A. '97, M.A. '98, B.Th. '99, has been appointed to the faculty of the University of Chicago Divinity School. He is lecturer in church history and secretary of the school.

REV. GEORGE S. BRODIE, Eng. '10, has been called to the Baptist Church at Schomberg.

REV. W. C. PEARCE, B.A. '04, has resigned his pastorate at Colborne, Ontario, and is now the Baptist minister at Gladstone, Ont.

REV. C. N. MITCHELL, B.A. '94, M.A. '99, recently had a narrow escape from serious injury, and possibly death, at Oruro, Bolivia, where he is a missionary under the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board. Six hundred boxes of dynamite and twenty tons of gunpowder exploded, resulting in the death of several persons and the wounding of many others, besides damaging a large number of houses in the city. The Mission House was riddled with glass, the doors blown open, the locks torn from the wood and windows shattered. Some forty-nine panes of glass were broken. Mr. Mitchell regards his deliverance as most providential.

REV. ARCHIBALD WARD, B.A. '10, B.Th. '12, has been chosen by Walmer Road Church, Toronto, as Associate Pastor and Director of Religious Education, and will soon be at work in the new position. Mr. Ward is to be congratulated on the opportunity that lies before him in this appointment. Says the Canadian Baptist: "The field is a large one, both extensively and intensively, and in the discharge of his duties he will have the sympathetic and practical support of an able minister and of a capable and loyal people. He will begin with a Bible School that already has an average attendance of between five and six hundred; and in the church and congregation are multitudes of young men and women to be guided and trained in Christian knowledge and service. A finer field for consecrated leadership is perhaps not easy to find in Canada. But we desire to say also that Walmer Road Church is to be congratulated in securing for this special work the one whom they have chosen. Mr. Ward is a young man, but he is by no means a novice. He is a man of ideas and

ideals, broad and optimistic in vision, unfettered by tradition without being iconoclastic, a lover of Christ and of mankind, and a strong believer in the love of God in Christ as the panacea for the ills of the world." All of which those who know "Archie" will endorse. He and John MacNeill, B.A. '96, the pastor, ought to make a strong team.

REV. JOHN ESSINGTON MILES, Theology, '03, is reported to be doing splendid work in his Baptist Church at Waverley, New York State. The membership is growing rapidly.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON this year is to be preached by one of our own men, the Rev. John D. Freeman, B.A., who graduated in Theology in 1890. Rev. Mr. Freeman has been preaching with marked success for several years past in Leicester, England. He has set a splendid example to every McMaster graduate in sending his son, Ralph, who will get his degree this spring, all the way from England to get his education here. Mr. Freeman is the second McMaster man to preach the baccalaureate sermon, the honor having previously fallen to Rev. John MacNeill.

REV. B. W. MERRILL, B.Th. '96, in addition to his many duties as associate pastor and director of religious education in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, has this year found time to conduct a successful Teacher Training Class for Normal School students at the Toronto Normal School. These teachers are thus fitted not only for Public school, but also Bible school work.

REV. H. R. NOBLES, B.A. '06, B.D. '10, is another McMaster man who has refused to cross the line to work. He recently visited upon invitation the South Side Baptist Church, Indiana, but decided not to allow the church to go ahead with a formal call. We are always glad to see McMaster men stay in and build up their native land.

REV. DR. H. A. PORTER, B.A. '94, Dallas, Texas, is pastor of a church (Gaston Avenue) that is said to be having a more rapid growth than possibly any other Baptist Church in the United States. Their calendar of March 15th says: "In the last six months we have had 388 additions. On the day he took up his work here, Dr. Porter preferred not to administer the ordinance of baptism to those who were waiting. Since that Sunday the baptism has been used every Sunday without exception."

REV. HERBERT W. PIERCY has resigned his Baptist pastorate

in Warton, Ontario, and will spend the summer giving eloquentiary entertainments in Western Canadian churches.

REV. E. L. STEEVES, Theology '90, passed away at Surrey, N.B., on March 17th. Some years ago he suffered a stroke from which he never recovered.

MISS ANNIE GERTRUDE PRATT, B.A. '11, is this year teaching Moderns in the Paris, Ontario, Collegiate Institute.

MR. HORATIO HACKETT NEWMAN, B.A. '97, is associate professor of Zoology at the University of Chicago.

MR. CYRUS WILFRED PERKINS, B.A. '10, M.A. '11, is professor of German at Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

DR. ROWLAND W. YOUNG, B.A. '07, is practicing medicine in Oshawa, and finding plenty of people to practice on.

DR. HERBERT H. MURRAY, B.A. '06, is building up a good medical practice in Toronto. His office is at 72 Macdonnell Avenue.

MR. ANDREW H. HUTCHINSON, B.A. '09, M.A. '11, is pursuing post-graduate work in Botany at the University of Chicago. He has a fellowship this year and is likely to get a better one next year.

MR. J. W. RUSSELL, B.A. '95, M.A. '00, known to all Woodstock College graduates as "Scrape," has resigned from the mathematical mastership at Woodstock College to take a similar post in the Woodstock Collegiate Institute, succeeding Mr. C. L. Brown, B.A. '99, M.A. '05, who is giving up the teaching profession to go into the real estate business in Toronto with Toronto Investments, Ltd. Mr. Russell is the third mathematical teacher Woodstock Collegiate has taken from the College, Mr. A. M. Overholt, B.A. '97, M.A. '98, now of Sarnia, having preceded Mr. Brown.

REV. H. L. KEMPTON, B.A. B.Th. '03, of Calgary, came in for well-deserved recognition when the Crescent Heights Church of which he is the pastor, raised his salary by \$200.

REV. NELSON A. HARKNESS, B.A. '04, is preaching in Vancouver, being pastor of the Grand View Church. His address is 1323 Broadway East.

REV. R. E. E. HARKNESS, B.A. '07, better known as "Rube," is preaching at Big Rock, Illinois, and incidentally taking post-graduate work in sociology and religious education.

MR. CHARLES NORMAN CURTIS, B.A. '10, who is taking post-graduate work in Church History at Chicago University, will get his B.D. in June of this year. His M.A. was given him at the Convocation on March 17th. He has been preaching in a Chicago Baptist church during his course. His wife, who was Miss Hope Simpson, B.A. '10, recently presented him with his second child.

MESSRS. R. V. HOWARD AND E. E. HYDE, both B.A.'s of Year '12, are at the Calgary Normal School for the spring term.

THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Guelph, has on its Chemistry faculty one of our recent graduates in the person of W. L. Iveson, B.A. '10.

MR. BRUCE E. LECKIE, B.A. '09, is this year the principal of the Lucan, Ontario, High School.

REV. A. CLINTON WATSON, B.A. '01, is preaching in the Baptist Church at Mendotta, Illinois.

GOOD TIDINGS are received from Brandon College as to the quality of the work done by Rev. J. B. McKendry, B.A. '10. B.Th. '12, as lecturer in Old Testament Literature and Hebrew. J. B. will spend the spring and summer quarters doing post-graduate work at Chicago University.

MR. LEONARD C. HARKNESS, B.A. '08, late of Saskatoon, has been appointed managing editor of the *Hudson Bay Herald* of Le Pas, Manitoba. Under his direction the paper has taken a strong stand on the moral issues in that frontier town and is quoted at length and with approval by the "*Statesman*," the official organ of the Moral and Social Reform Council of Manitoba.

MR. ROBERT DAVIES MOYLE, B.A. '08, better known as "Bert," has just received the honorable appointment of assistant to Dr. Chiari of the University of Strassburg in Germany, and will begin his duties early in the summer. His special department is Pathology. This June he will graduate from the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore.

IN THESE DAYS when everybody in the medical world is talking and thinking radium, it is interesting to know that Russell D. George, B.A. '97, M.A. '98, is taking a very prominent part in locating the deposits of carnotite ore in which radium is found, in the State of Colorado. He is now geologist-in-chief of the State of Colorado, and was formerly professor of geology and mineralogy in the University of Colorado at Boulder, Colorado.

Prof. George's name has been quite prominent in the American papers of late.

C. J. TRIGGERSON, B.A. '00, is a McMaster man who has done good work in the West. As Professor of Biology in Manitoba University, he was intrusted with the organization of the summer school, and has conducted various field-researches in plant pathology which are important in increasing agricultural efficiency. Dr. Triggerston has also been one of the Government examiners for the Matriculation Board, and is also much in demand as an extension lecturer on plant pathology.

JOSEPH WEARING, B.A. '10, is leading a strenuous life in Peterborough. In addition to his legal duties as member of the firm of Wood & Wearing, he conducts a service each Sunday, and during the month of March found time to prepare and deliver an address to the Ministerial Association of Peterborough entitled "Idealism and Realism."

T. D. ST. DALMAS, B.A. '13, who is teaching languages at Grande Ligne, where he is making a great success as an instructor, is employing his spare moments in preparation for the first of the four examinations for the M.A. in Latin.

DR. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON, B.A. '09, is to be married on April 28th to Miss Mary Firstbrook, daughter of Mr. John Firstbrook, Lawrence Park, Toronto. "Will" is practicing medicine at Naramata, B.C.

REV. CHARLES T. HOLMAN, B.A. '09, M.A. '10, is preaching in the Baptist church at La Moille, Illinois.

REV. D. ARTHUR MCGREGOR, B.A. '05, who was compelled to give up his Y.M.C.A. secretaryship at Allahabad, India, because of his wife's ill health, is now pastor of the Baptist church at De Kalb, Illinois.

MR. CLARENCE ARTHUR CURTIS, B.A. '08 is a McMaster man who is making a name for himself in the teaching profession in Alberta. He was for a time after graduation principal of the Public schools at Raymond, Alberta, for a year, and then took the post of science master in the Strathcona (now South Edmonton), Alberta, Collegiate Institute. He has built his department up until it is second to none in Alberta. In 1911 Mr. Curtis took the degree of Master of Science in Chemistry and Geology at the University of Alberta. McMaster men have done so well in educational circles in Alberta that the best credential an applicant for a position can give is to state that he claims McMaster as his Alma Mater.

MR. EDWIN DWIGHT GRAY, B.A. '11, was recently elected President of the Engineering Society at the University of Toronto School of Practical Science.

REV. CALEB HARRIS, B.A. '09, who is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Dundas, displayed a very commendable public spirit in his late pastorate at Uxbridge. He was President of the Literary Society of the High School, Secretary-Treasurer of the local branch of the Children's Aid Society, and Assistant Scout-master for the Boy Scouts of the town. Other Baptist pastors might with profit follow his example.

MR. C. S. ROBERTSON, B.A. '10, graduated with honors in the Engineering Department of the School of Practical Science. Last summer he spent in the employ of the International Waterways Commission investigating the pollution of the Great Lakes. Just now he is working for the Provincial Board of Health doing research in connection with mechanical filtration of water.

REV. THOMAS McCOSH DODSON, B.A. '06, M.A. '09, B.Th. '09, has made a new record in his post-graduate studies at Chicago University. He secured a full fellowship in History after he had spent but a quarter term at the University.

MR. W. J. A. DONALD, B.A. '10, lecturer in Economics in McMaster University, is secretary of the Toronto Municipal Improvement Association. It is a good thing to see one of the "profs." taking such an active interest in the affairs of the city. "Bill" has gone back to Chicago for further post-graduate studies.

MR. J. "ERNIE" ANDERSON, B.A. '11, will graduate in law at Osgoode Hall this year. He intends practicing in his old home town of Lindsay, Ontario.

MR. A. A. AFFLECK, B.A. '11, is classical master at Port Hope High School.

THE PERTH, ONT., High School has Newton Eugene Challen, B.A. '07, as its mathematical master.

MR. EARL WINTON CLARK, B.A. '05, is teaching English and Art in the Collegiate Institute at Victoria, B.C., and according to "Tom" Dadson, household economics, sewing and Irish as well.

MR. EDGAR F. COHOE, B.A. '08, is farming near New Durham, Ontario, and is incidentally a prime mover in some of the farmers' organizations for the district.

DR. E. PERCY LEWIS, B.A. '09, is a house doctor in the Surgical Department of the Toronto General Hospital, and is performing a number of operations. Dr. "Bill" F. A. Scott, B.A. '09, is in the Gynecological Department of the same hospital. Both men are doing work that is a credit to McMaster.

AT LAST reports Mr. Alexander Lindsay, B.A. '13 was living in Parry Sound, and had identified himself with the Pentecostal Mission.

MR. GORDON NIXON, B.A. '12, who was taking theological work at McMaster preparatory to going to Bolivia as a missionary, has given up his studies for the present in order to take a course in chiropractic, with a view to making himself useful medically as well as spiritually.

MISS ENID A. MACGREGOR, B.A. '12, is teaching Latin, French and Art in the Durham, Ontario, High School. Miss Bessie Arkell, B.A. '11, has charge of the English, History and Mathematics in the same school.

MR. ANDREW G. CAMPBELL, B.A. '97, M.A. '06, who last year did post-graduate work in Theology at Chicago University, is this year studying in Europe with a doctor's degree in view. He was married in July of 1913, and is said to be looking forward to taking up theological work again in a Western Canadian Baptist college.

REV. F. G. POOLE, B.A. '12, is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Dauphin, Manitoba.

MISS MAUDE McLaurin, B.A. '12, is living with her brother, Prof. Robert D. McLaurin, B.A. '02, M.A. '03, Ph.D., who is Professor of Chemistry in the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. Miss Carrie MacLaurin, who was a special student at McMaster for a while, is teaching Domestic Science in the Saskatoon Collegiate.

BRANDON COLLEGE, Manitoba, our affiliated sister, is reported to be booming, and a large portion of the success is said in a recent issue of the *Canadian Baptist*, to be due to the efforts of the McMaster men on its faculty. New life has been instilled into the Western college by the advent of President H. P. Whidden, B.Th. '94, LL.D. '14. Arthur Wellesley Vining, B.A. '97, M.A. '98, has loyally stood by the work since its commencement, and Harry Lachy MacNeill, B.A. '94, has been there for eleven years, and for the past five been "Professorial Dad" in residence. Other McMaster men on the faculty are: Dr. Chester W. New,

B.D. '07, Professor of Church History; Rev. J. B. McKendry, B.A. '10, B.Th. '12, lecturer in Hebrew and Old Testament literature, and D. A. McGibbon, B.A. '08, M.A. '11, who lectures in English and Economics. Miss Ernestine Roberta Whiteside, B.A. '98, who might have been Principal of Moulton College this year, had she not decided that Brandon's call was greater, is in charge of the girls' department, Clark Hall.

REV. DR. W. E. NORTON, Th. '91, of Toronto, is making rapid progress towards recovery after his recent serious operation.

REV. W. H. CLINE, B.D. '85, D.D. '12, was recently elected president for the ensuing year of the General Ministerial Association of Hamilton. He is pastor of the Victoria Avenue Baptist Church in that city.

So WELL has the Baptist cause in Niagara Falls, Ont., progressed under the leadership of Rev. Owen C. Gray, B.A. '05, B.Th. '07, that a new church is projected to be ready by fall to take care of the increasing congregation.

REV. FRANK SEAWARD BEDDOW, B.A. '06, is now pastor of a Congregational church at Leicester, England, and may be addressed at 18 Lincoln Street. Frank, it is a safe guess to make, is still as enthusiastic a cricketer as ever, and consequently is thoroughly enjoying life in the Old Country. Had McMaster had a cricket eleven during the days of Beddow's undergraduate studies, he would undoubtedly have brought us fame, for he was both a clever bowler and batsman. Frank once performed the remarkable feat at Chicago of taking seven Canadian wickets for six runs when an all-Canadian team played against all-Chicago, of which he was a member. He played on the Canadian international cricket team at least once during his McMaster course. It used to be said of Rev. A. E. Haydon, B.A. '01, M.A. '07, B.D. '06, whose nickname was "The Kid," that he would never seriously consider a summer's supply or a permanent field unless there was a lacrosse team in the place. "Kid" has plenty of opportunity for the enjoyment of athletics in his present position of Y.M.C.A. Secretary at Saskatoon. Beddow was as particular about his fields of service—there had to be a cricket crease handy.

PROF. ISAAC G. MATTHEWS, B.A. '97, M.A. '98, B.Th. '04, Ph.D. (Chicago), of McMaster University, has been granted a year's leave of absence, and will leave for Europe in May. He

will do special study in Semitic languages and Old Testament literature in Oxford and in Germany.

MR. T. RUSSELL WILKINS, B.A. '12, is resigning his post of science master at Woodstock College, and will go with his wife, who was Miss Olive A. Cross, B.A. '12, to Chicago University this summer to begin post-graduate work in physics. A. Ph.D. is the goal aimed at.

MR. FRANCIS J. HALBIHAUS, B.A. '11, is an advertising copy writer with the Baker Advertising Agency, Limited, Toronto, and lives at 516 Brunswick Avenue.

MESSRS. V. EVAN GRAY, B.A. '11, and W. Harold Male, B.A. '11, will graduate from Osgoode Hall this year. Mr. Gray will practice in Toronto.

THIS WILL be the last "Our Graduates" column for the 1913-14 year. That fact, however, does not mean that you should delay sending information concerning yourself and other McMasterites to the editor of this department. Please do not fail to keep him posted as to any changes of occupation, etc., during the summer months. Reports of weddings or deaths should be forwarded without loss of time. Your old college friends are interested in you and what you are doing. Only by your co-operation can this department be what it ought to be. The editor needs your help. More and more graduates are doing their part. Will you do yours? Address, J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto.

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A. L. M. Crimmon

CHANCELLOR

The Chancellor's Message

*A few words from the heart of the Chancellor to the loyal
McMaster men and women graduating in 1914:*

Life will mean to you, in the main, what you are willing to put into it. If you are satisfied with present attainment, you will face circumscription and, later, deterioration. If you enrich your being further, strike the roots of life deeper, prepare well for special service, take no short cuts, seek *now* in your resolutions the highest objects, you will find that there is an individual application of Emerson's dictum, "The aspirations of this age will be the code of the next."

The distinct and definite call of the century is for educated men and women with an idealistic outlook, with a strong vitalistic sympathy, with a potent intuition of the eternal Yea. Only by such can the problems of the century be solved, for the truly educated man, like Charity, seeketh not his own. He vindicates in his life the truth of Tolstoi's expression, "The calling of every individual, man or woman, consists in serving mankind." There is no small field of service where the motivation of the worker is great.

The time has come for the Class of 1914 to carry their torch of inspiration, lit at the altar of a divine enthusiasm, into the spheres of the world's need. Prove now the virtue of your Alma Mater by your contribution to civilization. Thrice every century, in succeeding generations, the race kneels at the shrine of improvement and rises to newness of life. Great is the task of every man, of every woman, in the development and perpetuation of a generation who will glorify their Creator. May you all speed the work!

CHANCELLOR McCRIMMON



The Faculty



Ex-Chancellor A. C. McKay



J. H. Farmer, B A., LL.D.
Dean in Theology



W. S. W. McLay, M.A.
Dean in Arts



Peter Sinclair Campbell, M.A.
Professor of Greek



Malcolm Sinclair Clark, M.A.
Professor of German



James TenBroeke, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy, Psychology,
Logic, and Ethics



Robert Wilson Smith, B.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Biology, and Curator
of Museum



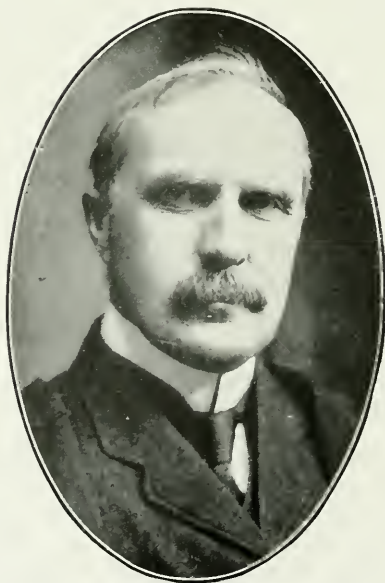
Elias Myles Keirstead, M.A., D.D.
Professor of Systematic Theology
and Apologetics



William Findlay, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Mathematics



Thomas Trotter, B.A., D.D., LL.D.
Professor of Homiletics and
Pastoral Theology



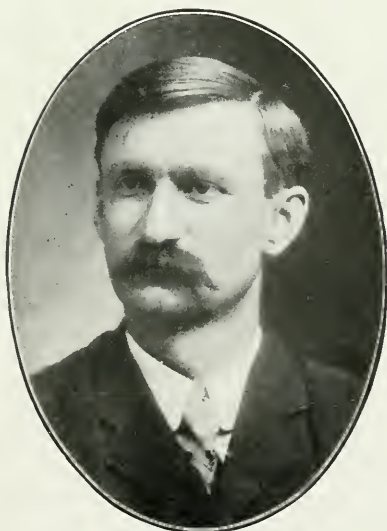
Joseph Leeming Gilmour, B.A., D.D.
Professor of Church History



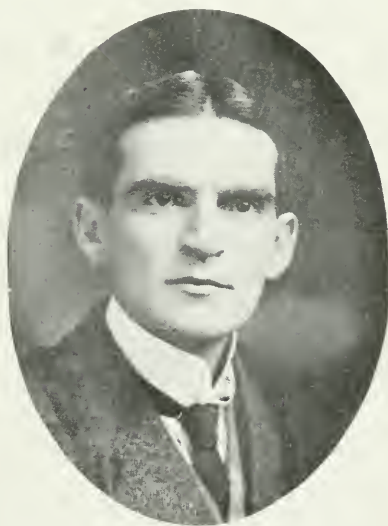
J. Bishop Tingle, Ph.D.
Professor of Chemistry



Isaac George Matthews, M.A., B.Th., Ph.D.
Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic,
and Old Testament Theology



John L. Hogg, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Physics, 1905-1911



Glenn Howard Campbell, M.A.
Professor of Latin



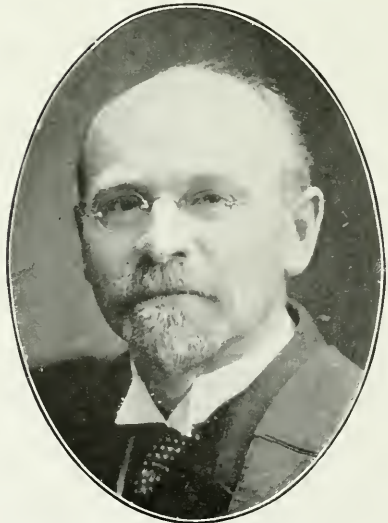
William Stewart Wallace, M.A.
Lecturer in History and Assistant
in Greek



William Harvey McNairn, M.A.
Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy



Bernard Franzen-Swedelius, Ph.D.
Professor of French



Paul Wilhelm Mueller, B.A.
Lecturer in German



Henry Franklin Dawes, M.A.
Professor of Physics



William John Donald, B.A.
Lecturer in Political Economy and
Sociology



Henry Adelbert White, M.A.
Acting Professor of English, 1912-13



A. E. Allin, B.A.
Lecturer in Biology, 1911-12



F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B.
Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking



Elven John Bengough, B.A.
Registrar

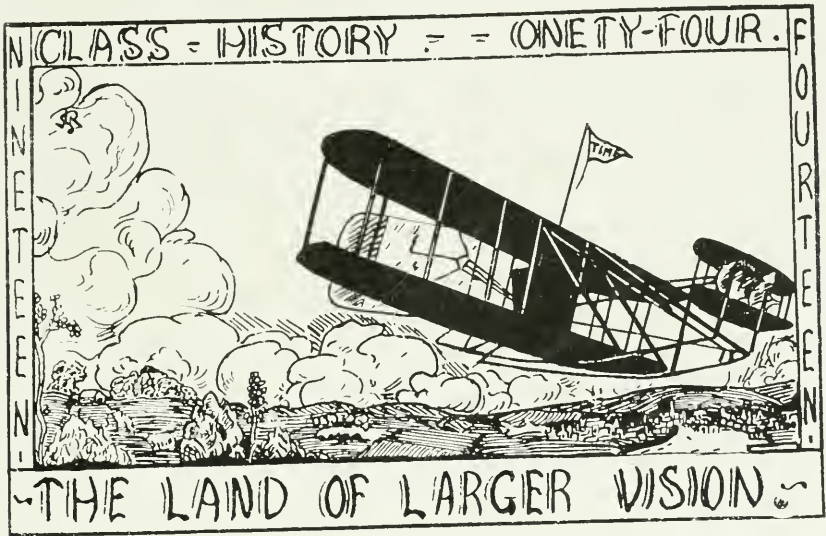


The
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Graduation Number, 1914

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TORONTO, MAY, 1914

No. 8



With a start I came to myself. Where was I? How had I come there? No familiar sight met my gaze; yet I was enjoying the experience. Gently, noiselessly, I was being borne through the air. The motion was soothing, and I began to look about. The curious, intricate machinery around puzzled me. Gradually I began to understand that my strange abode was none other than an aeroplane. Its name was inscribed upon it. Long I took to decipher it, though it was but the four letters L-I-F-E. To the meaning of this I had not the slightest clue; but, with the power of spelling out the name, came the comprehension that I was being carried through Time on this ship of the air. Intuition told me that my destination was Eternity. That was, however, but a dim, misty premonition. I was too much interested in what I beheld beneath me to even seek to look toward that fog.

An enchanting land lay below me—a land of sunshine and shadows—here a long level stretch of plain, there a magnificent, majestic mountain peak. But more—on this land were specks moving about. Closer and closer to them my machine came, so intent was I on discovering what they could be. They proved to be humans—men-beings, women-beings, boy-and-girl-beings. These latter interested me most, and I began to watch

them more particularly. They were gathering together in little houses, which, from the sounds that reached me, I concluded were schools.

I passed through stretches of Time, watching interestedly, but yet in a detached way, when suddenly I beheld—I rubbed my eyes and looked again; yes, it was true,—a delightful land, charming beyond description. Written above it was the sign "The Land of Larger Vision." Over its portal were the words "McMaster University," but that was only its temporary name.

A number of those boy and girl beings, grown somewhat larger, were entering. This was in that section of Time called September, 1910. As I grew more interested my insight became keener, and I understood more and more of what I saw. There was a group of young men who, evidently, had explored together large expanses of Time—that space locally known as Woodstock College. A slim, tall man was there, a slim, short, dark one with clerical air, a dark one—two, I should say, though I thought at first it was but one moving about with remarkable quickness. One man towered well above the others, and was continually addressed by the others as "O. U." Then, too, there was one who was neither short nor tall, neither fair nor dark, neither thin nor—Oh, yes, he was decidedly so. That he should enjoy the entrance to this beautiful land so much that he should linger long in its cooling shades, was not then revealed; nor did I then know that only four would prove constant to the end.

But many others were entering, other young men, young ladies, too, some fair, some dark, some tall, some short. They seemed rather overwhelmed, in numbers at least, by the men, for I counted sixty-two in all, and all but ten were men. Yet what mattered it? Soon the whole group was known as "Year '14."

The country was new, enemies were to be met, and often in that first section of Time did '14 meet together. Long and frequent were the conferences. As I hovered above in my ship, various scenes attracted my attention. Year '14 was gathered together for a consultation. Before them stood the tall thin man, called by his fellow-mortals, to distinguish him from others, B. F. Trotter. In a neat row before him were ten tables, behind which sat ten maidens, gazing with interest and awe upon their President. Upon one particularly, Miss May Iveson, did the burden of the conference weigh, for was she not Vice-President? Upon the platform sat another man—tall, too, and dark, and a huge tome he had before him. From this he read, and thereupon there was a clapping of hands. A queer bulky package seemed to protrude from his pocket. This proved to be the class funds.

A mote caused me a moment's blankness of vision. When I was again able to see, I beheld the same scene. The same, but yet different, for before the door was a table upon which sat a man different from all

those I had noticed before. He seemed to be two men in one. As I looked he was joined by others. Stronger forces were, however, on the other side of the door, for it burst open, remained thus for a moment, then was slammed shut once more. Two more men had joined the meeting. Yet their presence seemed unwelcome, for soon out the window they were cast. Excitement reigned supreme. Presently the two men left the platform, the ladies left the room by a private exit, and all was over except the exulting shouts of '14.

Almost before this noise died out the scene was changed. What was that weird procession making its way down in the dead of night to the place those mortals call the "chapel"? Different noises greeted my ears. In the confusion it sounded like "Oh, what an ass I am," yet I



Baseball Champions, Inter-year Series, 1913.

must have got the words muddled. Farther on, I saw the same place, only it was the ladies of the Year who were there, and the afternoon sun was streaming warmly down. They were hopping around in a most mysterious way; yet the other ladies present seemed to fully understand and appreciate it all. I have since learned that the cause of the strange actions was the application of that instrument of torture called the "hobble."

When I next beheld these beings, they were far from human habitations and were running around after a small round object. Some of them appeared to have an abhorrence for it, for they made wild sweeps at it with a long stick they held in their hands—but they must have gotten the worst of it, for whenever they did hit it, they threw the

stick away and ran. The word "baseball" was wafted up to me. Soon I beheld them taking things from baskets and placing them on tables, then they sat down and made queer motions with their hands—they were putting food into their mouths. Farther on I saw them again walking leisurely along. Some were carrying baskets, as though they had not had enough to eat. The contents looked like cups, but some mortals have queer tastes and will eat almost anything. They called that region "Picnic," which sounds like what they did.

Now I perceived a procession, a band and waving banners. Small they appeared, that is, all but one. That one was the color of grass with paths of snowy whiteness. As I traced the paths with my eyes, I saw they formed the figures '14. Soon the paraders were seated and triumphant songs rose. I believed I heard faint strains from horns;



Year '14 Ladies' Hockey Team

yet timidly sounded must they have been, for scarcely could I be sure whether I truly heard them or not. Other sounds, too, indistinctly reached me. I believed I heard the words "Field Day," "Ryrie," "We've tied with the Seniors for the cup."

Much physical training apparently was necessary in this "Land of Larger Vision," for again I saw a contest, this time over a green something, made to resemble a man. But a little farther on in Time, the same people were sitting down together and partaking, in friendly conclave, of savory viands and of weighty counsel.

As I was passing the day-post marked Nov. 25th, 1910, a tremendous whoop reached me. It proved to be from an Indian in the building where the '14 were so often. Surrounded by trophies of his hunt, arrow-

heads, spears, and a big brown bear, he gently spoke to youths and maidens who from time to time came and held converse with him.

Suddenly, curious, pulsating waves made it necessary to pay special attention to my machine. Regularly and horrifyingly distinct were these pulsations. Over several fields I passed before getting beyond this strange disturbance, and only then did I learn what had caused the phenomenon—it was the excessive beating of the hearts of those whom I had been observing, over what they called “exams.,” and by the strength of what go by the name of “New Year Resolutions.”

What next caught my glance below, was a curious box-like affair, in fact, two of them, with rows of Fourteen-ers along the sides. Each of these box-like vessels had two queer appendices behind. Presently the whole thing began to move, and then I perceived that the appendices were not behind, but before, and they were the motive power that made the motion possible—they were called “horses.” Green was still the prevailing color, but now it was but dimly perceived. I seemed to see it envelop the neck of the tallest of the members of the party, the “Honorary President,” I believed, were the words by which he was addressed. Yet the words “Professor Swedelius” came to me also. Possibly some of those mortals had more than one name.

Presently the vessel stopped, and I lost sight of the members of the Year. Some distance farther on, I once again caught sight of them, seated as before. I did not pause to follow them farther, but they must have been returning, for soon I saw the men-beings knocking something around on a smooth slippery surface. So curious were their actions that I brought my aeroplane quite close, so close, indeed, that I could hear excited voices, “We’ve won second place in hockey,” and “We nearly won first place in soccer, too; we won one game anyway this year.” Just what they meant has not yet been made clear to me, but I knew it was all necessary in this Land, and meant much to them.

Neither could I understand why, farther on, the Fourteen-ers were to be seen gliding around a similar sheet of smoothness. This time they went more slowly, and did not dart back and forth, but went around in twos—skimmed round and round as if they were the key with which someone was winding up the universe.

Several times more these mortals gathered together—sometimes others met with them as I saw in the chapel. Once it assumed a most strange, unheard of, unlooked for aspect. What looked like big boxes without any tops, and with most of the sides removed, were placed in the chapel, and girls stood within. In the free space the people circadated freely, took things from the boxes, meanwhile pulling something from their pockets, putting something into the hands of the girls within. This sight was unique, and never before nor since have I seen its like. It goes by the heathen name “bazaar.”

With the chapel once more in its accustomed state, I beheld a crowd again gathered there. One man was alone at one end of the place. He was gracefully waving his hands, and I could tell by the intense postures of the rest that he must have been saying something. Presently I saw him receive a most minute something in a box. Cheers arose, and his name was wafted even up to me, "J. D. Morrison." The words "Vision of My Country's Past" were linked with it.

Again I saw the same scene, but with four men on the platform; two were unknown, but the others I knew to be Fourteen-ers. Twice did I see the self-same scene, which interested me much. Investigation must yield some results. This much I learned: The first two were D. M. Sullivan and Harold Hudson, the last two were Arthur Clarke and



Champion Inter-year Debaters and Orator.

O. U. Chapman. These latter, I noticed, carried off a cup. What they could want with it I could not conceive, for, even from my height, I could see that it was certainly too large for one or two to use, and yet was not large enough for all the Year. Yet, doubtless, again was it necessary to the "Larger Vision."

My sight became blurred with such close attention to what lay below me, but presently an odor, such as I had never dreamed possible, greeted my nostrils. I gazed down and beheld another conference of '14. Yet what a scene of desolation! The ladies had fled to the rear of the room, men and garments were strewn along the floor, water was flying—it looked like water, but they called it "stewed lobster." Too powerful was it for me to remain.

Not for long stretches did I again see these people in whom I had become so interested. With mysterious intuition I had been able to understand and interpret their language, their actions, even in some instances, their thoughts. Grief filled my heart, and gazing sadly downward, coveting but a glimpse of them, I saw in the distance a white speck. Hope seized me, and I raced my ship at top speed. I approached the speck only to find it but a scroll. As I was about to mount higher again, there shone forth from the scroll in colors gold, blue and red, the figures '14. Evidently this was something that had belonged to them. With careful manoeuvring I brought my machine close enough to catch the document with my grappling hooks. Much of the manuscript I could not understand, but it was headed "Class History," and was, undoubtedly, an account of their doings. At the very top were the figures "1911-12." It read thus:

"The first stage in the manufacture of a graduate has been completed. '14 has changed from the greenness of the Freshman to the brilliancy of the Sophomore. This is to be our year of triumph.

"'A picnic'—thus went up the cry; so, Dame Nature smiling, Scarborough Bluffs received us into her kindly embrace. Nor did she let us go until the moon had risen well above our heads. Then climbed we the mountain. It had been only a little hill when we went down to the beach, yet on returning, instead of the 427 steps we descended, there were 4,270 steps to be climbed. Our Mathematics specialist explains this by saying that such a thing is quite reasonable—naught has been added to the number while we were away, therefore we should expect the 4,270 steps when we returned. But nothing daunts a Sophomore."

That is one of the things that puzzle me. Last time I saw '14 they treated beings they called Sophomores as wild animals, thirsting for their blood—a savage, troublesome brood. Yet here they are evidently referring to themselves as Sophomores.

"This year we devoted much of our time to the Freshmen. We realized how lonely and ill at ease they must feel; consequently we looked after them all we could. It seems only the other night that a number of our boys gave the Freshman President a taxi ride. He seemed just a little scared of going so fast, yet on the whole I am sure he enjoyed it, for he has been talking about it ever since. Then, too, a kindly interest has always been taken in his health, and he was even *carried* to the 'tub.' The other Freshies were not neglected either, physically or socially. It was quite a sacrifice for our men to go up to Rosedale that night, to give the Freshies instructions with regard to the social side of life; yet the sacrifice was willingly made, and it was much appreciated—or will be some day.

"Field Day is one of the pleasantest days in the whole year, for it is the one day on which we resemble somewhat a 'ladies' school.' Two

by two through the streets we go, and this year with President Wilson and Vice-President, Miss Edith Pratt, leading, it was better than ever. The sun of our banner shed light on all around, that is, on all except the Freshmen. We had put their banner away for them so carefully that they could not bear to take it from its safe repository. When they hardened their hearts enough to accomplish this, they followed us over, and lost only a few of the pleasures of the afternoon.

That evening we congratulated ourselves on the good instruction we had given Year '15, for at the Freshman-Sophomore banquet they behaved quite nicely. As yet no arrangements have been made for



Mathematics and Physics.

securing the extra chair suggested that evening by the proposer of the toast to the ladies. It would scarcely seem necessary, since anyone needing instruction along that line could apply to Harold.

"Another banquet was held not long after, on November 24. At this only Year '14 were present, and if speeches were lacking at this one, nothing else was—except spoons. Who would care about such things, though, when such work was on hand as transforming the Mathematics room into a "Harvest Scene"? True, stars had been seen there before, but never before had it beheld such a brilliant sun, nor *so many* hayseeds. Yet the walls did not fall, nor were they heard even to

murmur at the unwonted burdens thrust upon them, or at the strange sights they witnessed. One almost fancied that they now and again indulged in an amused smile.

"Once more during the first term did we meet together socially as a Year, this time at Dr. Farmer's residence. The novel expression of an artistic temperament and the novel expression on the face of our Dean in Theology will linger long in the minds of '14. Though there was considerable doubt in the minds of many as to just what was "The desire of every woman's heart," no one had any doubt as to the good time enjoyed.

"'Christmas comes but once a year,' we have been taught since we could lisp, 'and with it comes good cheer'; yet to University students it seems to come twice a year, once in December, and once in April, and 'with it come exams.' Christmas '11 separated us from our President also—not that the examinations had anything to do with it, except that the two evils befell us about the same time.

"Yet the memory is short, and exams. were forgotten, though not our President. However, Mr. Richardson was persuaded to occupy his chair, and January 13th saw the Year at Little Vic. Unlike the previous year, Old Boreas did not deal harshly with us. Mayhap this was the reason the Theologues were better represented this year, though it may also be that the burden of their office rested less heavily upon them, or, possibly (dare we whisper it), that their consciences were becoming more—responsive.

"But the Year did not stop at a skating party. The appetite was whetted. A sleighing party was arranged. Some few had the appetite still unsatisfied, but they were not the ones who went to Parkdale, and then to lectures.

"During the term an interesting number of Rugby and Soccer games were held. In Rugby we found ourselves beaten by '13, and the same Year won against us in Soccer, though '15 had no show at all with us. Third place for the Matthews' Cup was ours. Twenty-four of the points toward this were won on Field Day by Messrs. Decker, Anderson, Ryrie and Graham, the latter two of whom had, with Messrs. Hisey and Richardson, won all the thirty-six points of our Freshman Field Day.

"The only leap year party that we as a Year will ever enjoy, was given by Miss Irene Stillwell, at the home of a friend, Miss Roberts. Yet probably the most unique social event was the luncheon given by the Honorary President of that Year, Dr. Tingle, and his wife. The day was the birthday of their little daughter, who was, that day, 'four and a-half years old,' as we have on the highest authority, her own, and whose name is 'Margaret Alice Tingle, 483 Brunswick Ave., Toronto'. The luncheon took place in the chemistry laboratory, and evaporating

dishes, some large as basins and others small as well, as the ordinary ones,—beakers of similar size, and glass tubing, were the unusual background of the more usual elements of a luncheon. Decorations, even to the frosting of the cakes, on which were inscribed the figures '14, were of the Class colors. It is rumored that one Sophette took a cake home and vowed that she would keep it always."

Now the writing on the script changed. A break had evidently come in the history. Another hand took it up, and events were chronicled by the different landmarks near which they had occurred. I read on:

October 14, 1912.

Class picnic to-day. Again we chose Scarboro Bluffs. The



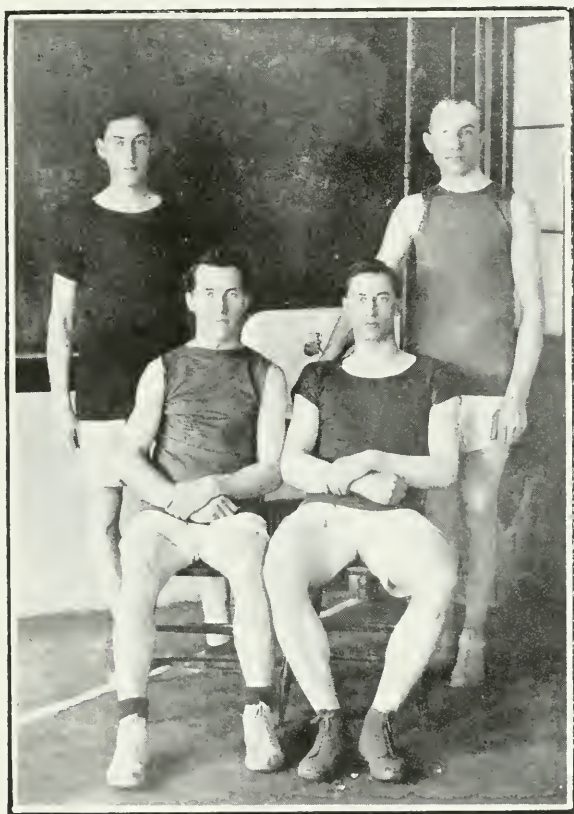
Science.

place and the day were charming. Even the presence of an unknown lady in black picture hat and willow plume spoiled our pleasure not at all, but rather enhanced our amusement. Everything was of the highest order, from the referee's ruling in the baseball game to the refreshments. The latter so impressed one of our number that we found these words on a scrap of paper:

*"Then bread and coffee which we'd bought
We eyed, and sat down facing,
And with them ate we knew not what,
'Twas done up in a casing."*

October 21.—For two years we had played the leading characters on

the stage of Field Day, our first year by getting the highest number of points (the Seniors got the same number, but no more), and by the winning of the Second Association Medal by H. H. Graham, and our second year by winning third place in points, and first place in Freshman-Sophomore rush. This year we decided that the least we could do was to give the other Years some chance. Just to show that if we had wanted to, we could have had first place we let our Mr. Graham win the Second Association Medal again.



Track Team, Winners 1913.

November 29.—Once again has Founder's Night come and gone. Our room was truly blue, patterned after the blue room at the White House, in some respects.

January 30, 1913.

King Winter has suffered many a defeat this year. A battle was on to-night, and we hoped to celebrate his victory at Little Vic., but again had his forces been put to rout. However, we met at the home of Professor and Mrs. Dawes, and our sympathy with Winter wavered,

even vanished, for had not his defeat meant for us the prolonging of the pleasant evening spent at our Honorary President's home?

February 11.—Victory has at last crowned Winter, and to-night we revelled with him at Little Vic.

February 28.—The ladies of the Year were tendered a "Bun-feed." This was the prize for the best programme given before the W. L. S. this year.

April 9.—The last class meeting of the year. We reviewed the Year, which had been under the leadership of Mr. A. V. Mitchener and Miss Irene Stillwell as President and Vice-President, and found many things of which to be proud—Mr. J. D. Morrison had won the Varsity Oratorical Medal, and the '09 Cup came to us, through the successful efforts of Messrs. R. Freeman and K. Anderson, and Messrs. F. Lock and N. Davies. We had tied with '15 for the Matthews' Cup, and after a number of close games '14 had won the *championship* in baseball. A tinge of sadness ran through the meeting also. We could not but remember that neither of our former Vice-Presidents, Miss May Iveson, '10-'11, or Miss Edith Pratt, '11-'12, would be with us as we entered our final year, and premonition told us that we would then likewise miss the presence of Miss Irene Stillwell, '12-'13. Likewise we had lost two of our former Presidents, Mr. Wilson, September to December, 1911, and Mr. Richardson, January to May, 1912. By offering up propitiatory prayers to the gods Love and Duty, we shall endeavor to keep the rest of them with us to the end.

April 10.—The last afternoon of the term was made peculiarly delightful by the afternoon tea given us by our Honorary President, Professor and Mrs. Dawes, assisted by Mrs. Satterley, received in the Physics "lab.," and the somewhat awesome room lost its reserve and became our friend thenceforth. About this time, also, were distributed those sheets of the thinnest of paper for the class letter, and which still repose carefully in the innermost recesses of our writing desks.

September 23, 1913.

Seniors now.

October 3.—Convocation—so the Calendar said, but it did not take place. The Chancellor was away. We miss him in all departments, yet the disappointment is lightened, for we have back with us the Dean in Arts. Never did we lay eyes on a more welcome sight than Professor McLay's face at opening chapel. It meant so much to have him back with us again.

October 9.—For our Class picnic this year we chose Long Branch. The seriousness of being Seniors weighed heavily upon us, especially upon the men. Picnics are now too frivolous for many of them. The seriousness of being late for the appointed car was also strongly im-

pressed upon the mind of one of our Seniorettes, though it was not *she* who was late.

November 13.—Our President led our Class prayer meeting for the first time in our history.

November 28.—New arrangements were made this year in regard to Founder's Night, and from all sides we heard sighs of satisfaction. The crowd was lessened and the expense was more equitably shared. Our room in red, with its revolving mill and picturesque lighting, showed the skill of the class electricians. Though it was not awarded the prize, it was a room of which to be proud.

January 12, 1914.

Exams. over. We almost decided to celebrate. Thought better of it though.



Nip and Tuck.

February 5.—Changed our minds and did celebrate with a skating party. After the evening at Varsity Rink, we went to the home of the Vice-President, Miss Ada Found. The evening was one of the pleasantest we have had as a Class.

February 12.—Bother those old graduation pictures anyway. Who likes to have his head held in a vice that way, just as if it were too light to be stable?

February 27.—Our last "Lit." Banquet as undergradates, with Mr. J. D. Morrison as toast-master, and such speakers as M. Henri Bourassa, and the heights were reached. We did hear, however, that one man was somewhat aggrieved because he did not have any "bon-bons."

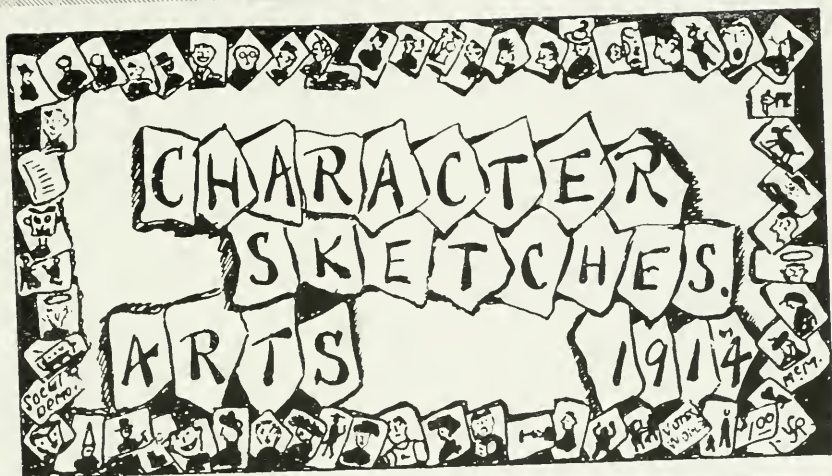
February 26.—Two of our lost Vice-Presidents returned. The fattened calf was killed by the Seniorettes, and served at a luncheon over which Mrs. McLay presided. All the Year were glad to welcome Miss Stillwell and Miss Pratt back, even if for so short a time.

March 13.—Augmented by the ladies of '15, the Year spent the evening with our Honorary President and his wife at their residence on Heath St. Professor and Mrs. McLay, ideal host and hostess, made what was practically the last of our social functions, one of the most pleasurable ones. The "mental menu" was specially stimulating, even though some of the men *had* never learned to say "Madeira."

The scroll dropped from my hand. Below me I had again caught sight of my '14-ers. Yet changed they were from when last I saw them. They appeared to be divided into groups. Here was one group with faces bent toward the ground. Had some great calamity come upon them? With closer inspection I found such was not the case. They were but looking at minute objects through queer little instruments. Some had dissecting tools in their hands, and I knew that if a calamity had happened, it was not to them, but to some insignificant creature such as a cat, or snake. Those in another group were surrounded by great piles of books, while here and there were smaller groups, many, unlike the first, containing ladies.

Even as I looked, the groups broke up, and formed one whole. It seemed to be a farewell meeting. Four large expanses of Time, marked round with the cabalistic sign-posts 1910-11, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1913-14, had these humans explored together. Some had skimmed lightly along, some had here and there made minute examinations of the territory, while a few had laboriously plodded along, leaving scarcely a nook or corner unexplored. Some few had found it an easy journey; ever along a bright, cheery plane had their explorations been. The vast majority had here and there found a steep, rocky incline in their path.

With eager, expectant faces had they entered the portals to this land. As I gazed upon them now, I could discern the impress of much thought, even of much toil; yet, withal, they spoke to me of greater interest, of larger tolerance, of broader views, of greater usefulness. Each who had entered into this "Land of Larger Vision" would henceforth possess some portion of it—large or small as the measure of each one was—which could never be taken away from him. I passed on, knowing I had seen the last of '14 as a body, yet catching now and again a glimpse of an isolated one, until that fog, "Eternity," once dim and distant, closed around me, and I saw no more.



William Kay Anderson

"They tried me with their books:

Lord, they have taught me Latin in pure waste;

All the Latin I construe is 'amo' I love."



Kay made his first appearance at Lindsay, Ont., in 1892. The serious task of training his intelligence was carried on successfully there till 1911, when, on graduating from Lindsay Collegiate Institute, he joined us in our Sophomore year. Here his early propensities developed. Chief among these were Latin, History and Social Science (both kinds.) Kay won the Third Year Prize in Special Latin, and became so well imbued with the spirit of Cicero that he represented the year in debate and as class orator. In addition he was class track captain in his third year, and President of the Debating Union in his fourth year. Kay's future efforts will be devoted to law, where his powers of clear thinking and of speaking should win him ready recognition.

Talent.—Argument.

Favorite Greeting.—"Say, guy."



Arthur Harrison Bogue

"Music is the universal language of mankind."

Arthur is a Westerner, and though he has spent five years in Toronto, it is said, Moose Jaw still insists on claiming him as her son. After preparatory work in the Moose Jaw Public School and Collegiate Institute, where he took an active part in sports and debating, he entered the School of Practical Science with the intention of taking Civil Engineering. But the McMaster spirit captured him and he joined Arts '11. Throughout his course he has taken a general interest in things and has always been ready to fill whatever position was given him. He will pursue post-graduate work in Biology.

Ambition.—The Bar (legal).

Weakness.—Music.

Expression.—"Who-o-o" (softly).

Ganson J. Bradley

"A shipman was ther, waning far by weste

With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake."

"Brad," born at Lispaal, Ontario, is a lineal descendant of genial King Cole. His youth was spent in creating a reputation as a footballer and general good scout. Reversion to some Viking forebear led him to the lakes, where, in six summers, he acquired a sailor's gait, a captain's vocabulary and an honor stripe for life-saving. A little experience in a drug store induced a longing to qualify as a druggist. Fate or fortune led him to McMaster to write a "sup." to that end, "and, by heck! I've been writing 'em ever since." Brad's speecial is Science, his spare moments are spent laughing and his summers as steward on the lakes.



Ambition.—Medicine.

Favorite Resort.—The theatre.

Hobby.—Fussing.

Stanley Howson Brocklebank



"You little know what a ticklish thing it is to go to law."

There is no doubt but that the parents of this boy had from the beginning designed him to be a lawyer. At Arthur, Ontario, he was born and educated, and his early vociferations were developed there. In the fall of '10, Brock came to Toronto. At Varsity he took an active interest in all branches of college life and, by reason of his good nature and genial manner, gained a host of friends. He came to Mac. in '13, and has since employed his spare moments in studying Economics.

Summer Occupation.—Bowling.

Everyday Greeting.—"I'm going home to do a little religion."

Specialty.—Swapping ties.

Walter Clarke

"Brown Greek manuscripts.

Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word."

From Port Hope Public School he went;
To learn a trade in leather bent.
This task performed, for further knowledge,
He turned his steps toward Woodstock College,
Where having passed the required test,
He hither came in further quest
Of that his very heart was steeped in,
Greek, Philosophy and Latin.
Prize-winning seemed his favorite game,
Except when annual Field Day came,
He, lined with Smith, friend Bogue, and Trembert,
In our brass band his cornet blended.
In quartette, too, he had a place,
Next his big brother, the second bass.
He leaves in fourteen his Alma Mater,
O, what a shame he's one year later
Than year thirteen, with all the co-eds,
Half dozen of whom are now to-be-weds.
But, never mind; we wish him joy.
For he is sure a jolly boy.



Favorite Book.—"Life and Works of Carey."

Favorite Expression.—"I tell you what, it's simply great."

Favorite Pastime.—Reading Classics.

Lorne Sydney Cutler

"Give me an honest laughter."



Coldstream, Ont., was Lorne's birthplace, but his home, since he was in swaddling clothes, has been Poplar Hill. At Woodstock College and Strathroy Collegiate he qualified to join Year '14 as a Freshman in the fall of 1910. During his four years here he has found time to engage in all phases of college activity and at the same time successfully demonstrate his high-class scholastic ability, specializing in History and Philosophy. In debate, on the athletic field and as an executive official he has been a valued member of the college life and particularly of Year '14. He has been a winning inter-year debater, secretary of the Athletic Association, captain of the Year soccer team, and for four years a player on the Year soccer and rugby teams. Lorne is chiefly characterized by his straightforwardness, earnestness of purpose and lighthearted optimism, characteristics which may be depended upon to win him esteem and success in the business world which he will enter.

Expression.—"Down with the graft."

Weakness.—Wrigley's Spearmint.

Pastime.—Matching coppers.

Earle Granville Dale

"For when he will, he will, you may depend on't.

And when he won't, he won't, and that's the end on't."

Dale's career up to the time of coming to Mac, was a most *moving* one. Born in Brantford, pausing for a breath in Buffalo, Mt. Pleasant, etc., *ad infinitum*, he finally arrived at Toronto and entered Mac, in '10, since which time he has been more steadfast—satisfying himself with merely changing his boarding place now and again. For two years Earle specialized in Mathematics and Physics, for which fact three generations of freshmen have given thanks. Since that time his love has strayed towards Theology options. He has served Year '14 officially as representative to the Debating Union in his Freshman year and as Secretary of State and Finance as Senior—and unofficially whenever a helping hand was needed. Earle's university course has revealed his large heartedness, his interest in all around him and his unswerving devotion to what he believes right and gentlemanly. Theology will claim him next year.



Ambition.—A church near home.

Favorite Occupation.—Making jello for cows.

Aversion.—Pie and appendicitis.



Jenkin Henry Davies

"But al that he mighte of his frendes hente,
On bokes and on lerninge he it spente."

Jenkin Henry Davies was born at Theale, Berkshire, England, in 1889. He won a scholarship for Christ's Hospital and spent four years in that famous school of Lamb and Coleridge. In 1910 he came to Canada and in 1911, being a matriculant of London University, he was admitted to the second year at Mac. He took his junior year extra-mural while preaching out West. In the West he thoroughly assimilated the informal democracy of Canadian life, and would often assist his parishioners on great occasions—pig-killings, and the like. His best suit was strictly reserved for concerts and picnics, 2nd best for preaching, 3rd best for emergencies (common to bachelors), and overalls for comfort. "Jenk" is a brilliant student, a book-lover, a man of broad sympathies and liberal culture. He can appreciate and respect another's viewpoint, and yet possesses a strong faith and firm convictions. Deeply interested in his profession, he will find a prominent place in the ministerial world.

Failing.—Breakfast at 8.2 a.m.

Pastime.—Practical jokes.

Ambition.—Big church in London, Eng.

Norman Davies

"A cook they hadde with hem for the nones,
To boille chicknes with the mary-bones."

Norman has been popular in McMaster. His friendly manner gives him an attractive personality and his genuineness has vindicated itself in the sifting-sieve of four years' acquaintance. Infused with a spirit of loyalty, he has always evidenced a praiseworthy *esprit de corps* in McMaster. He is not blind to the humor of living, but he takes life as a serious business. Yet he has his weaknesses and is notorious for one. Imbued with a strong taste for athletics, he plays soccer and rugby football, baseball and hockey and edits the sporting column of THE MONTHLY. He has an excellent record as a Special Science student, and was awarded the Bible Prize, and appropriated half of the Mineralogy Prize. His name also ranks among the successful inter-year debaters. Born at Stonewall, Man., he attended public school at various towns in Ontario, and matriculated from Colborne High School. He is entering business and his beguiling persuasiveness—already budding in one direction—spells success in his effort to flood a confiding public with his wares.

Failing.—Taking sittings at photographic studios.

Favorite Picture.—A "Scarborough" Map.



Norman Wilfrid Densley Davis

"He of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The path of righteousness."

Proem—In 1886 Toronto the Good woke up one morning to find a new "son" bidding everybody "goodmorning" in an unknown tongue. The subject of this homily continues to radiate influences.

I. *What He Was*—1. Ambitious to be an electrical engineer. 2. Pastor of Swansea church for four years, which he organized. 3. A glowing book-worm.

II. *What He Is*—1. A graduate of Moody Institute, Chicago. 2. An able student of the first rank. 3. A holder of the Wm. Craig Scholarship in N. T. History. 4. Ear-marked for the Order of the Benedicts.

III. *What He Shall Be*—1. Missionary to West Africa. 2. Translator of the Bible into African tongues.

Peroration—Behold! a worthy son of a worthy Alma Mater. The world needs this able student. We expect still greater things from him.



John Wilson Davis

"He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

It was in India some time in the early nineties that John started in the pursuit of knowledge. At the age of five, having absorbed all the wisdom of the Hindu philosophers, he came to Canada in search of new fields of learning. Courses at public school, Woodstock College and Calgary Normal were followed by a year or two of teaching in the West. Then, returning to Ontario, he managed his father's farm at Norwich for a year and finally joined the Sophomore Class in the fall of 1911. At McMaster John has specialized in Science and a long line of firsts attest to his ability as a student. "Jack's" genial personality and his unselfishness in giving his support to all the activities of college life have won him many friends among McMaster students, while his dignity of manner and sincerity of mind make his future success as minister certain. He will return in the fall for Theology.



Weakness.—Puns.

Pet Aversion.—Collecting fees.

Ambition.—President of a ladies' college.

Bessie Sinclair Farmer

"She needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself."



A loyal daughter of Perth is Bessie. Near there it was that the sun first greeted her with ready answering cheerfulness, as things—and people—are still wont to do. From the time when she first toddled to school—and bought Christmas presents for herself—until she matriculated, Bess could not be persuaded to venture far from Perth for more than a few hours. Only McMaster had the power to draw her away and thither she came to join '14. During her first year she might have been seen making frequent journeys to the bank with the Y.W.C.A. funds. Her Sophomore and Junior years were not idle, for Bess was to be found in every department of school life, social, athletic and scholastic, specializing in class socials, skating and Moderns. As a Seniorette the robe of the Head Girl fell to her lot and has proved throughout the year most becoming. During the four years of her course the characteristics of the clan—love for chocolates and talking—have been well upheld. Doubtless the latter will be of great assistance to her in the teaching profession to which she looks forward.

Favorite Expression.—"Just a minute, girls."

Aversion.—Phonetics and Suffragettes.

Ambition.—To have a free afternoon.

Ada Cordelia Found

"She has evil, and soul, and sense,
Mirth, and sport, and eloquence."



"Mother, is the Bible really true?" Ada's first recorded question thus fell on the clear air of Claremont one beautiful April day. Her thirst for knowledge steadily increased, and shortly she was found in Parkdale Collegiate, whence after a short business career she came to McMaster. With a farewell glance toward Greek, she embarked on Moderns and History. Joyfully has she sailed along in them, dragging many a first in her wake. The W.S.B., the Y.W., the Lit.—both "Big" and "Women's," even class meetings (prayer or otherwise) have all had Ada's loyal support and the same true loyalty has bound many friends to her with ties that will not soon be broken. The minutes of the W.L.S. for '11-'12 are in Ada's handwriting and '14's last year in Mac. has felt her influence as vice-president. The Faculty of Education is now attracting her and we can safely predict that whatever may be the trials of Ada's pupils, they will at least never suffer from monotony.

Favorite Occupation.—Making sandwiches.

Favorite Saying.—"Bess" _____.

Pet Aversion.—Dogs.

Dorothy Ruth Fowler



"Thou hast not many inches, but thou art marvellously proper."

San Jose—Jarvis—Harbord—Disappointment. "Too young," said Varsity. Mac. received her, and ever since has she blessed the restriction that led her here. Greek—Latin—Music. "Too much," said friends. Partial course—five years—health. "Too bad," said class spirit. Hard work gripped her, and she graduates with her Year after all. Class Historian—Class Musician—three years on Y.W.C.A. executive—and still the story goes on. Mendelssohn—Beethoven—Wagner—strains from these and many other great composers have the chapel often heard interpreted by Ruth—at Ladies' Lit and at "Big Lit"—for Year programs and for the annual plays. Quiet—unassuming—self-forgotten—thus the installment closes. Another chapter will be lived next year when Ruth returns for further study.

Weakness.—Conventions.

Favorite Expression.—"Well."

Pet Aversion.—Boys.

Mary Fowler

"Me repose! Ca m'ennuie."

After a brilliant course in San Jose, California, High School, whence she betook herself after leaving her birth-place, St. Paul, Minn., and the various places in which she received her primary education, Mary decided to come to McMaster with Year '14. All the college activities have had her support: yet reports show that studies were not neglected either. Although not always strong in body, her mind has grappled with the problems of Special Mathematics, Physics and, as a pastime, Special French, to such good effect that both Math. and French prizes have come her way. She has been secretary and vice-president of Y. W. and in her fourth year second vice of the "Big Lit," editor of the Women's Department of THE MONTHLY, class historian and an ardent supporter of "Equal Rights." Her plans for the future are as yet unsettled; but in all probability the West will be her field of activity. Whatever engrosses her energy, may she have health, wealth and happiness.



Favorite Expression.—"Yes, but why?"

Failing.—More work, please.

Pet Aversion.—Latin.

Ralph Evans Freeman

Deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."



Ralph's versatility is prodigious. At McMaster he has held office in every student organization, theological, social and athletic, including the position of chairman of the Women's Student Body, and has been on intimate terms alike with the faculty, the juniorettes and the janitor. His splendid intellect, gentlemanly bearing, and invariable good sense command our respect, while his adaptability, genuine humor, and innate modesty justify his continued popularity.

Born in Guelph less than two decades ago, he celebrated his arrival by piping triumphantly to his astonished parents, "*Cogito ergo sum.*" He experienced the usual peregrinations of a minister's son, till in 1907 he left Canada for Leicester, England, and matriculated into London University four years later. Ralph is a brilliant student, as several scholarships at McMaster testify. He has been appointed to a scholarship in Chicago University, where he will pursue post-graduate work in Economics and Political Science.

Patron Saint.—Immanuel Kant.
Penchant.—Other men's fiancées.
Apprehension.—Matrimony.

George Hamilton Gooderham

"When in doubt, win the trick."

George was born in Saskatchewan in the eighties. While quite young he came east on an educational proposition which he has been more or less successfully floating since '97. His peregrinations have filled his mind with a store of the wisdom that can only be derived from experience. He joined '14 in its final year, has devoted his mind chiefly to Economics and hopes to close the deal with a degree.





Hugh Harry Graham

"Science when well digested is nothing but good sense and reason."

The future of this worthy descendant of Claverhouse is unfathomable; but his past, at least, is certain. He grew up *a la* Tom Sawyer, subject to the discipline of the old frame school-house at Fenelon Falls, until he considered himself competent to engage in agricultural pursuits. But the farm could not always hold him. The monotony of his duties was ever broken by dreams of a broader service, which resulted in his enrollment in Woodstock College. During his attendance there, besides learning to put the shot, he also acquitted himself creditably along scholastic lines. While at "Mac," since the fall of 1910, he has taken a leading part in the University's athletics, making the track and rugby teams each year. As Harry graduates, we feel that a liberal education and a broad outlook are a sufficient guarantee of his success.

Expression.— ———— !!!

Favorite Poem.—Evelyn ('s) Hope.

Aversion.—Ethics.

Margaret Jackson Hare

"The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light."

While the students of Year '14 were pondering over their first paper in the 1912-13 mid-year siege, a "new girl" rapidly crossed the room, handed in her examination book, and passed into the halls. Margaret Hare did not fail, as some might have supposed at the time. They have since learned that the same happy conquering decision, terseness and thoroughness displayed at her initial examination here, are the result of a quiet perseverance which has become a habit of her life. Margaret's unswerving determination to follow knowledge has led her over muddy roads to country school and collegiate, then through varying fate in boarding houses while attending Faculty and University, from all of which she comes mistress of the situation. At McMaster old Latin worthies claimed her special attention, together with History and Moderns. No less devoted to play than to work, this energetic young woman is ready for any good healthy sport. In hockey, as in exams, she refused to be balked or flustered. Margaret has always been a leader—always will be—a womanly woman possessed of rare executive ability, as her Y.W.C.A. work abundantly attests, of high scholarship, true ideals and noble purposes.



Favorite Expression.—"Well, it's just like this, girls."

Antipathy.—Interruptions.

Favorite Book.—"A Modern Agricola."

James Clarence Henderson

"Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye."



The subject of this sketch began his career in 1889 in the county of Wellington. His ambition always was to enter the higher fields of knowledge. He obtained his elementary education at Fergus High School and Elora Model, after which he faithfully and successfully acted in the capacity of a rural pedagogue. The Faculty of Education next honored itself by welcoming the noble-browed scholar. To complete this well-balanced training he entered the learned halls of McMaster, where three years were well spent in solving the intricacies of Mathematics. His genial and manly nature has made him popular with all his classmates and success awaits him in his chosen profession in educational lines.

Slang Phrase.—"Wouldn't that grab you?"

Best Book.—Economics.

Abraham Hisey

"He pro'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak."

He's a big, brawny, large-hearted fellow, this "Abe" Hisey. Little wonder you can't find a boy at McMaster (or *girl* either, only that's a secret) but loves him! As a star player at rugby and soccer, as winner, in his second year, of the Shenstone Scholarship in Special Sciences, and, in his third year, of the Fred. L. Rateliff prize in Geology and Mineralogy, as President of the Athletic Association in his fourth year, and as a true McMaster sport throughout his course, he has won our hearts. His nature is quite reserved, but not cold. He speaks little and says much, seldom worries, sleeps soundly and has not been known to miss a single breakfast.



Pastime.—Financing the "Nip and Tuck."

Failing.—The other fellow's girl.

Favorite Book.—"Light for Students."

Favorite Expression.—Smiles.

Kenneth Day Kingdon



"Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong."

Scene 1.—Montego Bay, Jamaica. Our friend first began to rub his nimble fingers in the year 1894.

Scene 2.—Wolfville, Nova Scotia. While still quite young he betook himself to Canada in order fully to satisfy his desire for cross-country tramps and skating. In the fall of 1906 he entered the Horton Collegiate Academy and graduated in 1908.

Scene 3.—McMaster University. After two years of business experience "Kenn" made his deposit with the Registrar and joined Year Fourteen. Music, social activities in connection with the College—and elsewhere, considerable tennis, and some moments devoted to study have resulted in gaining the General Proficiency Scholarship in the first and second years of his course and the Mathematics Scholarship in his Junior year.

His Favorite Book.—"The Tale of Two 'Bridges.'"—(*Dickens*).

Salient Features.—Length of body and breadth of mind.

Weakness.—Cutting Honey.

John Edwin Knott

"So faithful in love and so dauntless in war."

"Jack," like Young Lochinvar, "came out of the West." In due time, he entered "14" as a Sophomore. He made Economics his chief academic interest, in which he obtained first-class honors, while "Social Investigation" claimed a major portion of his extra-mural attention. Intelligent skill in repartee, fondness for discussion, and an inclination towards humor, are among his native characteristics. "Jack" was President of the "Social Science Club" in his senior year, and with efficient co-operation has left it with added prestige and popularity around the "Hall." "Knotty" is fond of all athletics, but he excels in baseball, which, he explains, he learned to play on "corner lots." "Jack" goes West to study law, but his many friends entertain a suspicion that in the years to come, as a politician, he will return east to enter the arena at Ottawa.



Hobby.—Politics.

Weakness.—A fair face and a laughing eye.

Frances Lepofski

"Truth, tenderness and gaiety,
And an eye like the star of even."



Frances arrived in Toronto just before the school term opened in 18—, but owing to her inability to walk or make herself understood, she postponed scholastic pursuits for a few years. Her early education began in Brighton, but she was not content with any other than the city of her birth and it was not surprising, then, that she should make the halls of McMaster her objective point for further study. She appeared on the public platform as a Freshette, whence her dramatic career began. Her enthusiasm for sports found its vent in "Little Vic." rink, and as to her ability as a charming hostess many can testify. Her numerous friends are hoping that she will not too soon yield to the lure of the West.

Pastime.—Letter writing.

Ambition.—Partner in a law firm.

Expression.—"I'm nearly dead with work."

Ernest Herbert Lock

There's a boy, we contend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain.

Ernie always wears a smile and is always ready to argue. For clear thinking, logical reasoning, and concise statement, he has few peers. To step on his toes, contradict him! During the winter he revels in history, and in the summer apples and apricots engross his attention. He enjoys a joke all the year round. His chosen life-work is teaching. His smiling geniality and sympathetic temperament, together with his ardent devotion to study and his high scholastic attainments, ensure rapid advancement in his profession. Born at Nassington, Northamptonshire, and educated at Wolverhampton Bluecoat School, he finally mounted an office stool. But becoming disgusted with his prospects in England, he sailed for Canada. Settling in British Columbia, he entered Okanagan, where he was editor of the College magazine, and three years later proceeded to McMaster. He has been an inter-year and inter-college debater, and has held the office of Vice-Kakiak.



Ambition.—University Chair in History.

Favorite Pastime.—Darning socks on Sunday morning.

Pet Phrase.—By Heck!

Nellie Louisa MacIntosh

"When I think I must speak."



Nell's earliest recollections of her childhood are centred at Vankleek Hill. Here her early years were spent and during her scholastic career her enlivening influence was strongly felt and perhaps not always duly appreciated by her instructors. After graduating from the collegiate she for a short time devoted her energies to instructing the rising generation, but finding this field too narrow for her ambitious spirit she came to McMaster, entering with Year '14. Here amid the various duties—social and otherwise—of college life she found an outlet for her superfluous energies. In her Junior Year she assumed the responsible position of Class Historian. But more difficult tasks were yet before her. In her Senior Year she was President of the Women's Literary Society and as such fulfilled the duties of her office in a most capable manner. Her sunny disposition and love of fun have made her a general favorite among the girls of McMaster and will no doubt be as warmly appreciated in Sunny Alberta, where she anticipates inculcating McMaster ideals into the rising generation.

Favorite Expression.—"Ish ga bibble!"

Failing.—Discussions.

Favorite Pastime.—Broncho busting.

Murdo Macleod

"Much can be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young."

Mac's first cries were drowned by the roaring of the Atlantic as it broke upon the shores of Ross-shire. School-days being over he, after four years in the teaching profession, bade farewell to his native hills and became an accountant in Glasgow. But in 1908, obeying the call of the "heather," our hero became a "foreign missionary" to Canada, settling on a field not far from McMaster. The next step came naturally, and in '09 Mae enrolled as a Thelogue; two years later, however, he joined Year '14, specializing in Philosophy, and carried off the scholarship in Hebrew. The heavy burden of a constant pastorate has proved no hindrance to him, and we feel sure Bonnie Scotland made no mistake in adding to her roll of famous preachers this genial son. After a visit "hame" Mae will return to pursue further studies.



Favorite Expression.—"I hae ma doots."

Recreation.—Pulpit thumping.

Weakness.—Metaphysics.

Norman R. McLeod



“Learned, we found him!

Yea, but we found him bald too.”

Amidst the buzzing of June bugs and grunting of distinguished hogs, “Mac.” sent up his first howl, down on the Dundalk farm. He began life, as he is destined to end it, with a shining top. Completing public school, he journeyed to Owen Sound, where he dealt out dry goods for three years. On the information of the best sleepers of his congregations, he continues to deal out “dry goods.” He is most famed of all the spare rugby players of the Year, who didn’t play. He has successfully held summer fields at Tobermory, Cape Rich and Schomberg, at the last of which he has had charge of two churches and a share in the millinery shop. On graduation, he assumes the pastorate of the church at Louisville.

Weakness.—Using hair tonics.

Ambition.—To gain a mother-in-law.

Favorite Expression.—“Not ‘Alma Mater,’ but ‘Alma.’ ”

Thomas Finley McWilliams

In arguing, too, the parson (?) showed his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still.”

—Goldsmith.

Mac’s first disagreement was with the rigorous climate of Manitoba, in consequence of which he moved to Summerland and organized the only Liberal Club in B.C. In the sun-kissed valley of the Okanagan he developed the embryo of that characteristic geniality which ever in the heat of debate betrays itself by the elusive twinkle of his dark eye. After two years in Okanagan College, he entered the Junior Year at McMaster, and distinguished himself by capturing the Political Economy Scholarship, winning his crest by good work on the champion soccer team, and matching coppers till all his friends were bankrupt. As recording secretary Finley has been a valued member of the Lit. executive this year, because of his sound judgment and business ability. Whether absorbed in basketball or the Quantity Theory, Mac, is always thoroughly in earnest. His sunny disposition and sterling worth have made him a general favorite in Toronto.



Ambition.—Attorney-General in B. C.

Antipathy.—Prayer meetings.

Relaxation.—Wrestling with Ernie.



Alvin Valentine Gitchener

Mitchie Mahto, the mighty,
Gitchee Mahto, the bad,
There's a tiny heap of Gitchee,
And a mighty mound of Mitchie,
There's the good and there's the bad.

Clear Creek Sunday School offered a prize for regular attendance. Mitch had to attend fifty-one consecutive Sundays, but he landed that prize. He usually does attain his object, as any advertiser in *THE MONTHLY* will testify. *Orbis terrarum* has always had a singular attraction for Mitch and he is equally happy manipulating a pruning hook or demonstrating the accuracy of Kepler's laws. He was a pedagogue for three years before coming to McMaster from Port Rowan, and during his course here has taught three vacations in the West, illustrating to the Donkhobors his faculty for bidding high and winning on his partner's hand. Mitch has been an efficient business manager of *THE MONTHLY*, and President of his Year. He is sociable, humorous, business-like, generous, and pre-eminently even-tempered; practical to a fault, he hates philosophical theorizing. This explains his interest in Science and Political Economy, in which he has specialized.

Aversion.—Suffragettes.

Weakness.—The devil's picture books.

Aspiration.—To raise the status of agriculture.

James Dalton Morrison

"Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading."

Jimmy won his spurs at Mae, when, as an unknown Freshman, he emerged from the Oratorical Contest with the Ryrie gold medal. Then, like Alexander, he looked for more worlds to conquer and the result was another gold medal in oratory—from Toronto University. Throughout his course he has taken a keen interest in life around the halls. He has served on the executives of all the societies and in his fourth year was given the honor of bossing the "Big Lit." As an occasional contributor to *THE MONTHLY* he has merited much favorable comment, and this year was awarded the First Prize in the University Story Contest. His summers have been spent in the Ottawa Valley, where he has won an enviable reputation as a preacher. Jimmy is returning next year to edit *THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY* and pursue work in Theology.



Ambition.—To be the *first* James Dalton Morrison.

Favorite Book.—"Jean Val Jean."

Failing.—Nip and Tuck.



William Edwin Morrow

"So rich his wit, his heart how tender;
His mind profound; his body slender."

At a very early age Bill arrived in Paris and is the worst dose of paris green that has ever come to Mae. However, he is not proof against lady-bugs. He improved the public school system at the age of five. Then he heard the call of the people for food and joined the grocers' union. Then Swift & Co., of Hamilton, advertised for a swift man and fixed on Bill. Business being out of his line, he joined Naughty-Nine at Woodstock to sing their praises in their graduating year. In the fall of '09 he came to Mae, to be a preacher. He has held several successful summer fields, the most successful being Governor's Road church, to which field he will often return. Bill is coming back for Theology and will likely reconstruct that department.

Ambition.—A lap to sit in.

Weakness.—Girl.

Favorite Hymn.—"Beulah Land."

Elmer Daniel Renaud

"His heed was bald that shoon as any glass
And eke his face as it had been anoint."

"E. D." has always preserved a discreet silence as to his earlier passages-at-arms with a crooked and perverse generation. He was born at Harrow, Essex Co., Ont., in 1886; but history begins in 1900, when his Ishmaelitic tendencies drove him westward, where—to use his own picturesque phraseology—he studied nature, herded milch cows, and acquired a serious disposition. In 1906 he returned East to enter Woodstock College, where in four years he attached to himself fame as a "knocker" and an English critie, and also a proprietary interest in certain local securities. As a member of Year '14 at McMaster, his love of battle and his blacksmith's muscle have made him a terror to his opponents on the rugby field, while to those who are qualified to appreciate his original and solemn conversation he has endeared himself by many apropos annotations on lectures, individuals, and life in general. His immediate intentions—!!!



Weakness.—Antiquated Firearms.

Pet Aversion.—Theologues.

Favorite Expression.—"Say, come here! I want to talk to you."

W. Sydney Rice

"The artist he blew a whiff from his pipe
And a winsome face sketched he."



Syd. was born and educated in Toronto. At McMaster the artistic phase of life has been of especial interest to him. The Literary Society is indebted to him for several posters—a few of them receiving prizes—and Year '11 is deeply grateful for all the designs in this MONTHLY. No! he is not a theologian, but intends to alleviate the harshness of man's earthly existence by designing great habitations. He will take an architectural course at Harvard and design the new McMaster. He is notorious for skipping lectures, attending shows and final exam. plugs.

Weakness.—Madame Cigaretta.
Expression.—"I'll shoot you."
Failing.—Late essays.

Henry Roche

"E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Henry is a favorite not only with the students, but with the urchins down town also. He busies himself to a large extent with the Settlement work, but takes an odd lecture for pastime. The Anglican ministry will probably monopolize his smiling personality. The words of Falstaff apply well to him: "Banish not true-hearted Henry; banish not good-natured Henry; banish Henry and banish all the world."



Ambition.—Bishop of "the Ward."
Favorite Occupation.—Discussion.

Gordon Connor Rudd

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

A more modest and methodical young man never appeared about our halls. Pleasing manners and interesting conversation are his outstanding gifts. Gordon was born at Brockville but came to Toronto for his education at Jarvis Collegiate and Upper Canada College. In McMaster his work has been chiefly in the departments of Classics and Political Economy. He intends to practise law and no doubt his love of long words and genial disposition will contribute largely to his success.

Special Gift.—Imagination.

Favorite Occupation.—Argumentation.

Hobby.—Flirtation.



Joseph Louis Shannon

"A gay man and a brawny."

Louis received his preliminary education in Toronto at Oakwood High School, from which he matriculated in 1910. Varsity contributed two years of training, then he transferred his affections to McMaster, where he took a keen interest in the various University activities but especially in the field of sport. His many friends wish him success in his future work.

Pastime.—Marking time.

Favorite Book.—French Grammar.



Wallace Wray Smith

"So smooth he daubed his faults with show of virtue."—*Shakespeare*.



"Smooth" was born at Villa Nova in the county of Norfolk. After completing his public school work he went to the Brantford Collegiate Institute and from there to Waterford H. S., from which place he took both his matriculation and second class examinations. Simcoe Model School saw him in the autumn of '06 and after Christmas he began to teach. For three years he wielded the beech and then came to McMaster in the autumn of '10. As a Freshman he was elected secretary-treasurer of the Year. This year he has been our President by the unanimous choice of the Class. He has always been on the Year teams in both rugby and soccer, and was captain of the Year soccer team in our Junior year. In his third year he was treasurer of the Athletic Association. Wray has always been one of the most popular members of the Year, being especially in favor with the ladies. As a special course he has carried Science. Next autumn he intends to return to Toronto to attend the Faculty of Education.

Failing.—Pedro.

Favorite Pastime.—Taking an afternoon nap.

Ambition.—To join the Masonic Order.

Watson George Spencer

"Lean enough to be thought a good student."

In school at Welland, George formed the bad habit of skipping forms, and at Mac. the habit has taken upon itself the form of skipping lectures. No ignorant specialist in George, for besides his beloved Maths. and Physics, practically every department of university life has received his attention—from social events to athletics—even Founder's Night. He tells us that after graduation he is going West to teach. We know that there his cheerfulness, fertile brain and ready tongue will continue to win for him the admiration they have called forth in McMaster.



Hobby.—Cheerfulness.

Ambition.—To be a professional man.

Expression.—"That's a mere bag o' shells."

Irvine Emerson Stewart

"A bonnie Scot."



Our "Man from Glengarry" was born in Breadalbane in '93, and it speaks well for his youthful agility that he avoided the handicap of some such appellation as "Hughie Rory Little Sandy" or "Neily Angus Red Donald." After this first lesson in taking care of himself his education proceeded rapidly. Public school training at Maxville, a good record at Vankleek Hill Collegiate, and a successful summer as a salesman prepared him to enter Year '14 in the fall of '10. Here Irvine has shown his ability in Special Science, and has been a faithful supporter of the Year. His special interest is in agriculture, and he brings to his task a genial, unassuming manner which, with his characteristic thoroughness of application and genuine sincerity of mind, should carry him far in his chosen profession.

Favorite Magazine.—Sunday School Times.

Weakness.—Attending chapel (weekly).

Ambition.—To avoid faculty.

David Malcolm Sullivan

"A pinch of irony, a touch of wit,

Classic learning and sentiment—a bit."



We always look for something talented from Perth—and in Dave we are not disappointed. When he left the high school at the head of his class and came to Mac. in '10 the scholarships that he received attest a wealth of genius. As an orator, a debater and a scholar McMaster has cause to be proud of him. His work on THE MONTHLY board is evidence of a keen sense of humor and a choice refinement of literary style. Whether you were to call at his shack on the prairie, where he taught school for a year, or at his room in college, you would find a group of visitors. He revels in a joke and has the rare ability to take one with the best of grace. His genial sympathy and sterling moral qualities have won for him a wide circle of friends. He has escaped Theology and as he goes out to teach we know that his will be an influence for good upon the minds and hearts of men.

Favorite Meat—Mutton.

Genius.—Letter writing.

Failing.—Chocolates.



Albert Anton Trembert

"Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts."

The cloud of dust that young "Ab." Trembert and his favorite horse used to raise on the main road of South Norwich was only a faint hint of the stir this dashing, happy spirit would create when he got out into the big world. When he left the farm he went to explore the city of Brantford. Later he entered Woodstock College, where he won the esteem of all the boys, and incidentally the friendship of one of the fair daughters of the city. At both Woodstock and McMaster, Albert has done splendid work with the Evangelistic Band. During his four years here he has entered heartily into the activities of the University. If he knows how to create happiness as President of the Nip and Tuck, it is just as true that he knows how to do the kindly deed, which expresses the deeper part of a purpose that rings true. He's a right royal spirit—fearless and happy.

Favorite Expression.—"Don't weaken, brother."

Favorite Book.—"Grace Abounding."

Favorite Pastime.—Welcoming the Freshmen.

Gordon Byron Pock

"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book."

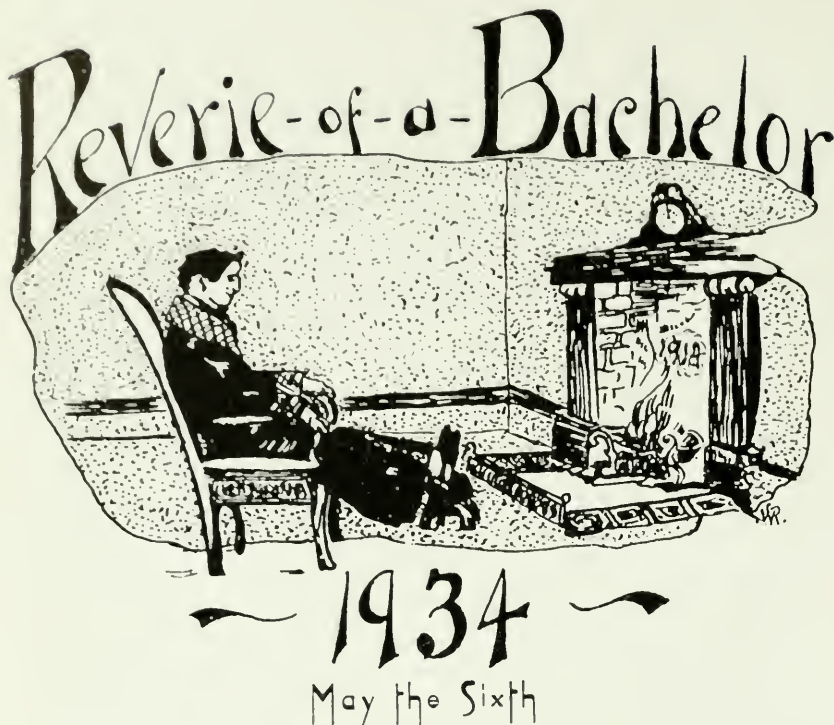
Twenty-three summers have passed since G. B. chose the picturesque little town of Waterford as a suitable place for taking his first scientific observations. At public school he acquired considerable fame as a natural philosopher, and frequently embarrassed his teachers by asking all kinds of unanswerable questions. His interest in scientific phenomena continued to develop throughout his high school career, and the fall of 1910 found him enrolled in 1st Year Honor Biology and Physics at Varsity. On his return to Toronto the following autumn, in a moment of absent-mindedness, he mistook McMaster Hall for University College, and registered with Year '14 in Special Science. Finding the atmosphere congenial, and appreciating the friendly interest of his new acquaintances, he decided to remain. As Gordon is of a reserved and retiring disposition his circle of intimate friends is not wide, but among those who know him best his imperturbability and his diligence as a student command respect.



Expression.—"Excuse me, fellows, but where do we have that lecture?"

Weakness.—Promptness at lectures—seldom indulged in.

Ambition.—To be a lawyer.



The fire upon the hearth burns low. See how each dying coal kindles, and blazes, and goes out, even as our joys. I draw my chair nearer the fire-place, pull up another, and stretch my feet cozily upon it. As I lean back my eyes rest dreamily on the graduation group which look down upon me from above the mantel.

Dear friends of a day that is gone! I muse, just twenty years ago to-night and we were all together,—for the last time. What a night that was! The four happy, struggling years, with their mingled joys and sorrows, “stars” and “firsts” had gone,—forever. Our college days were ended, and with a fear, a trembling, a hope and a bright expectation, we pushed out into the dim, inviting future.

How these twenty years have sped, and what changes they have wrought! There were some forty of us, but all are scattered now. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes unto the ice-bound Northland, many have gone upbuilding and ennobling our fair Dominion. A few, especially Theologues, have left their native land,—some to fill leading American pulpits, and the Monday papers blaze their names far and wide. Others, under alien skies and amid

peoples of strange tongues, toil heroically though unseen, rearing in the hearts and lives of men the Temple of the Christ.

I wonder if it would be possible for us to have a grand old reunion of Year '14 at the new McMaster, say on the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation? I do believe that we would enter those large, strange buildings, with their long corridors crowded with the students of the new generation, we should feel like timid Freshmen. I wonder if they would initiate us, or if such crude customs have passed away? Oh, how I wish we might be real Freshies again,—just for to-night!

But my hopes for reunion, I fear, are vain. We are too widely scattered, and all have married. Even the most avowed woman-hater and ardent suffragette have gone the way of Benedict and Beatrice. All are happy to-night in their own homes,—all, save one. So I sit alone with my memory and find a keen delight in calling my friends up one by one out of the shades of days that are dead. Eagerly and longingly I watch them as they float by between me and the fire-place,—McMaster spirits, an immortal pageant!

The Theologues lead on, swinging canes and wearing tall silk hats and long frock coats. What a figure Trembert cuts! But beneath that high hat there is an apt, resourceful brain, and under that silk lapel beats a warm, sympathetic heart. I am sure, though, that he would feel more at home in his shirt sleeves, upon a soap box, electrifying a gang of workingmen, as he used to electrify us in the good old "Nip and Tuck" days. If he had cared, Trembert might have been a Dowie, a Barnum, or a "Billy" Sunday.

Well, well! there's Renaud. If it be true that a good laugh is worth a dose of medicine, he certainly may qualify as a doctor. I see by the papers that his recent reference to the leader of the "New Religion Movement," has created quite a sensation, especially his allusion to him as "a mythical pimple on the path of progress." I wonder if he goes to Woodstock to visit his dearest "Alma Mater" as much as he used to?

And there's "Bill" Morrow, too. Even though a bachelor I think I may justly claim credit for helping him to get that "pastor's assistant." I never suspected it the day I visited at her home and lauded "Bill" to the skies (he deserved it, too), and when she feigned to know him but slightly, informed her that she would like him better when she knew him better.

Jenkin Davies, I believe, has *marshalled* his forces and taken possession of an aristocratic church. What a proper preacher! I always thought he would be a High Priest of the Culterine.

That was a very practical and touching sermon N. R. McLeod preached the other Sunday on "The Number of a Man's Hairs." "N. R." speaks out of the profundity of experience, and seems to feel every word he says.

As the noble train floats swiftly by I renew, for a moment, my acquaintance with Murdoc MacLeod. Unfortunately he can offer little sympathy to such a lonely celibate as I, and in dogmatic Scotch bids me become a benedict at once. But the thoughtful sympathy of Earle Dale helps me much. No wonder his pastoral work is so successful. John Davis pauses to have a chat with me about some of the great questions of the day. He, indeed, is a live preacher. I think the secret of his power must be due largely to the fact that he always looks a problem square in the face.

The preachers pass, and after them come the missionary heroes and heroines. N. W. D. Davis wears his characteristic smile. I have often wondered how he put himself through McMaster and supported a native worker in India at the same time. To-night he follows the footsteps of Livingstone and Crawford through the darkest heart of Africa. God bless him!

And Miss Ruth Fowler! What a sensation she created recently at that monster suffragette demonstration in India by referring to Canada as a shining example of the glorious influence of Woman Suffrage.

Miss Hair, who made such a success of the Presidency of the McMaster Y. W. C. A., is making an even greater success of missionary work. Her recent lecture tour has touched people very deeply,—even unto their pocket-books.

There's my old room-mate, "Abe" Hisey. "Wife" I used to call him in those days before I became a bachelor. Had he been a co-ed my fortune might have been other. To-night he is far away in India. Would he were here, or I there!

The scenes shift once more. The Theologues pass, trailing their clouds of glory after them. The teachers follow in their train. From them I gather the following facts: Walt. Clarke,—beg pardon, Professor Walter Clarke,—seems to be still digging for Greek roots. Wray Smith is proving an unusually popular principal,—with the ladies. Kingdon is making mathematics clear (?) to the Freshmen of McMaster, and giving an occasional musical recital. McWilliams is teaching Political Economy, and has advanced a very popular theory to account for the high cost of *loving*. Spenceer, along with his teaching, has invented some electrical apparatus whereby one may photograph scenes and incidents a thousand miles away. He got a great picture of Davis swimming in the Ganges recently. Stewart appears in the rôle of a scientist, but is too modest to discuss any of his discoveries with me.

Why, there goes Cutler, more philosophically sophisticated than ever. His lectures on Philosophy in the University of Life have been attracting wide attention, particularly his contention that "outside of his mind, nothing exists." Locke, too, is teaching. His clear thinking

shows itself in his famous text-book "Some Suffragettes,—and Others." Harry Graham is achieving great success by a proper combination of work and play in the system of education at his boys' college. Ralph Freeman has been asked to deliver some lectures in Philosophy at Harvard—ahem! What a genius he is, and a good sport, too. I well remember the day when, leaving the rugby field with a broken collar-bone, he rushed back at the first sound of cheering to see if his men had scored.

Dave Sullivan has not lost his sense of the ridiculous. What a happy time we have as he reviews events around old Mae! In vain I try to find if he is the humorist who is writing under the *non de plume* "Bogus Nip."—a second Stephen Leacock,—but he only smiles.

The ever-late Mr. York is the last, though not least, in the army of teachers. He is as good a question-asker as ever, and wants to know what I think of the new McMaster yell:

*"McMaster! McMaster!
McMaster all the day!
Her praise extend
Through all the land,
Oh! brethren, let us pray."*

—No! I have it mixed up. Well, whatever it is, Mr. York gives twenty-two reasons why this yell has superseded the old

"Rah! Rah! Rah!"

As he is about to give the twenty-third I am hurriedly transported to a great political meeting. The Hon. Alvin Mitchener, B.A., is appealing to his constituents to re-elect him to the Federal House on the Anti-Woman-Suffrage ticket. Mr. Kay Anderson, M.P., is one of the leading speakers, and gives such a bombastic rebuke to the Woman's Rights Movement that the suffragettes threaten to *embrace* him. But, thanks to the presence of mind of Mr. Bogue, Q.C., who plays the "Suffragette Hug" on the piano, order is restored. Mr. J. E. Knott, K.C., speaks next, and handles the subjects with such tact that at the conclusion of the meeting he is presented with a bouquet of American Beauties containing a Pankhurst bomb.

In a flash the scenes change again. I stand in the shadow of a great business house. On the *Banner* that floats above it I read "N. Davies Company." I try to enter the office, but am told by his secretary that the President is too busy. I endeavor to reason with the sarcastic fellow, but there is no reason in him. As a last resort I call one of the messenger boys and reach for my card case. But it is empty. The polite manner

in which I am put out of the place reminds me of the way Arthur Clarke and I were kicked out of Pellatt's Palace one afternoon.

The next moment I am speeding along in Dr. Bradley's limousine to visit one of his patients. Along the way he points out a handsome skyscraper in course of erection. My eye is attracted by the large sign-board, "W. S. Rice, Architect." Shannon, the star hockey player, is also in business, and is more than rushing things.

Suddenly the fire blazes up and the whole room becomes illuminated as the fairer members of the Year trip by. A bachelor myself, I still prefer to think of them in their maiden names.

Miss Bessie Farmer has not lost any of her genius for social affairs. I don't believe there was a social function throughout our four years but she had something to do with it.

Miss Ada Fould, the last Vice-President during our undergraduate course, agrees with my sentiments for a re-union of the old boys and young ladies of Year '14. I wish we could live again that last skating party she gave!

Miss Mary Fowler has little use for a bachelor. I see now that the Suffragette speech she gave at the "Lit." banquet was in advance of the day. Little wonder M. Henri Bourassa was so profuse in his compliments.

Miss Macintosh and I chat about the days when she was President of the Ladies' "Lit.," about the "Taming of the Shrew," and the rôles the actresses of that drama are now playing on the actual stage of life.

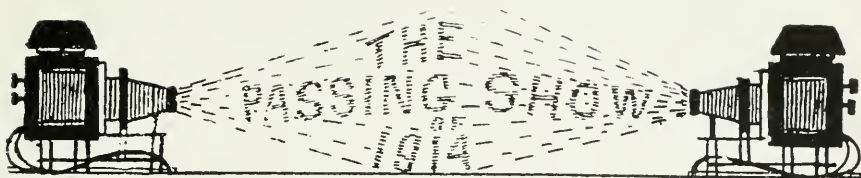
Miss Lepofsky is as attractive as ever—and as popular. How difficult it used to be to get a skate with her at "Little Vic." We talk of those happy days, and I am about to ask her, . . . but she is gone!

So one by one they pass, and I am alone again.

The fire upon the hearth dies out, the darkness and the silence deepen, the room grows cold, and the spell of my reverie breaks.

"Dear friends of a day that is gone," I sigh, "I wonder if they ever think of me and pity—a bachelor."

JAMES DALTON MORRISON.



Verbo · Photo · Playo

Passed by Theological Censor - R.A.L.K.

Written by Jenk-Davies.



For FOUR quiet YEARS we've lived among our books,
Apart from all the surging, noisy world.

A glad and happy TIME we've 'joyed together



In all our WORK and PLAY, both grave and foolish.

FELLOWSHIP close and intimate springs up



'Tween men whose lives are interwoven thus;

In MEMORIES for many years will stay

With us. Now, 1 x 1, pass in REVIEW



Each FRIEND we've made, each face we've known so well,



Each with his INDIVIDUAL traits and ways,

Each with his own PECULIARITIES;

And then, we PART to fill our place in LIFE.

⋮
⋮
⋮



First ANDERSON, who with one prof's so free,

Some think, they say, he's on the FACULTY.

And B fits BOGUE, who's mostly leg and loin.



There's BROCKLEBANK; he came our ranks to join

From VARSITY. To me doth BRAD. recd



A smoking weed; he's jolly, plump, yet small.

- 2 -

Then C includes WALT CLARKE who lives in GREEK.

Here's CUTLER next, some GUM still in his cheek.



Oft mixed together were the many D's.

We've JOHN and NORMAN DAVIS first to please.

One's scientific, long, and lank, and lean.



The other very orthodox, yet keen

And true, and clever, and sincere.



Now DAVIES NORM. and DAVIES JENK. appear.



The first-named is a MONTHLY EDITOR,

But as a hockey-man renowned far more.

And JENKIN is a bully English cove.

'E 'ates these blowsted colonies, - bah Jove!

'E's goin' to preach in London, doncherknow.



(These last as D.M. raved some nights ago,

Delirious, he launched forth with a shriek.)



PEARLE DALE scorns all cards and shows, for soon each week

He means to preach, - that voice would wake the deaf.

A LADIES' QUARTETTE claims the letter F.



MISS FARMER is head-girl, although she's short.



MISS FOUND is our Vice-President, to thwart

Her sovereign will none dare; she ruled right well

The TWO MISS FOWLERS strenuously - they tell -



Uphold the noble cause of WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

RALPH FREEMAN now upon the stage alights,

"His tail tied in a knot," PHILOSOPHY



Writ large thereon. Such a CATASTROPHE

You will not understand, unless I say,

That that's his favorite saying everyday.



- Rugby Capt.

- 3 -



Next GOODERHAM, a student new to us.

And GRAHAM is a brawny, heavy bus.

ABE HISEY has some heft; he loves a show.

MISS HAIR is one whose charms we all well know.



To HENDERSON and KINGDON K., they say,

The maths. of McMASTER are mere child's play.



And KINGDON oft-times did our hearts rejoice
With MUSIC sweet. and here our thanks we voice.

JACK. KNOTT our SOCIAL SCIENCE club doth lead.



In public speech he hums and haws indeed.



The letter L will MISS LEPOFSKY fit,

With flashing eyes and hair so dark, to wit,

A pretty girl. The next is ERNIE LOCKE,

Who plugs so hard and yet can darn a sock.



The TWO McLEODS by N. and M. are called,

The one is dark, the other fair and bald.

McWILLIAMS reads the minutes at the LIT,



And at the HOME LUNCH visits quite a bit.



JIM MORRISON does much that should be writ,

Orates, and leads with great success the LIT,

Writes storiottes, and hobnobs with the great.



MISS MACINTOSH is stately and sedate.

Now MITCH. appears and in his hand a hack,

He shot a prairie chicken once, dlack!



WILL MORROW feels at home most with a girl.

Next RENAUD comes, a cynic, all awhirl

With stories, jokes, and SLAMS and recitations.



SYD. RICE can draw; he filled with illustrations

This GRADUATION BOOK, — yet loves a whiff!



R stands for RUDD and ROCHE, they're smart and shiff.

— 4 —

Along comes SHANNON skating all apace,
 As to the nimble puck he gives hot chase,
 WRAY SMITH is very smooth (we need no proof)
 Both in his manner and upon his roof.



He is our noble PRESIDENT this year.

And S belongs to SPENCER, too, 'tis clear.

This LIFE he doth enjoy in every way,

Doth nought but laugh and play from day to day.

Then IRVINE STEWART is a SCOTCHMAN deep,

His friends but few, but those he has he'll keep.

This list of men whose names with S commence



Is very long; but SULLIVAN, whose sense
 Of TRUTH is DIM, — woe to the credulous! —

Brings up the rear. For things ridiculous

He's hard to beat, yet brainy he appears.



Next TREMBERT nipped me, — he who auctioneers,

Cures coughs and colds; and FRESHIES green doth bath.

Y stands for G.B. YORK, an aftermath,

His name is rightly LAST upon the list,

For to be late in class he never missed.



The SHOW is passed; the curtain swiftly drops;

The ORCHESTRA strikes up "God save the King".

If you've enjoyed the PLAY, and feel content

You've got your money's worth, — why! in the years

To come, just send your KIDS along to MAG;



Such shows pass annually, year in, year out.

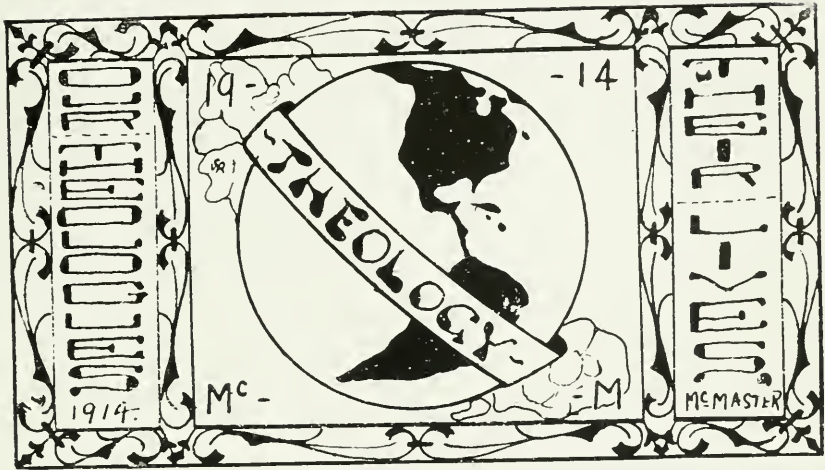
This DOGGREL'S done; if SLAMS thou likest not

But PRAISE, let poet, artist, have it hot!

Yet CENSOR not too harsh, I PRAY, for both

Those men to do this work were very loath.





Gordon E. A. H. Holmes

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere."



Gordon was born in the latter part of last century, not far from the town of Sarnia, Ont. Not content with simply being born, he at once decided to grow. Bunyan Public School, Sarnia Collegiate Institute, and Sarnia Model School prepared this tiller of the soil and oil-producer for the task of public school teaching. Being "called," as he says, to the gospel ministry he entered McMaster in 1907 and did two years' work creditably. Then a famous Toronto lecturer's daughter completely won his heart and Gordon married in May, 1909. After a year in a Manitoba church he returned to McMaster and completed his Arts in 1912 and his Theology in 1914. During these last four years, Gordon has also done full pastoral work, at first in the city, and for the last year in Georgetown. Our hero served McMaster on the Student-body executive, Literary Society executive, Junior and Senior Quartettes, and in other capacities. He tried to make all the activities of the College his interest. We expect to hear good things of his future work.

R. A. L. Knight

"A knight's doings! What atones?
They scratch his name on abbey stones."



R. A. L. Knight was born in the tropics. Perhaps this in part accounts for his ethereal manoeuvres. Having received the impetus there for a scholastic career, the star to which his wagon happened to become hitched introduced him to McMaster. He entered here in 1909, joining Year '12. In the fall of '13 he entered Theology with the additional burden of the Crawford Scholarship. Once more he entered into the various activities of the College, and by his congeniality and heartiness won the friendship and esteem of all. The theological course was not sufficient to keep his mind busy, so into Greek he went for an M.A. He has rendered valuable service as a successful inter-college debater and as President of the Y. M. C. A. He expects to return to take up his work at home and carries with him a character and a scholarship that augurs well for a bright future.

Thomas Ross Sorton

"The Powers aboon will tend thee,
Misfortune sha' na steer thee."

Thomas Ross Sorton is a "Son of the Rock," for one 12th of July, in the later eighties, he was born in the "City of the Rock," Stirling, Scotland. In this land of Bruce and Wallace T. R. got his early education. Within a mile or so of the historic field of Bannockburn he fought his early battles. Long before her son had any such thought his mother prophesied that "Tom" would be "the preacher of the family." In '07 T. R. came to Canada. The same year he entered the Toronto Bible College and two years later was graduated from that school. The two years following graduation were spent in practical work. In the Gowganda district he was a pioneer colporteur, and a pastor in his native city. The autumn of '11 saw our Scot back in Canada and enrolled in Theology at McMaster. And now we know him as a live man, a good friend, a faithful student, and a fearless preacher. We are confident that Tom will do yeoman service, and we hope that it will be on Canadian soil.





George How Thomas

“There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

George, after mature consideration, concluded that clothes do not make the man; he therefore decided to abandon the tailoring profession and prepare for the Christian ministry. For this purpose he entered Mac. in 1908, graduating in Arts four years later. Not satisfied with this achievement he returned for the Theological course. This year he presided over the destinies of the Theological Society. George is a man of courage; this fact he demonstrated during the festive season of 1913 by going into a far country and there taking unto himself a wife. It is rumored that when the officiating minister asked the question: “Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife?” George did not say “Yes and No.” Memorial Institute has now claimed his sympathies, and we wish him Godspeed in his endeavour to serve his fellow-men.

John Wood

“He had a frugal mind.”

This chip off the old block came drifting down the stream of time driven by a bleak March wind in the eighties. Kincardineshire, Scotland, was John's birthplace. Being too troublesome for his mother, Scotty was sent to Portlethen Public School and later to Aberdeen. Early in life he learned the trade of house-decorating, and then Canada's free land lured him to her shores in 1906. A “bonnie Highland lassie” followed in fifteen months, and wedded her betrothed John in Haileybury, Ont. Two years later, Jack began the Theological course in McMaster with the view to preaching. By his sound sense and genial manner, he has won for himself many friends among the students. As pastor of Indian River, by his preaching, visiting and carpentering and decorating work on the place of worship, John has shown himself to be a real church builder. Watch the *Canadian Baptist* for reports of his splendid work.



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The McMaster University
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